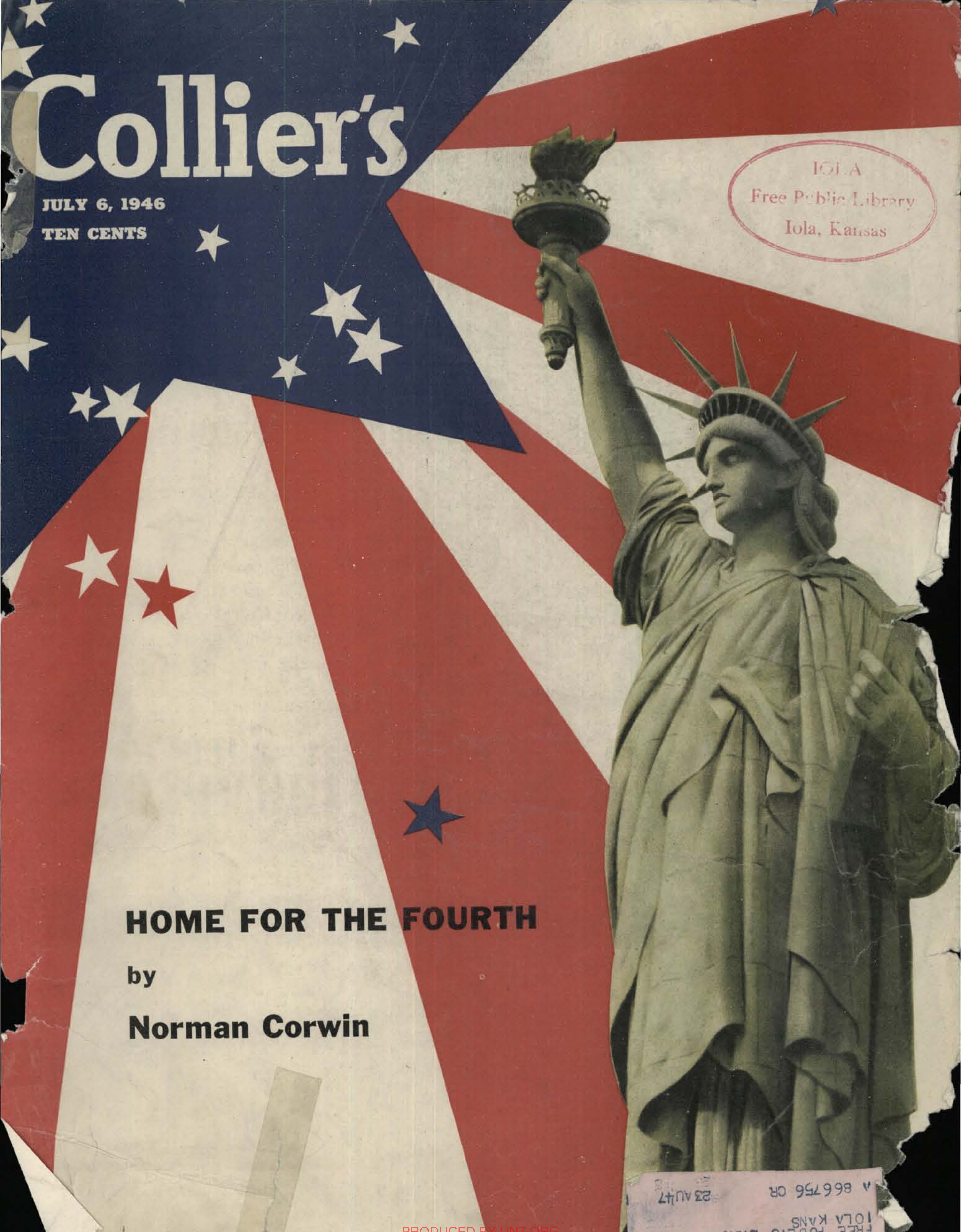
Collier's

JULY 6, 1946

TEN CENTS



HOME FOR THE FOURTH

by

Norman Corwin

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As lovely as a tulip
Is a tall and frosty Julep
As easy on the taste as on the eye.

It's a summer-time delection
That approaches sheer perfection
That's best described by
"Umm—and my oh my!"

James B. Wilson

So welcome when it's warm

A MINT JULEP! A real Kentucky Mint Julep in its ice-encrusted shell defies description, especially when you compliment its fragrant sprigs with the mellow richness of Old Thompson. Blended in Kentucky by Glenmore, Old Thompson has that Glenmore touch-of-quality, that priceless flavor of Old Kentucky.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

OLD THOMPSON
Blended Whiskey BRAND

A Glenmore Product

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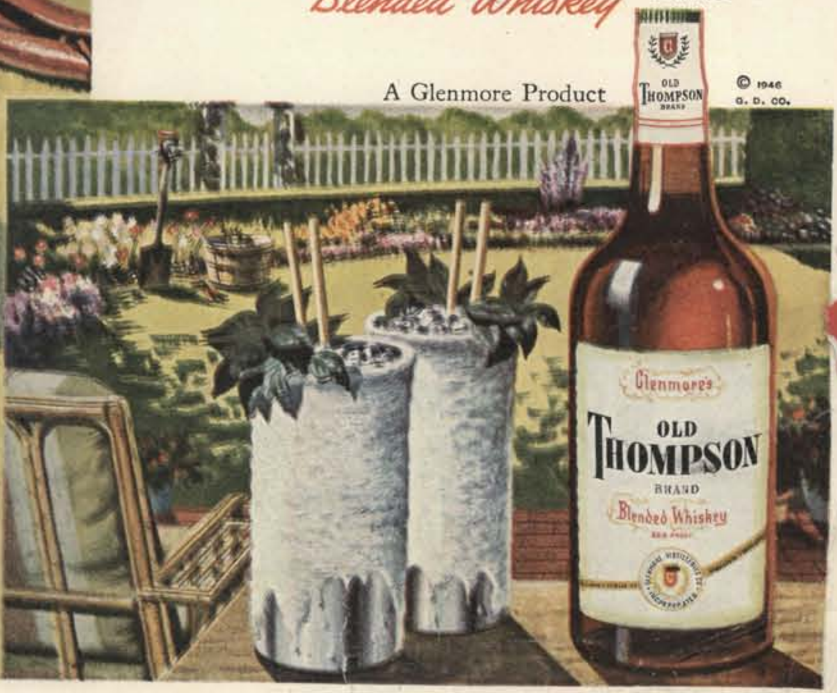
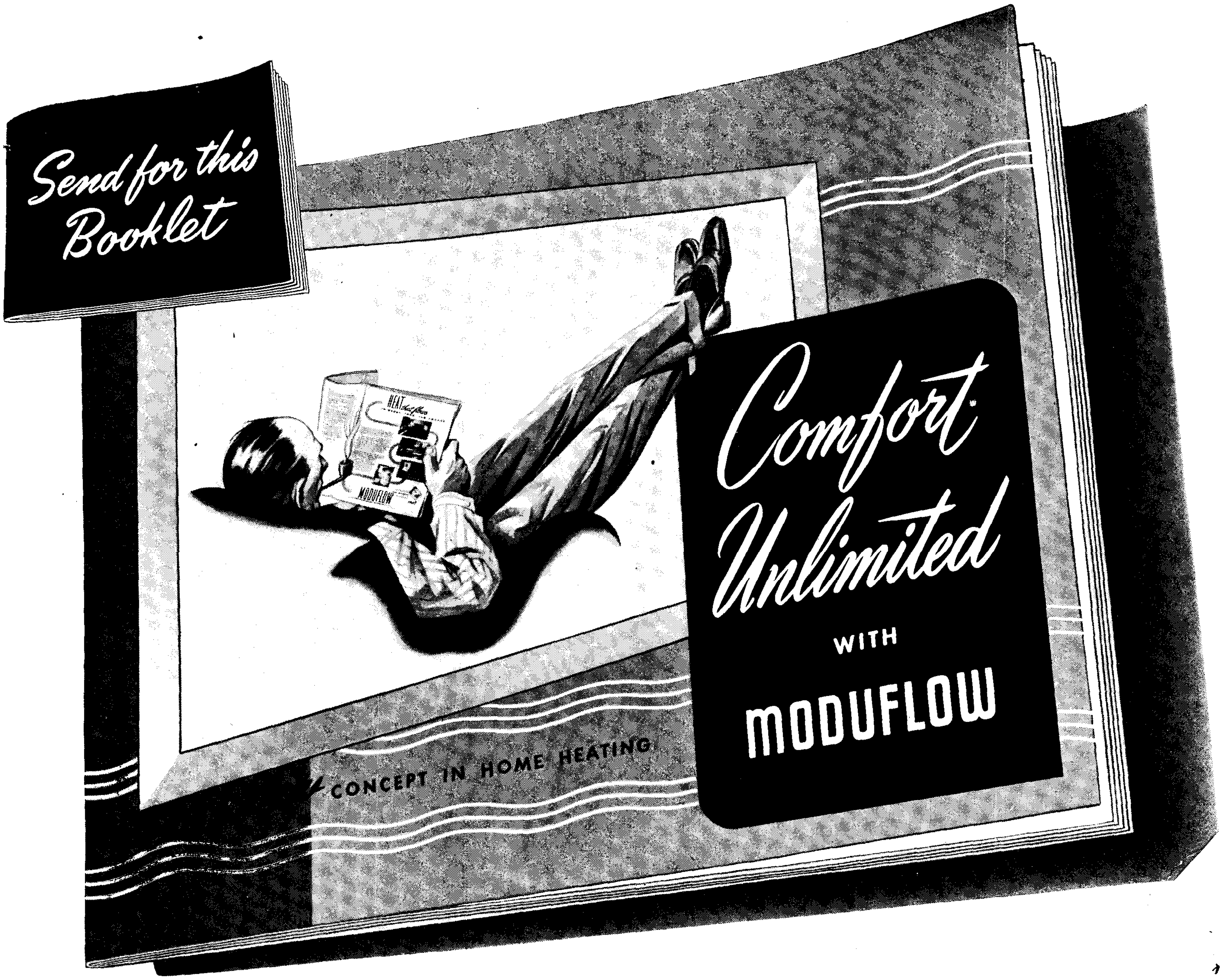


BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS



COMFORT UNLIMITED—that's what you'll get when your home is equipped with Honeywell's remarkable new heating control system. It is called MODUFLOW*.

And, "Comfort Unlimited" is the title of Honeywell's brand new booklet that tells all about Moduflow. Attractively illustrated in color, it is both interesting to read and easy to understand. Discover how Moduflow eliminates the up-and-down temperatures of ordinary on-or-off heating systems; how it reduces wasteful overheating at the ceiling and eliminates the unhealthful drafts and cold floors caused by intermittent heat supply.

Learn, too, how Moduflow can maintain different temperatures in different sections of your home; for example, 72 degrees in your living room, 65 degrees in your bedrooms and 50 degrees in your built-in garage.

Best of all, learn how Moduflow can be easily and inexpensively installed on your present automatic heating system. You don't have to wait until you build a new home.

All of this, and more, is told in this fascinating booklet. Whether you are planning to build, or modernize your present heating system, you should investigate Moduflow. So, mail the coupon today for your free copy of "Comfort Unlimited."

* Moduflow means *modulated* heat with continuous *flow*. It is the exact opposite of the on-and-off, or intermittent heat supply that prevails today. Moduflow will be a "must" in the better homes and apartments of tomorrow.

MODUFLOW

the new HONEYWELL heating control system

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY
2838 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Please send my free copy of "Comfort Unlimited"

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Address____________________________

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test

Yourself!

Motorola

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It doesn't take an electronic engineer to choose your radio. Your own eyes and ears will tell you which is best. That's why we urge you to compare Motorola with all the others—compare Motorola for—BEAUTY, PERFORMANCE and TONE with ANY radio at ANY price!

Model illustrated is a smart modern Continental design table radio with 2-band reception and built-in Aero Vane loop antenna. This is the radio that was rated "*best of all brands tested*" by an independent consumer research organization. See it today at your Motorola dealer.

"...*the proof is in the* LISTENING"

Motorola Radio

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Collier's

FOR JULY 6, 1946

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		HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*				

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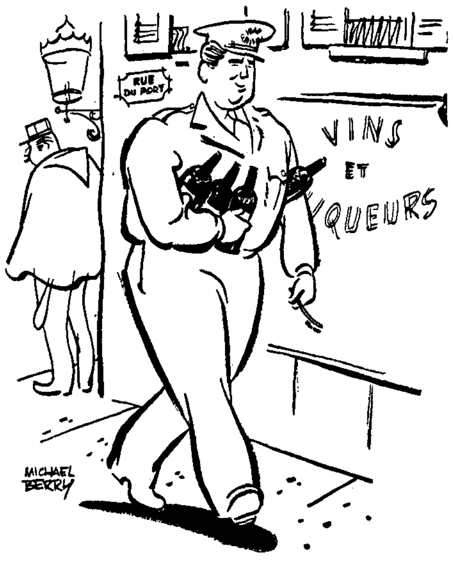
any week

FROM Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. T. Lang says that he entered a dance pavilion and after looking the availables over for a while addressed himself to a nice-looking girl. Would she dance with him? She looked him over coldly, then: "Keep talking, brother, so's I can see whether you interest me intellectually."

A QUENTIN REYNOLDS fan, Mr. D. C. Stewart of Yuba City, California, notifies us that Mr. Reynolds has unwittingly come to his rescue many times. "Every time my wife berates me when I take a nip," says Mr. Stewart, "I trot out one of his books and show her how important people drink. I especially like where he starts out from the French front carrying a toothbrush and four quarts of brandy. Why he wanted to burden himself with a bulky toothbrush, though, I can't figure out. Maybe he was just showing off."



AS YOU may gather without too much trouble we've been moping around the South. We forget where in Dixie it was, but we dropped in at the criminal court anyway. A very black boy was having an argument with the judge—a mild argument without the slightest acrimony. In fact they were both trying to find out how guilty the boy was. The judge said that there were thirty-one charges of burglary and felony against him. The prisoner scratched his head, rolled his eyes and said that for the life of him he couldn't remember more than sixteen of which he was guilty. The remaining fifteen, he said, must have been some other fellow. "You know," he said, "how these things get mixed up now and then." "Well," said the judge, "here are the indictments. Suppose I give you copies and let you figure out how many you're guilty of and how many you ain't. Then come on back and report to me." The last we saw of the boy he was on his way back to his cell with a large sheaf of papers in his hand and thinking hard.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

In some places it takes a whole new building

We've added a good many telephones *in the last six months—something over* 1,800,000.

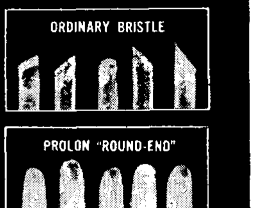
But there's more than that still to be done. In addition to the instruments, we're putting in new switchboards, new cables, even new buildings in some places. For there never was such telephone growth before.

It's the biggest job the Bell System has ever had. But we'll get it done, and in the shortest time possible. We don't *like to keep people waiting for telephone* service.

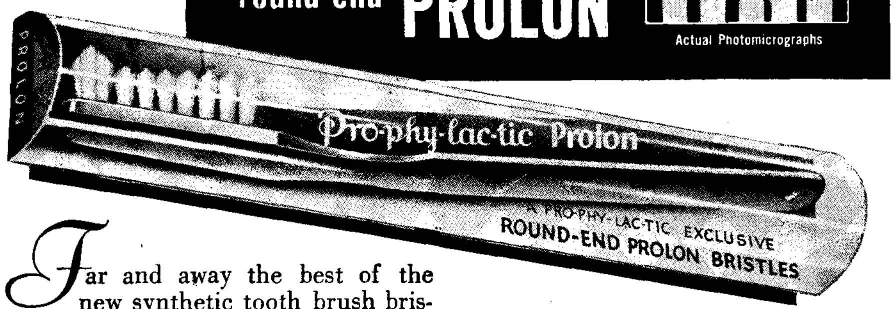
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WILL THIS NEW SHAMPOO MAKE MY BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON?

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON



Actual Photomicrographs



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

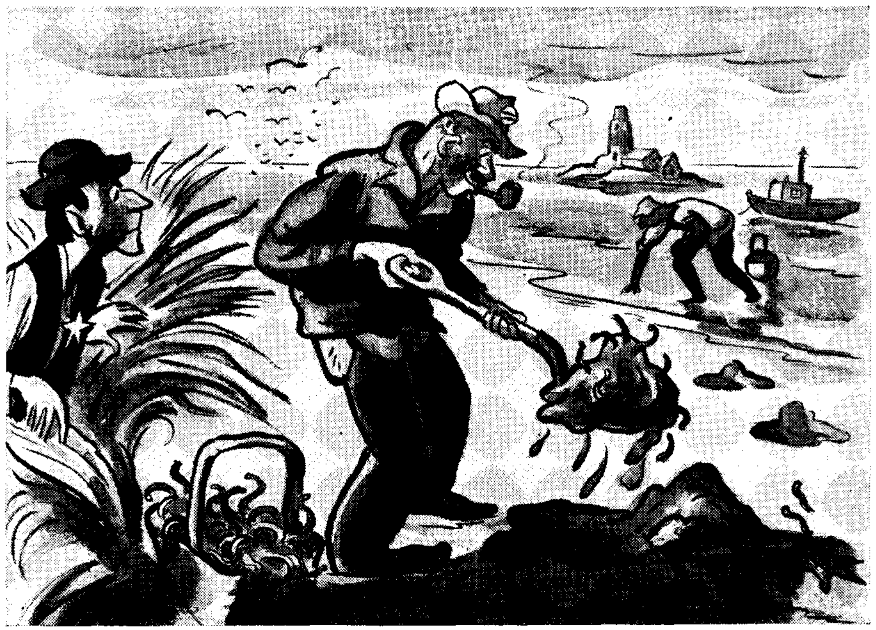
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR 50¢ PROFESSIONAL



GEORGE SHELLHASE

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Since 1930, the demand for marine worms for bait by surf fishermen has resulted in a sizable industry in Maine. During one recent year, 12,500,000 of these large and brightly colored worms, having a retail value of $750,000, were dug from the tidewater flats of this state alone. To conserve its worm resources, Maine requires diggers to be residents and to take out a license.

Authors wishing to conceal their identity have employed 31 different methods of signing their work. Besides the word "Anonymous," they have used, for example, real or false initials, general terms like "A Lady" or "A Traveler," and fictitious names formed by rearranging the letters of their own. Some of these methods are even named and listed in dictionaries, one being pseudandry, the use of a masculine name by a woman as a pseudonym.

While great interstellar clouds of dust have long been known to exist in and near the Milky Way, they were not studied until recently. Special observations have disclosed that these heavy masses are composed largely of the dust of sodium, titanium and calcium; that some are so large they hide billions of stars at a time; and that several are traveling as fast as 25 miles a second.

Probably the last time that a city followed the ancient custom of perfuming itself for a gala occasion was in 1845 when Coburg, Germany, sprinkled its streets with eau de cologne to celebrate the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

Despite the fact that the Nizam of Hyderabad, India, has a fortune of $2,500,000,000 and an annual income of $15,000,000 with all expenses paid, he is the world's thriftiest monarch. While allowing himself $5 a day for sundries, he rarely spends it, as all personal items, such as clothes, cigarettes and toilet articles, are supplied to him gratis by local manufacturers.

A recent study of the 141,467 multiple births in the United States between 1939 and 1943 shows that Negro families, compared with white families, produced proportionately 25 per cent more twins, 74 per cent more triplets and 600 per cent more quadruplets.

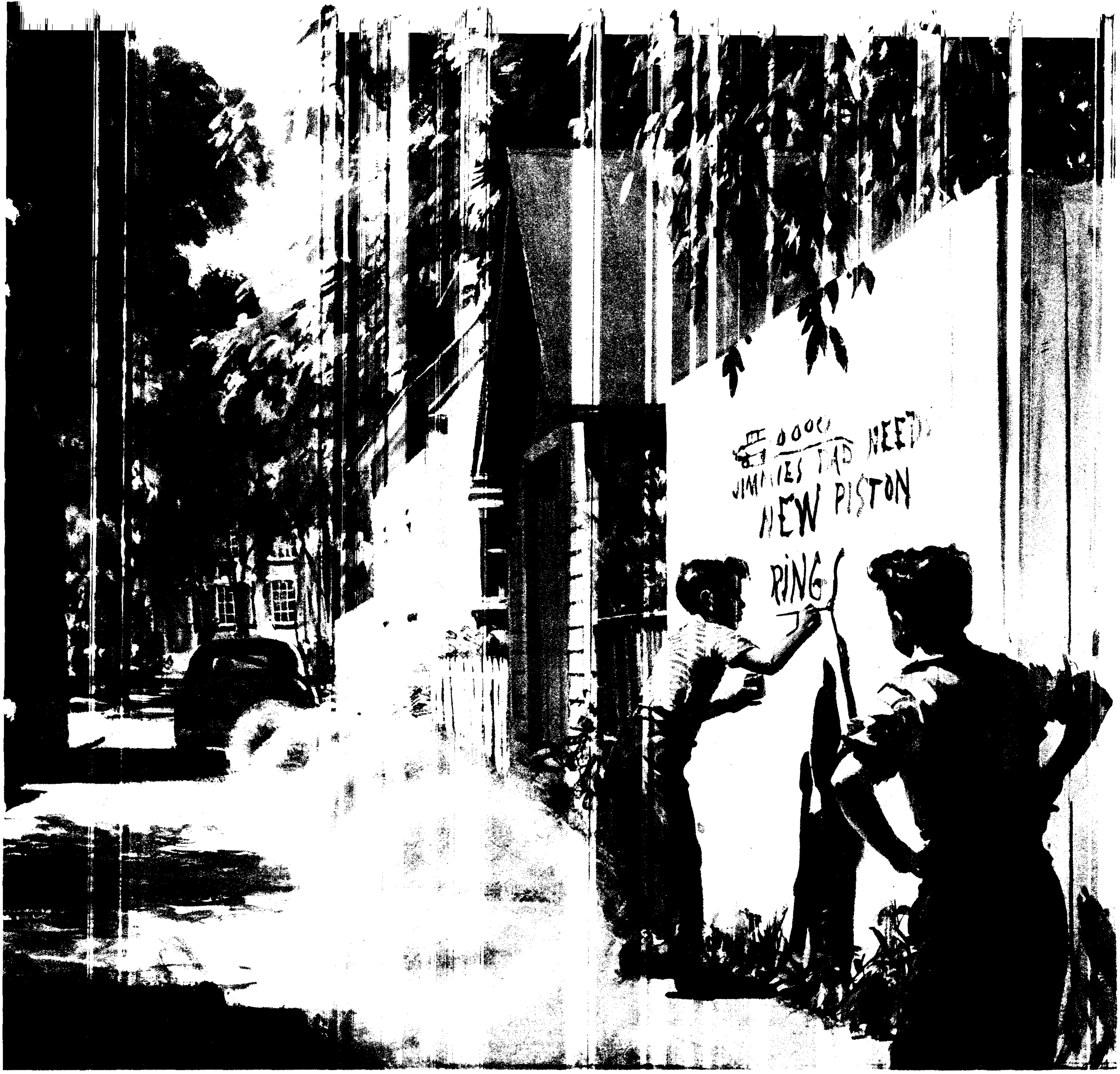
One of the strangest pages in the annals of sports concerns the case of Jim Thorpe, the American Indian who was acclaimed "the world's greatest athlete" for his achievements at the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912. Besides smashing other track and field records, he won the five-event pentathlon and the ten-event decathlon, the only man ever to win both contests at one Olympiad. Soon afterward, several envious Americans, hoping to discredit him, dug into his college life and discovered that, during a summer vacation, he had played semiprofessional baseball. Although Thorpe believed that he had retained his amateur standing in track sports, his name was stricken from the Olympic records, and his medals and trophies were taken from him and presented to the runner-up of each contest, one a Swede and the other a Norwegian. But neither man would accept them.

Outside of this country and its possessions, the sole place where the Fourth of July is celebrated is Rebild National Park near Aalborg, Denmark. Except in war years, this day has been observed there since 1912 by the flying of our 48 state flags and the holding of appropriate ceremonies in a museum devoted to objects of American historical interest. *By Doris Woodruff, De Witt, N. Y.*

The least effectual weapon used in the war was undoubtedly the Japanese balloon bomb. At a cost of $18,000,000, about 9,000 were launched against the United States, but only 283 were discovered on or even near the North American continent and only one caused death, exploding and killing six persons when tampered with by a child in Oregon.

After the Catholic Church announced in the fourth century that laymen could no longer participate in the election of popes, active opposition to the new order arose and lasted for more than 1,000 years. During this time, antagonistic monarchs and political groups elected a total of 34 popes of their own, or *antipopes,* who tried to usurp the power of the pontiffs canonically chosen and established in Rome.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission


JIMMIES DAD NEEDS NEW PISTON RINGS

Piston rings cost less than smoke rings....

EVEN youngsters today know that smoke from a car means burning oil, wasted power, cumulative damage to cylinder walls. All these can be cured by reconditioning the engine and installing new Sealed Power Piston Rings. They lengthen engine life, restore original power, save oil, save gas.

Whatever the make, model, or degree of cylinder wear in your engine, there's a Sealed Power Ring Set specifically engineered to do the best possible job. Sealed Power people are proud of their product and its 35-year record of preference by leading car, truck and engine builders.

See your Sealed Power franchise dealer and ask him for the new booklet "What Causes Excessive Oil Consumption." Or write direct to Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Stratford, Ontario.

Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves,
Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

KEEP YOUR WAR BONDS—GET $4 FOR $3!

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Individually
POWER
Engineered

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

If she strings you along like this...

When you'd rather get tied up like this...

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Only 5¢

The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: It may interest you to learn that "Monk" Fowler is now a student at the University of Tennessee, and that little Dipper is still with him. Recently Dipper almost died, and Monk got letters from all over the country wishing the little fellow well. One was signed by 42 school children in Monk's home town. Someone even cabled from Honolulu.
GERRY DICK
Washington, D. C.

In the May 4th Collier's, Miss Dick had a piece about Dipper, the 2-year-old cocker spaniel who accompanied his owner, Monk Fowler, noted fighting Navy pilot, all over the Pacific. We are glad "Dip" came through all right.

DEAR EDITOR:
I used to love you, Collier's,
But now my love is dead
Since I found your Frank Gervasi
In Chester Bowles' bed.
THOMAS H. GUFFEY
Dixmont, Pa.

In Boom-Bust or Bowles, June 1st issue, Frank Gervasi defended the OPA.

DEAR EDITOR: As a white Southerner and a professional anthropologist, I was delighted to read your editorial, The "Social Equality" Bogy. By publicizing the findings of a scientific study of interracial problems, you have done a public service—have aided those of us who wish to look at these problems realistically and intelligently, and have thrown the lie in the teeth of hatemongers everywhere.
R. L. McDAVID, JR.
Greenville, S. C.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just read your editorial The "Social Equality" Bogy in the May 25th issue of Collier's. I have lived all my life (79 years) in Mississippi and believe I know the hopes and aspirations of the Negroes in Mississippi. They do not desire social equality with the white people; neither do they advocate intermarriage or sexual relations between the races. But they do want an equal opportunity to earn a living, and in this they are right. They also want an equal educational opportunity and in this they are right, also.
A. B. AMIS, SR.
Meridian, Miss.

Good!

DEAR EDITOR: The Grand Rapids Teachers Club on behalf of its seven hundred members would like to commend your editorial board for your recent article on educational needs and problems. We would like to express our appreciation for your interest in our problems and hope to see other articles along the same line.
JAY L. PYLMAN, President
Grand Rapids (Mich.) Teachers Club

We thank you and all the members of the club, Mr. Pylman. Collier's will publish more articles on the same subject.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a reader of Collier's for over thirty-five years because it always keeps abreast of the times. It is not inimical to something new but accepts the fundamental law of change. We would make greater progress if our American government personnel had the Collier's outlook.
R. B. CEIS
Pacoima, Cal.

Golden words, Mr. Ceis, golden words!

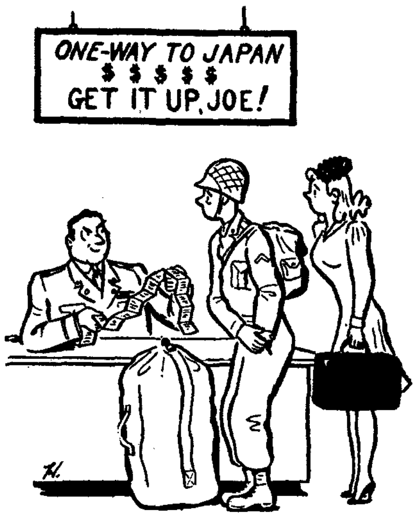
DEAR EDITOR: I wish to thank and congratulate you on your new feature, The Week's Mail. This makes your magazine about perfect. Just like putting the icing on the cake. Again, congratulations!
R. A. McCONNELL
Gilbert, Ariz.

We have a dinner date with you, Mr. McConnell, the next time you're in New York. We're taking you to the best restaurant in town!

DEAR EDITOR: In your March 23d issue there is a cartoon showing a fiendish officer extorting passage from a poor private first class for his wife.

Until Congress passes the necessary legislation, enlisted men under the grade of staff sergeant will have to pay transportation for their dependents—as they always have. In the item accompanying the cartoon you state that enlisted men have to pay their wives' transportation to foreign theaters. They do *not!*
ROSS A. SHELDON
2d Lt. Inf.
Hq. USFET, Frankfurt, Germany.

Here's the cartoon:



You're Going to Like This

If you have any expectation that you know what a Nash "600" is like—stop right here.

You may know that it delivers 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline, at moderate highway speeds—(and that's wonderful).

You may know that it's just as big inside as it looks outside—that the front seat is divan size, and the back seat can be turned into a soft double bed at night. That's swell, too.

And you have heard about the Nash Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System that furnishes fresh, filtered, air—warm as you dial it—without dust or drafts. And that's *something*.

But this is what you can't know—until you *drive* a Nash "600"—

Here is something so brand-new in performance that it adds up to a new type of automobile. It steers, parks, handles easier—it is amazingly quiet—and with deep coil springs on all four wheels you can really g-l-i-d-e over rough roads.

The old-time drag of extra weight—that's out. The rattles and squeaks of bolted construction—they're gone! Instead, in a Nash "600," body and frame are one welded steel unit—clean, trim and husky as a B-29!

It's a new kind of motoring, made possible by a *new* kind of car. And the price? You're going to like that, too; it's in the low-price field.

Do it—*drive* a new Nash "600." Your dealer has it, along with the new Nash Ambassador. See him today.

• • •

Tune in the Nash-Kelvinator Musical Hit—David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey. Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System.

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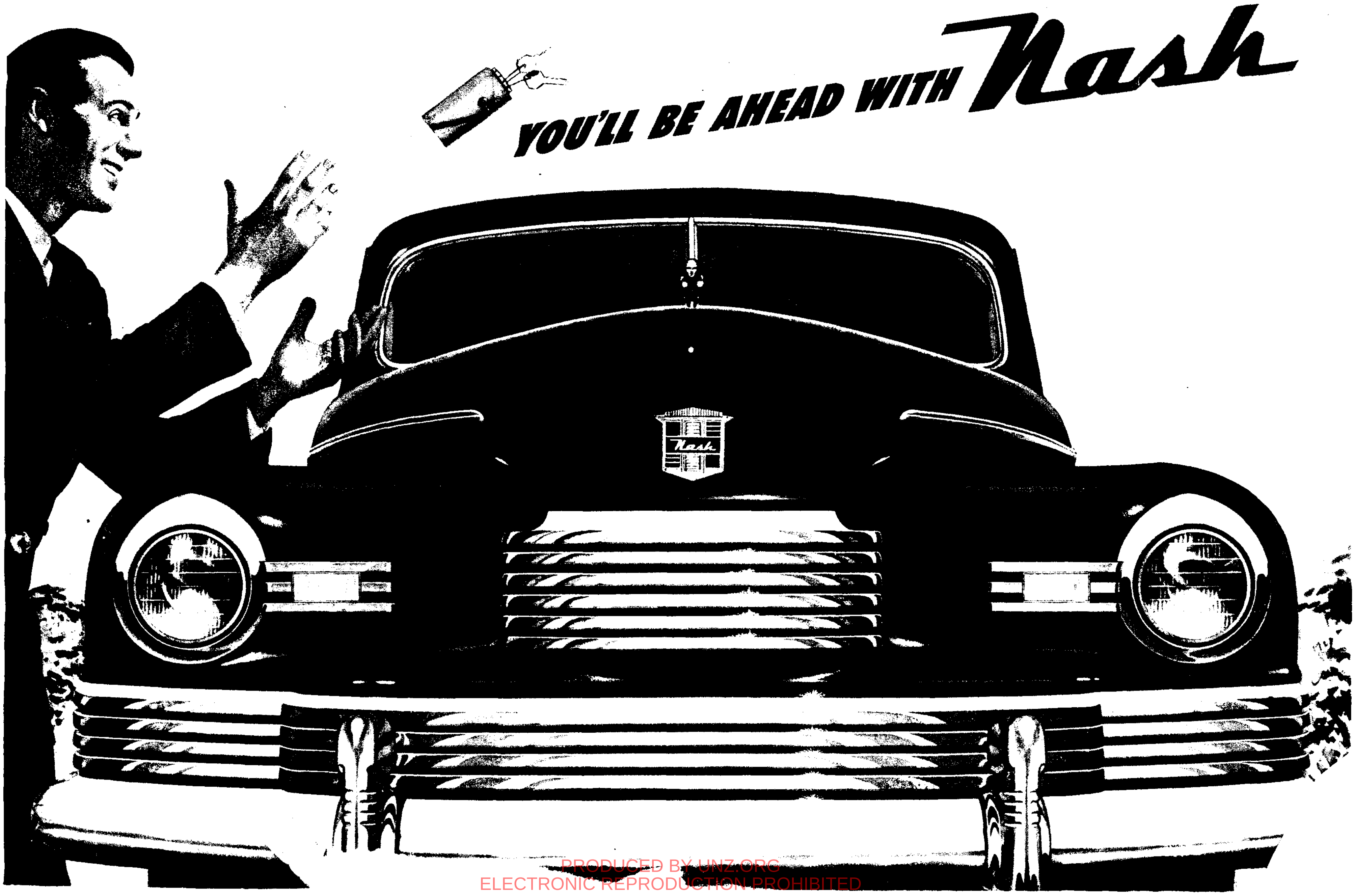

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash
Nash

This is *one* of the times

It's a pretty tense moment.

The pilot has brought his plane into landing position. And in this position, it's difficult to see clearly what's ahead—to judge accurately the height, speed, and other factors important to a safe landing.

It's one of those times when a man—no matter how good he may be at his own job—needs the help of a trained specialist.

And the pilot gets the help he needs. The landing signal officer, especially trained for this particular job, takes over and directs the plane to safety.

There are *many* times in a man's life when he must depend on the knowledge, skill, and judgment of someone else.

One of them is when you land a plane on a carrier. Another is when you are in the hospital. Another is when you get tangled up with a claim for damages. And another is when you are trying to lay out an insurance program that will provide for your family's future and your own.

A man who sets about this important task without the help of an insurance expert runs a big—and totally unnecessary—risk of failing.

The pressure of present-day business requires the full attention of anyone who is going to make a success of it. And the sensible thing to do is to find an insurance man whose knowledge and judgment you can trust, and then turn all your insurance problems over to him.

You'll find that your Travelers agent or insurance broker is such a man. He's had the necessary specialized training—he has enough gumption and ambition to keep up to date—he is a sound, experienced, successful business man in his own right.

Why not talk things over with him, soon?

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

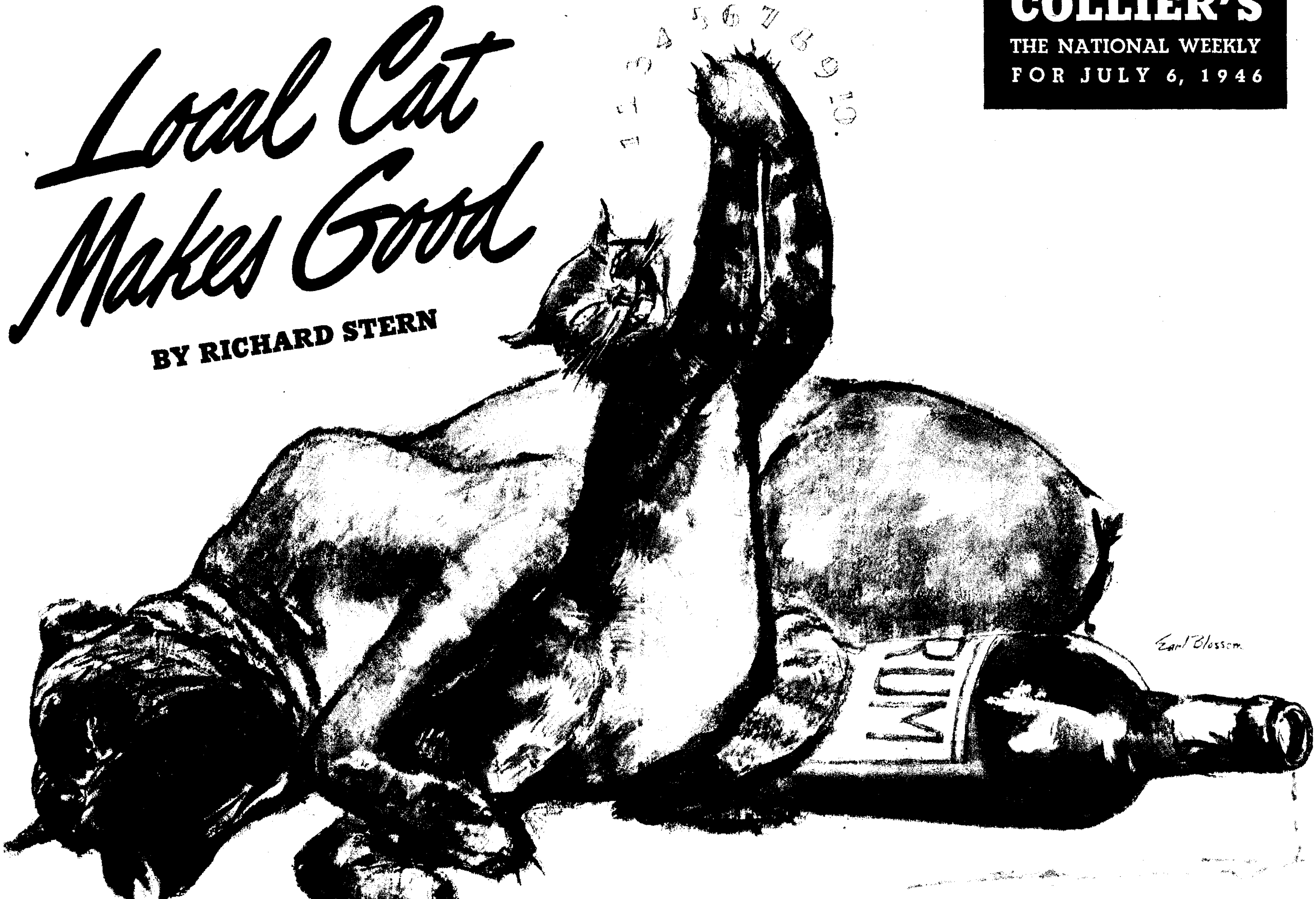
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 6, 1946

Local Cat Makes Good

BY RICHARD STERN



The vindication of Joe, as violent a cat as ever fought his way out of the doghouse

NOW Joe was in bad again. It had happened before and there was little doubt that it would happen again, human understanding of cats being what it is, and so Joe felt no particular shame at his present disgrace. He sat on the lawn beside the pool in the center of a patch of warm sun and he washed himself from whiskers to stub tail with particular care. There was a certain odor which he desired to remove, an odor which reeked in his nostrils and set his eyes gleaming and brought up the ruff of fur around his neck and his heavy shoulders. The odor was persistent, as twenty-dollar-an-ounce perfume usually is, and Joe worked on, scraping and scrubbing with his pink tongue and curling his whiskers out of the way so that none of the stench might get upon them.

He had worked back as far as his left hind leg when Tim appeared from the house and came across the lawn with a serious gleam in his eye. Joe watched him approach for a time, holding his left leg stiffly out in front of him and his mouth opened slightly and his pink tongue partially in evidence. He satisfied himself that Tim meant no harm, and he resumed his bath, sweeping the length of his leg in long, slow, careful strokes.

Tim squatted beside him. "You've done it again, I hear," Tim said. He reached out and buried his fingers deep in the fur behind Joe's ear, and his fingernails scratched pleasantly. Joe curled his whiskers and set up a purr that throbbed and rumbled. He pushed himself against the fingers.

"This," said Tim, and his voice was serious, "is the first time you've ever been accused of attacking a person." Joe's purr rumbled happily. "That's a serious charge." Joe raised his head and contemplated Tim and chirruped happily and advanced his purr throttle a notch.

"I can't say I like our new neighbors any better than you do," Tim went on, "but that's no excuse for you to commit mayhem. Mrs. Sampson is a sorority sister of Lucas', and so you've just raised hell."

Joe said nothing. He purred on and arched himself happily and began to pick his forefeet up in a little dance of delight. The bath was forgotten.

"If it had been that big brute of a dog of theirs," Tim said, "the one who starts snarling when I pass their house, I might have squared it for you." He eyed Joe with speculation. "I'll bet you could take him, at that. You've whipped everything else in the neighborhood." He rubbed his hand the length of Joe's back and ended with a pull on Joe's stub tail that all but lifted Joe off the ground. Joe's throbbing rumble was a thing to hear. Tim stood up. "But instead of that damn' dog, you have to pick on Mrs. Sampson herself." His voice was stern, but he grinned suddenly. "Lucas says Eileen won't be able to sit down for a week. So you're in Dutch. No meat tonight and no rum in your milk. You're in disgrace." He turned away and Joe watched him go and the purr died away. Joe chirruped once, briefly. Tim stopped and looked back. He shook his head. "No dice," he said. "Personally, I can't see you making a frontal attack on Mrs. S's rear, but there it is. You've been tried and found guilty and you're in for it, my man." He turned away again.

JOE let him go. He watched for a time and then returned to his bath. There was no possibility of explanation. There was no means of telling Tim that he, Joe, had been minding his own business and sleeping in the big chair in the living room when the Sampson woman came to call. Or that she had neglected even rudimentary precautions and had plumped her more than adequate posterior down on Joe without warning. Tim would have understood the rest. Joe was not one to take that sort of treatment from anything, regardless of its size. He had squirmed and got himself into position and had at the rising Sampson rear with the abandon of a buzz saw and no holds barred. Could a cat be blamed for that?

Joe completed his bath and ruffled his fur a little so that the sun might dry its roots. He yawned magnificently and then stretched himself to rest, with his chin on his forepaws and the sun warm on his back.

Sounds of activity in the Sampson house next door aroused him. And then the back door burst open and the Sampson child came shrieking forth into the Sampson yard. She was an active child, filled to the brim with adrenalin and inevitably shrieking in high pitch. Her hair was blond and her face was the face of an angel; only Joe appreciated the strength and the viciousness of the small devils that were within her. He lay quiet, his eyes half closed, watching, and only the gentle twitch of his stub tail showed his displeasure.

The child stopped in the middle of the Sampson yard. She looked about her. "Tig!" she shrieked. "Tig!" And the back door opened again and the Sampson Boxer came out obediently. He trotted up to the child, grinning, as Boxers do. The child cuffed him twice on the nose and then pulled his ear, and the grin faded into a look of martyrdom, but the dog made no move.

And then through the gate, the child

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

THE BRAVE BEGINNING

BY FRANK GERVASI

In 1787, selfless men framed a Constitution that brought permanent peace to America. Their ideals stand as a model for those who strive for world peace today

WASHINGTON

FROM the agricultural South and the commercial North and the trade centers of the Middle States, on horseback and by stagecoach and aboard sailing ships, the delegates to the Constitutional Convention converged on Philadelphia in May of 1787.

They had the job of welding into one nation 13 sovereign and independent states. Not until statesmen assembled at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco nearly 160 years later, to try to fuse into one world 51 states equally as jealous of their political power and authority, were men again to face so difficult a task.

Success at Philadelphia produced a United States of America, but only after the original colonies submerged their divergent self-interests for the greater good of the whole. Success in the creation of a truly United Nations depends (it is becoming increasingly obvious) on whether the 51 members are willing to do likewise.

With Britain and Russia maneuvering for advantageous positions on the seesaw of power politics, there seems to be little hope for success in the new and bigger venture in world unity. But the outlook for a United States was equally dismal when Alexander Hamilton craftily invited the heads of the government of the 13 states to Philadelphia to make some "minor changes" in the Articles of Confederation.

The delegates met in the same Hall where only 11 years before, on July 4, 1776, they'd pledged their lives and fortunes and sacred honor to win independence from Great Britain. But now the war was won. The compulsion to unity was gone. Each state had its own government and its own army. Each was jealous of its power and authority and wished to exercise it independently, irrespective of how this might affect the rights and liberties of others.

The states' only bond was the Articles of Confederation, which Washington described as little more than a "rope of sand." In a letter to James Madison, he gloomily predicted that "13 sovereignties pulling against each other and all tugging at the Federal head will soon bring ruin on the whole." Were Washington alive today he might similarly describe the disunity of the 51 signatories of the Charter of the United Nations.

The crisis compelled the Constitutional Convention. Fortunately for us and for the world, the men who went to Philadelphia were men to whom the science of politics was a high calling not to be entrusted to ward heelers and demagogues. They were Washington and Madison, the Pinckneys and the Morrises, Hamilton and John Rutledge, Edmund Randolph and Rufus King and twoscore others.

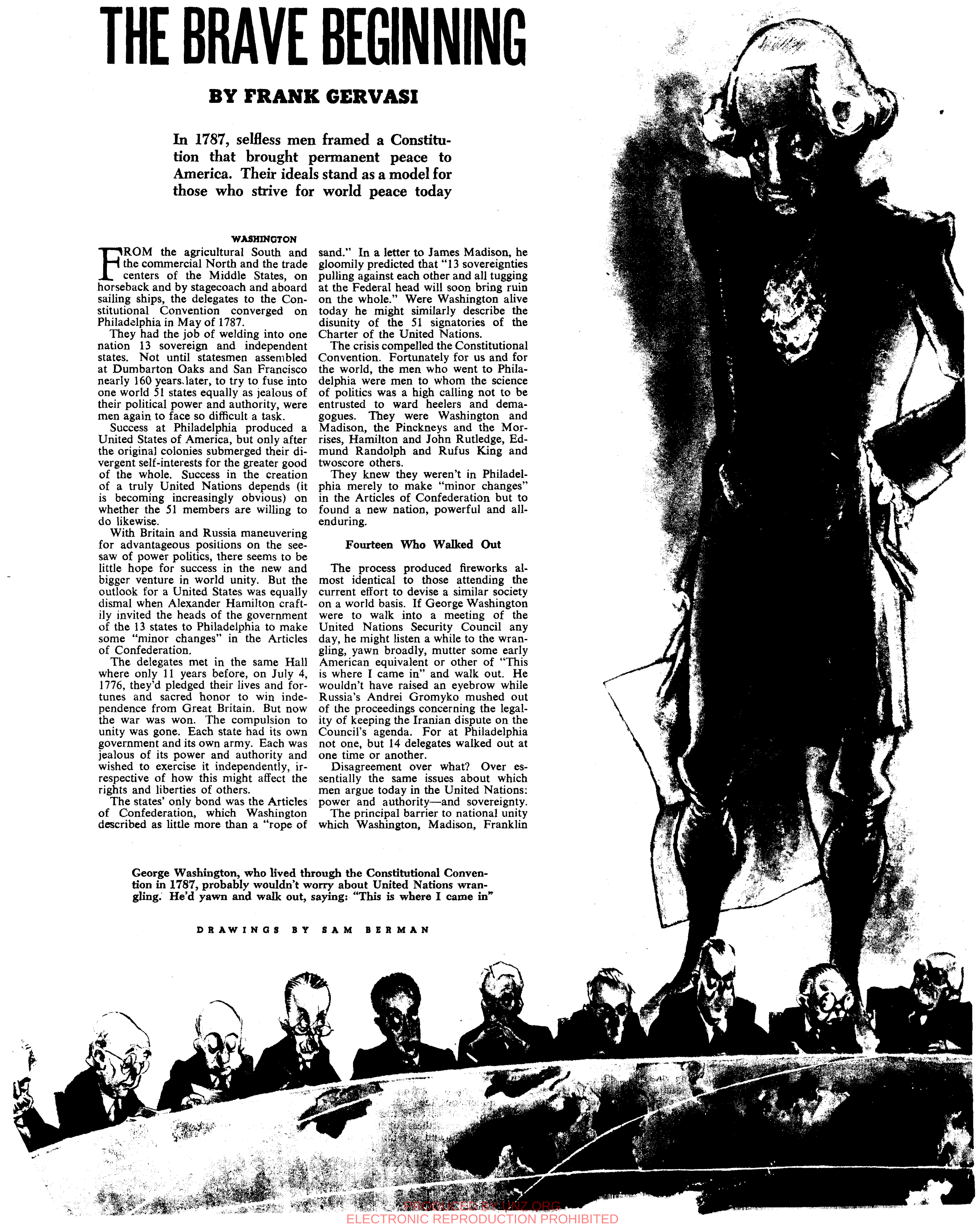
They knew they weren't in Philadelphia merely to make "minor changes" in the Articles of Confederation but to found a new nation, powerful and all-enduring.

Fourteen Who Walked Out

The process produced fireworks almost identical to those attending the current effort to devise a similar society on a world basis. If George Washington were to walk into a meeting of the United Nations Security Council any day, he might listen a while to the wrangling, yawn broadly, mutter some early American equivalent or other of "This is where I came in" and walk out. He wouldn't have raised an eyebrow while Russia's Andrei Gromyko mushed out of the proceedings concerning the legality of keeping the Iranian dispute on the Council's agenda. For at Philadelphia not one, but 14 delegates walked out at one time or another.

Disagreement over what? Over essentially the same issues about which men argue today in the United Nations: power and authority—and sovereignty.

The principal barrier to national unity which Washington, Madison, Franklin



George Washington, who lived through the Constitutional Convention in 1787, probably wouldn't worry about United Nations wrangling. He'd yawn and walk out, saying: "This is where I came in"

DRAWINGS BY SAM BERMAN

and the others had to overcome was the general insistence on the maintenance of State rights as opposed to the concentration of authority in a national government. They succeeded because there was idealism as well as selfishness at work in the Convention. In the end idealism won.

Had the views of the upholders of State rights and not the Federalists prevailed at Philadelphia, America today might be another Europe whose conflicting sovereignties have produced a score of wars in two centuries. Apart from lofty idealism and farsightedness, it was the sheer necessity for self-preservation that impelled the original thirteen colonies to federate.

A Cautious Preliminary Step

That same necessity has urged the statesmen of today, as in the past, toward world federation or, at least, some sort of world government. The United Nations organization, with all its faults —for it, too, is the product of debate and compromise—is a small, cautious step toward world government. But no man can quarrel with its Constitution. It calls upon all its signatories to unite in the furtherance of human liberties and social and economic well-being everywhere.

The U.N. has its weaknesses. In many respects its articles of organization are no stronger than the Articles of Confederation. And yet they contain the basis for a lasting Union of all the world's nations. Used wisely, the U.N. has the power to achieve the twin objective of its existence—peace and social justice for all, regardless of race, religion and individual systems of government.

Lacking in the old League of Nations was the stress upon the furtherance of "fundamental human rights, the dignity and worth of the human person, the equal rights of men and women of nations large and small" which the U.N. places on its task. Lacking, also, was any real mechanism for keeping the world at peace.

The old League Council could do no more than "recommend" the joint use of force against an aggressor. But the U.N. is specifically empowered to use armed contingents drawn from the forces of the nations themselves to "take such action by air, sea or land as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace and security."

Those two fundamental differences between the U.N. and the old League are as important as the differences between the system for a national society contained in the Articles of Confederation and those evolved in the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia. And those cynics who relish likening the U.N. to the League would, if they'd pause to be fair, see another all-important distinction: At Geneva, statesmen and politicians snarled at one another across green-baized tables, usually behind locked doors, while today whatever the nations' representatives have to say to one another they must say openly, facing the public, batteries of television and movie cameras and 1,500 reporters.

Like the national government created at Philadelphia 159 years ago, the U.N. has a central judiciary or supreme court for the settlement of all legal disputes and it has—or will have as soon as the organizational work is completed—a central army for policing the peace. It already has a well-integrated executive and administrative machinery and a system for raising money, keeping credits fluid and permitting the free interchange of goods between nations through the International Bank and the Stabilization Fund created by the Bretton Woods agreements.

The administrative branch of this admittedly embryonic world government is the Secretary-General, Trygve Lie.

"We're plain working people," says Lie of himself, and of the delegates and staff of the U.N., "working for plain people all over the world."

It's Lie's phenomenal job to co-ordinate the work of the multitudinous but not unwieldy committees of the U.N. and hire and fire the actual paid working staff of the organization which is rapidly expanding into the thousands. Their salaries and Lie's come out of a working budget which for 1946 totaled $21,500,000 but will probably double by the time the organizational setup is completed. For his trouble, Lie receives $20,000 a year, tax-free. He has, among other powers, that of calling special sessions of the General Assembly upon approval by two thirds of the member nations.

The principal working bodies of the U.N. are the General Assembly, the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, the International Court of Justice and the Secretariat. But the basic organ of the U.N. government is, as in our national government, the Assembly or world congress. Every member has one vote therein.

Limitations of U.N. Assembly

The Assembly is a parliament where international disputes may be thoroughly aired and, while the body cannot pass laws as our Congress does, it can make recommendations after hearing both sides of a dispute. Its recommendations will be mandatory only in so far as public opinion may demand that they be accepted. A two-thirds majority vote is required in the Assembly for any decision of major proportions involving peace and war, admission, suspension or expulsion of members.

More restricted and yet more important are the functions of the Security Council, which is composed of 11 members, five of them—U.S., U.K., U.S.S.R., France and China—sitting permanently and the others elected by the Assembly for terms ranging from one to two years. The Council meets under a rotating chairmanship according to the alphabetical order of the names of the member states. But no matter who sits in the chairman's, or president's chair, Trygve Lie is beside him to see to it that the individual doesn't snarl up parliamentary procedure too greatly.

The Council is to sit permanently and is the U.N.'s ever-present conscience. It can use force to keep the peace, and its decisions, unlike those of the Assembly, are mandatory.

Of all the improvements over the old League of Nations organization, the Security Council of the new U.N. is the most noteworthy. An approving vote of only seven members is sufficient to carry a motion on procedural matters. But on really important issues, such as ordering the eventual U.N. military forces to take action against an obstreperous member, the affirmative seven must include unanimously those of the Big Five.

This, a great weakness, was a concession to other than American concepts in the regulation of human affairs. Russia for one was unwilling to yield the right to scotch action in any dispute involving itself. Thus the power of the veto, conceded at Yalta and the subject of long and bitter debate ever since, was introduced into U.N. procedure.

The Security Council may interrupt economic and diplomatic relations and all communications with offending powers and can resort to "demonstrations, blockade and other operations by air, sea or land forces" of member states. The members of the U.N. are pledged to accede to the Council's decisions, and a Military Staff Committee to execute the Council's orders has already been set up. It consists of the Chiefs of Staff of the Big Five, but up to now it hasn't the forces to carry out any punitive expeditions.

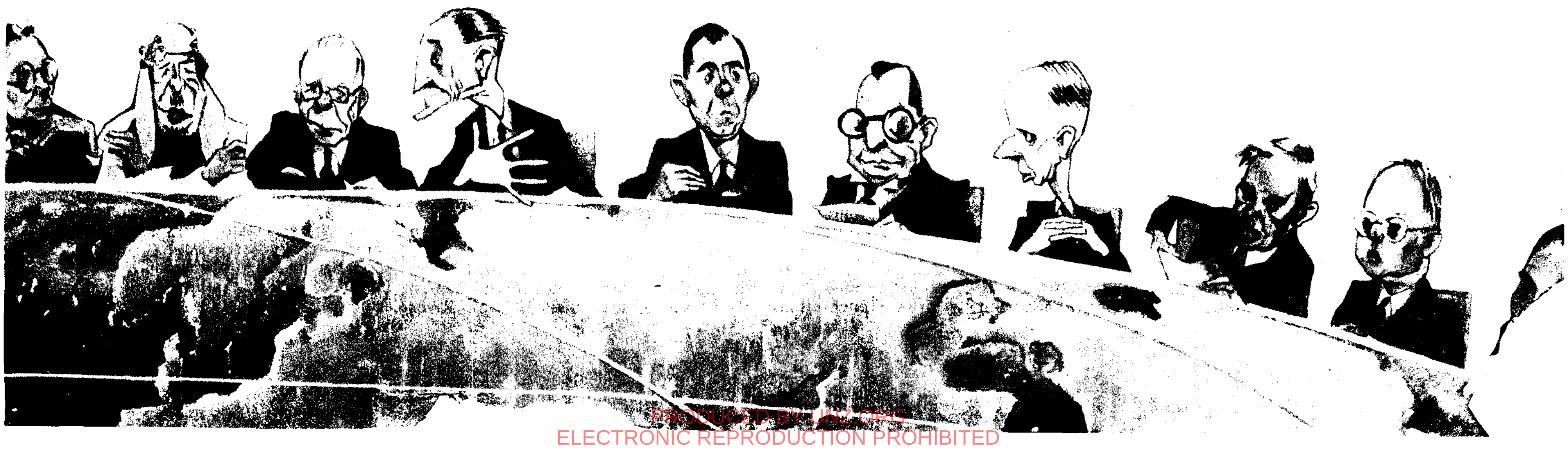
From all this it may be seen that whether the U.N. will work is contingent upon the good will and good faith of the members themselves.

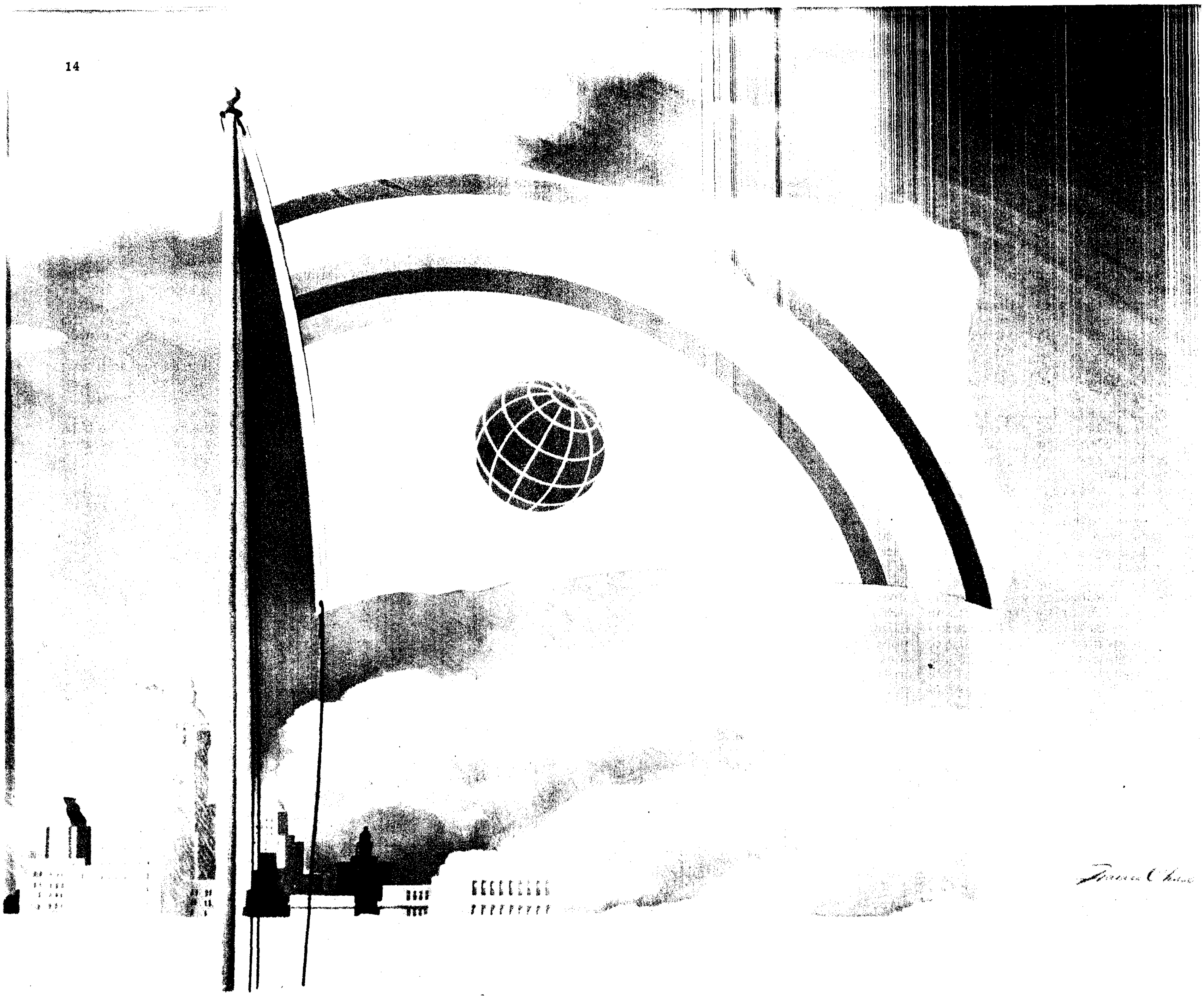
There's a great deal more to the U.N. than its executive and administrative

(Continued on page 30)

IKE VERN—PIX

Trygve Lie, U.N. Secretary-General: "We're plain people," he says of himself and his organization, "working for plain people all over the world"





RAINBOW OVER THE WORLD

BY JACK H. POLLACK

Thomas Paine designed a flag 146 years ago which he hoped would be used by an association of nations. That flag was never unfurled, but today it might well be. Collier's suggests that the United Nations adopt it as its own official symbol

FLAGS are as old as the human race. Man has borne banners continuously since the dawn of time. Before carrying colored standards, he decorated his body with red clay or placed the skins of animals on poles. Even in deadliest combat, flags have been flown as emblems of faith, hope and lofty resolve.

To give the people of the world a common symbol, the United Nations is now being urged to adopt a flag. If ultimately we are to live in One World, why not pledge allegiance to One Flag? To translate these exalted aspirations into visible heraldry, Collier's herewith suggests a U.N. flag for the statesmen to consider.

Designed by Francis Chase at the request of Collier's editors, it is a simple Rainbow Flag reminiscent of the multicolored one a merciful Jehovah first unfurled in the heavens after the Flood signifying that danger had passed and Man was secure. Today, after the storm of World War II, such a flag could be a Rainbow of Hope sheltering the fifty-one member nations from the thunderbolts of future wars.

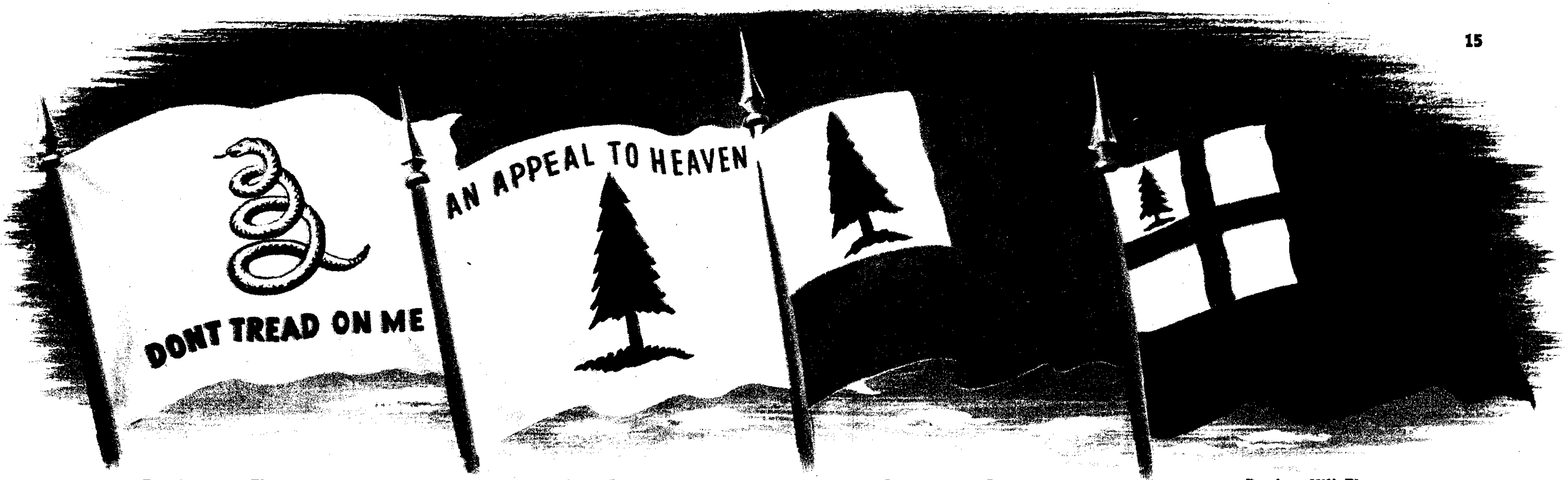
Though not generally known, a Rainbow Flag to unite the nations of the earth was first proposed nearly a century and a half ago by a great Revolutionary figure and world citizen. Long before, the League of Nations and the present United Nations were born, Thomas Paine, an Englishman by birth, French citizen by decree and American by adoption, formulated a plan for an "Association of Nations" in an article entitled A Maritime Compact. On October 6, 1800, the author of Common Sense sent the plan to his friend, Thomas Jefferson, who approved it.

The Paine plan recommended ten peaceful ways for settling disputes, including boycott of aggressor nations. One of the most striking provisions was Article Six, which urged that "The association establish a flag for itself to be carried by every ship and vessel of every nation composing this association. This flag to be a pennant at the head of the mainmast, and is to be composed of the same colors as compose the Rainbow, and arranged in the same order as they appear in that Phenomenon."

This hitherto obscure proposal by an impassioned philosopher of our own Revolution was recently revealed by an outstanding Paine devotee, Joseph Lewis, who lives in the small Hudson River town of Purdy in New York. Secretary-founder of the Thomas Paine Memorial Committee which recently succeeded in belatedly electing Paine to the Hall of Fame, Lewis asserts, "It is remarkably appropriate for the United Nations to adopt Thomas Paine's Rainbow Flag today. Had liberal Emperor Paul of Russia, who even then perceived the menace of military Germany and enthusiastically hailed Paine's international plan, not been murdered in 1801, the Rainbow Flag might have been adopted almost a hundred and fifty years ago."

During the San Francisco conference, Boris Artzybasheff, a prominent artist who was a State Department consultant, designed a rainbow-hued flag. It contained six colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and white—representing every United Nation with at least one color.

The gentle, highly imaginative Artzybasheff, a Russian-born naturalized American, explains, "I got the rainbow



Rattlesnake Flag **Pine Tree Flag** **Continental Flag** **Bunker Hill Flag**

idea from the Bible and from folk mythology where it is a common theme."

Still another sincere expression for a universal flag was recently unfurled for returning servicemen by the citizens of North Mianus, Connecticut, a community of 500 people in the township of Greenwich. Stressing the golden rule and Brotherhood of Man, it has a white field—standing for peace—and a blue circle in the center representing the friendship and union of all peoples. Within the circle is a torch of light giving forth four flames representing the Four Freedoms.

Other United Nations flags have been designed, but at present, the flagless United Nations does not have even an official emblem. Unofficially, it uses on its letterheads and press badges the black and white emblem which first appeared on the United Nations Charter at San Francisco. This emblem portrays a globe, flanked by an olive branch, with continents looming from the North Pole.

Advocates of a U.N. flag contend that it would be a Banner of Hope for millions. Together with the flags of other nations, our own Old Glory would be flown beside this colorful, recognizable symbol of world unity.

Symbolism of Stars and Stripes

Cradled during our first fight for freedom, the U.S. star-spangled flag evolved slowly. From the days of the Babylonian sun worshipers to our colonial forefathers, stars and stripes appeared on the flags of nations in Asia, Europe and the Americas. The star, a symbol of the heavens, denotes the divine goal to which mortal man has aspired, and on ancient flags of India and Persia (Iran) meant sovereignty. The stripe symbolizes the rays of light emanating from the sun.

Before the official Old Glory—which was so named in 1831 by William Driver, an imaginative ship captain—America saw numerous flags. A thousand years ago the Vikings carried the first flag to these shores—a black raven on a field of white. Columbus sailed here under Isabella's Spanish flag of red lions and yellow castles on blue and red fields. Before settling in New York, the Dutch brought their own flags—as did John Cabot, La Salle and other early settlers.

For over a century, the foremost flag of the American colonists was the British banner. Traditionally, England's flag was the red cross of St. George on a white field; Scotland's, the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field. When the two nations merged in 1606, the two crosses were blended.

One of our earliest flags—the Grand Union—was unmistakably British-influenced, having thirteen alternately red and white stripes with the St. Andrew and St. George crosses. Washington flew it at Cambridge, Massachusetts, "out of compliment to the United Colonies," as late as January 2, 1776. After breaking away from Britain, the colonists substituted white stars in a blue field for the British crosses.

Still, our eighteenth century elders unfurled scores of regimental and state flags, the better known of which are reproduced on this page. Symbolizing their wilderness and Revolutionary struggles, the flags contained beavers, anchors, pine trees, liberty poles and rattlesnakes, with such stirring mottoes as "Hope," "Liberty," "Appeal to Heaven," and "Don't Tread on Me."

The "Coiled Rattlesnake" flag was carried by the Marines on their expedition to the Bahamas in 1776. It bore the slogan, "Don't Tread On Me." The rattlesnake was supposed to have a brighter eye than any other reptile, and lacking eyelids could be the emblem of vigilance. Slow to attack, once engaged a rattlesnake never surrendered!

The flag known as the "Pine Tree" or "Washington's Navy Ensign" was the one used on Washington's first American Naval fleet in 1775. The slogan, "An Appeal to Heaven," appeared above the tree. In the "Continental" flag, a pine tree, symbol of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, appeared in place of the St. George and St. Andrew crosses. It was carried in 1775-77

The Bunker Hill flag, unfurled in 1775 and a burning emblem of liberty, was carried at Lexington and Concord.

The Legendary Betsy Ross

Much of the story of our Flag is replete with myths, hearsay, imaginative invention, romantic and uncritical scholarship. Every American school child knows how Betsy Ross made our first flag. Asked if he literally believed the story, President Woodrow Wilson exclaimed, "Would that it were true!" Legend has it that in the darkest days of the Revolution, a group of patriots led by George Washington approached the Philadelphia seamstress (who embroidered his shirt ruffles before he became Commander of the Continental Army) with a rough sketch for a flag.

"The stars should be five instead of six-pointed," the shrewd needlewoman advised, explaining that she could cut a five-pointed star with one snip of the scissors whereas the six-pointed Star of Bethlehem required two snips.

In Betsy's back parlor, the Father of our Country then withdrew to change the sketch in pencil. Patriotic womenfolk later cut up their petticoats to help make our first flag.

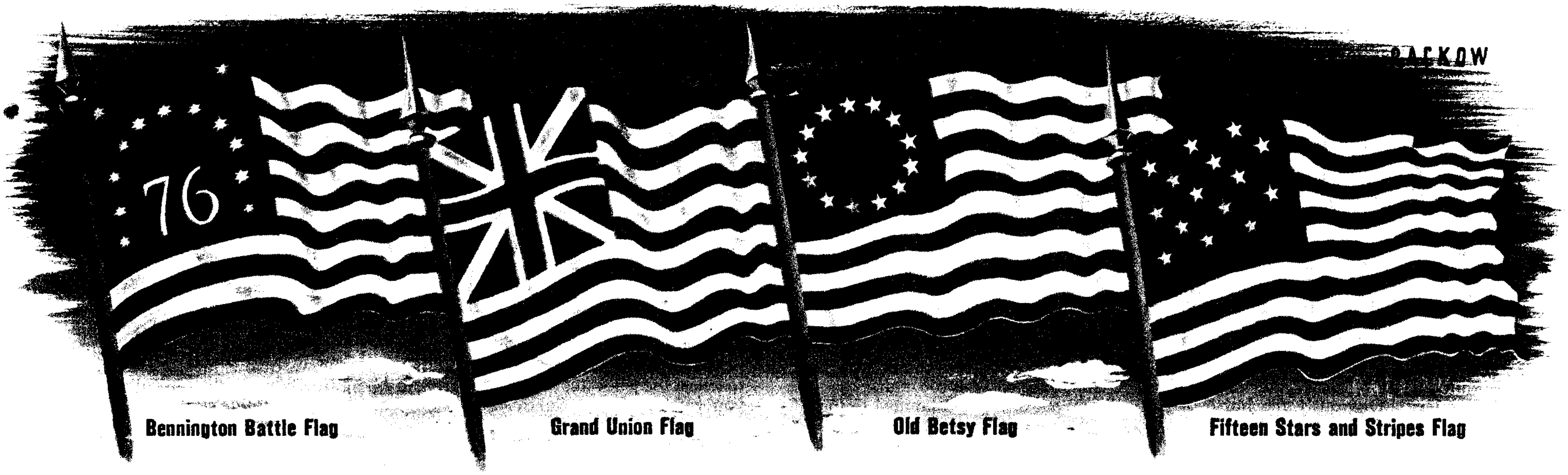
Scoffing at this celebrated story, rock-ribbed Vermonters argue that a five-pointed star is more difficult to cut than a six-pointed one. They insist that Old Glory's authentic forerunner was the hand-spun, hand-woven flag victoriously carried by Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys at the Battle of Bennington in 1777. Though the thirteen stars are seven-pointed and arranged in an arch (probably suggested by masonic symbolism), and the stripes are in reverse of the usual order—starting with the white instead of red—descendants of the independent mountain republic claim it is our oldest known Stars and Stripes flag.

Now on display at the Vermont Historical Society in Bennington, the red has long since faded to a pale tan and the blue to a grayish white.

Though the Second Continental Congress adopted the famous, if vague, resolution making the Stars and Stripes the official flag of the United States on June 14, 1777, it did not prescribe the arrangement of the stars, depth of the canton or how many points the stars should have. No record exists of who introduced the resolution or of any legislative debate but it is believed to have been presented by the Marine Committee.

Washington explained, "We take the stars from heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, showing that we have separated from her."

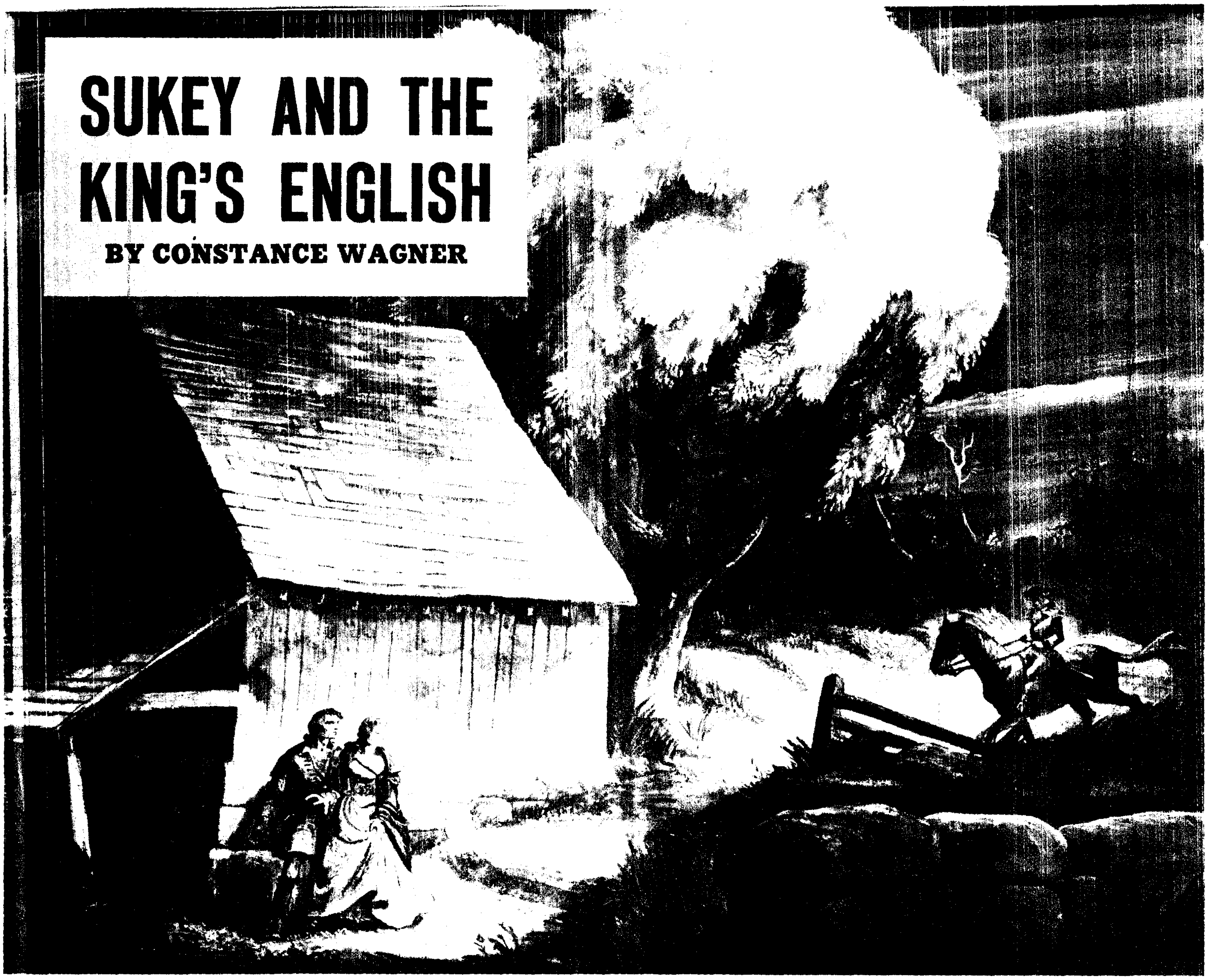
When Kentucky and Vermont were admitted as states, Old Glory jumped to fifteen stars and fifteen stripes in 1794. Realizing that the flag would become unwieldy were a stripe added for each new state, it was decided on July 4, 1818, to keep the stripes at thirteen and add a star for each state entering the union. Similarly, present-day champions of a United Nations flag recommend that the Rainbow remain the same, with a star added for each nation admitted to the world organization. ★★★



Bennington Battle Flag **Grand Union Flag** **Old Betsy Flag** **Fifteen Stars and Stripes Flag**

SUKEY AND THE KING'S ENGLISH

BY CONSTANCE WAGNER



They stood close together, their nerves strained. Sukey's hand clutched at John's. "Someone has followed me," she said. "Keep out of sight—but near"

They made a date for October 1st, a date to be married, a date to remember. But much was forgotten in that historic year of 1776

JOHNNY yawned and stretched his legs luxuriously in their green cloth breeches. The grass felt fine and cool, after those weeks of dusty travel with his father. Besides, being only sixteen, Johnny found his own ideas exciting. It was good to be alone for a change.

The road wandered haphazardly from the edge of town and lay below him like a lazy gray snake in the afternoon sunshine. Off to the left he could see quite clearly the widespread huddle of buildings which was New York: the prim, scrubbed house fronts which were still predominately Dutch. That was what he would remember best about this business trip with his father: the square, impeccable Dutch tidiness of this city, and its air of bustling success, which was, somehow, quite different from the familiar atmosphere of Boston.

He was still reveling in his solitude when his eye was caught and held by something that made him sit up abruptly. At first seeming a mere streak of gray dust moving rapidly in his direction on the road below, it took shape after a moment and became a fast-galloping dappled horse with a very small rider clinging to its mane, and the reins trailing free. Obviously the horse was out of hand. Johnny sprang to his feet and started down the slope.

The small crouched figure that he had taken for a boy now appeared to have something billowing out behind, something that could only be skirts. Incongruously, however, the head seemed a mop of short, wild red hair. Strangest of all, now that they drew nearer, he could hear a voice, unmistakably feminine, shouting between bounces:

"Giddap! Damn—it—all—*Giddap!*"

Johnny ran along the road and caught the horse's bridle neatly as the animal swerved to avoid him. He was dragged a few paces, swallowing dust. Then the horse stopped docilely enough, and Johnny found himself looking up into the dirtiest, angriest little face he had ever seen.

"Why did you stop me? I—I'm *not* going back there. Not for nobody!"

Johnny felt a little foolish, and that made him angry. "Why, you might've been killed," he said hotly, adding with lofty superiority, "I guess you don't know much about handling horses."

"Don't know *nothing* about 'em." The little girl was still breathless and enraged. "But I'm not a-going back." She tossed back her mane of unkempt hair and sat looking at Johnny truculently.

"Well, *I* don't care where you're going. Only you'd best not ride that nag unless you can handle him better'n that." He surveyed the rawboned beast disdainfully. "Who saddled that horse?"

"I did."

"A fine job. Couldn't you see the saddle girths were too tight?"

"What of it? Be damned to them."

Johnny, disgusted, began dusting his clothes. "Ladies don't swear," he said severely.

The appalling child threw back her head and emitted a peal of shrill, sardonic laughter. "Lord! *I* ain't a lady!" She flung out her skinny arms as if she were about to take flight. "I'm just Sukey from the Travelers' Rest."

"Well, you'd better climb off that Pegasus for a bit, because he's winded."

The little girl twisted her thin body to gaze back along the road. Then, seeing no one, she slid off the horse with Johnny's help.

He felt disgruntled about the whole incident. Like all boys, he had cherished secret dreams of one day rescuing a maiden in distress, but the dream had little semblance to the reality, he thought, as he looked down at the soiled and bedraggled girl who stood before him. "There's a spring up there," he told her carelessly, tethering the horse to a small tree. "If you can't speak English, you can at least wash your face."

He started up the slope, the girl beside him, digging her toes into the turf like a little goat. "My name is rightly Susan," she informed him. "Susan Sanders. Some of the children at the Foundlings' Home didn't have any names. But *I* did."

Johnny might have discerned the truth behind this gratuitous information: that Sukey was proud of her name because it was the only possession to which she could lay claim. But he had been struck by a new and alarming thought. "Look here." He turned to face her as they reached the chestnut tree. "Where did you get that horse, Sukey?"

"Out of the stable." She plumped herself down on the grass and sat hugging her knees. "It's Old Man Grenshaw's horse, that runs the Travelers' Rest. And he's bad enough, but his *wife—*"

"We were talking about the horse. Does he know you took it?"

Sukey laughed, chewing on a blade of grass. "D'you think Old Man Grenshaw would let me touch a hair of his horse? Not likely! 'Specially when I'm bound out to him till eighteen, and should be back there in the kitchen at this minute."

"Why—that's stealing!" He stared at her unbelievingly. "And leaving the people you're bound out to! They can—they can send you to prison for that."

Sukey Sanders sat bolt upright. "You are *not* going to take me back there! And I've been there three years and done enough work to buy that horse five times over."

Johnny shook his head. Obviously the terrible child was devoid of moral sense. "How old are you, Sukey?" he asked darkly.

"Thirteen. And in five years the Grenshaws would have to let me go. But I can't wait that long."

The boy regarded her broodingly. "I'll show you the spring," he said suddenly, and, seizing her hard little fist, he led her to where he had discovered a clear rill cupped in a basin of colored stones. "Look! Isn't it fine?" He produced a very white linen handkerchief. "Here. Let me wash your face." He began rubbing the wet cloth carefully over her

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

SLUG IT SLAY!

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story:
The sudden death of Forrest C. Willshire, publisher of the New York Courier, looked like suicide; but Arthur Leslie, young city editor, had his doubts. On the night of his death, Willshire had come storming down from his penthouse on top of the Courier building. He had fired Joe Beckett, a reporter assigned to the gambling trial of Sam Clymer, for being drunk; had had one argument with Jack Morton, the managing editor, and another with Harry Whiteside, a rewrite man. . . . When news of Willshire's death reached the city room, only Arthur, Bob Farley (night city editor), Carl Rome (his assistant), Whiteside, Roger Jay (another rewrite man), and Mark Titus (the elderly church editor) were on duty. A prepared obituary was found in the files, and Whiteside was assigned to write the story. Percy Chambron, the night managing editor, rushed it through. . . . The next day Marilyn Carter, representing herself as a friend of Emily Willshire, the Old Man's granddaughter, appeared and forced Arthur to give her a job. Emily now owned the Courier. . . . Joe Beckett, who had spent the night drunk, called Arthur and mentioned that he had been to the penthouse the night before. Sue Wharton, a reporter, seemed to be worried about Joe. . . . When Arthur found the suicide note had been part of Willshire's obituary, and that the entire original copy was missing, he knew Willshire had been murdered. . . .

IN THE bar across the street, Marilyn Carter was already quite at home. She sat with Sue Wharton at a table near the fireplace. Lone drinkers at the bar eyed them like duck hunters from a blind. Marilyn had finished her first day in her first job and had written her first story for the New York Courier.

They both saw Arthur Leslie come in from the street, give an order to Otto at the bar, and step into the telephone booth. Marilyn frowned, and her narrowed eyes and wide, high cheekbones gave her face a contemplative, reserved expression. She said, "Tell me about that man, Sue."

"Arthur?" Sue said. "Oh, he's all right."

"But is he always so stuffy?" Marilyn asked. "I mean, does he know how to be civil, do you suppose?"

"Arthur's a good guy," Sue said. "Really, he is. The whole staff adores him."

Marilyn watched Arthur emerge from the telephone booth and go to the bar, where Otto had poured him a drink. He moved with a quick step and carried himself alertly. Although he had not looked back at the table, Marilyn was sure he had seen them. He had the roving sort of glance that did not miss much.

"There must be some reason for it," Marilyn said.

"Well, he's sincere," Sue explained. "He's fair, and he'll go to bat for you. Take the case of Joe Beckett the other night, when he had that run-in with . . ." Sue's voice trailed off.

"Yes?" said Marilyn. "He had a run-in with whom?"

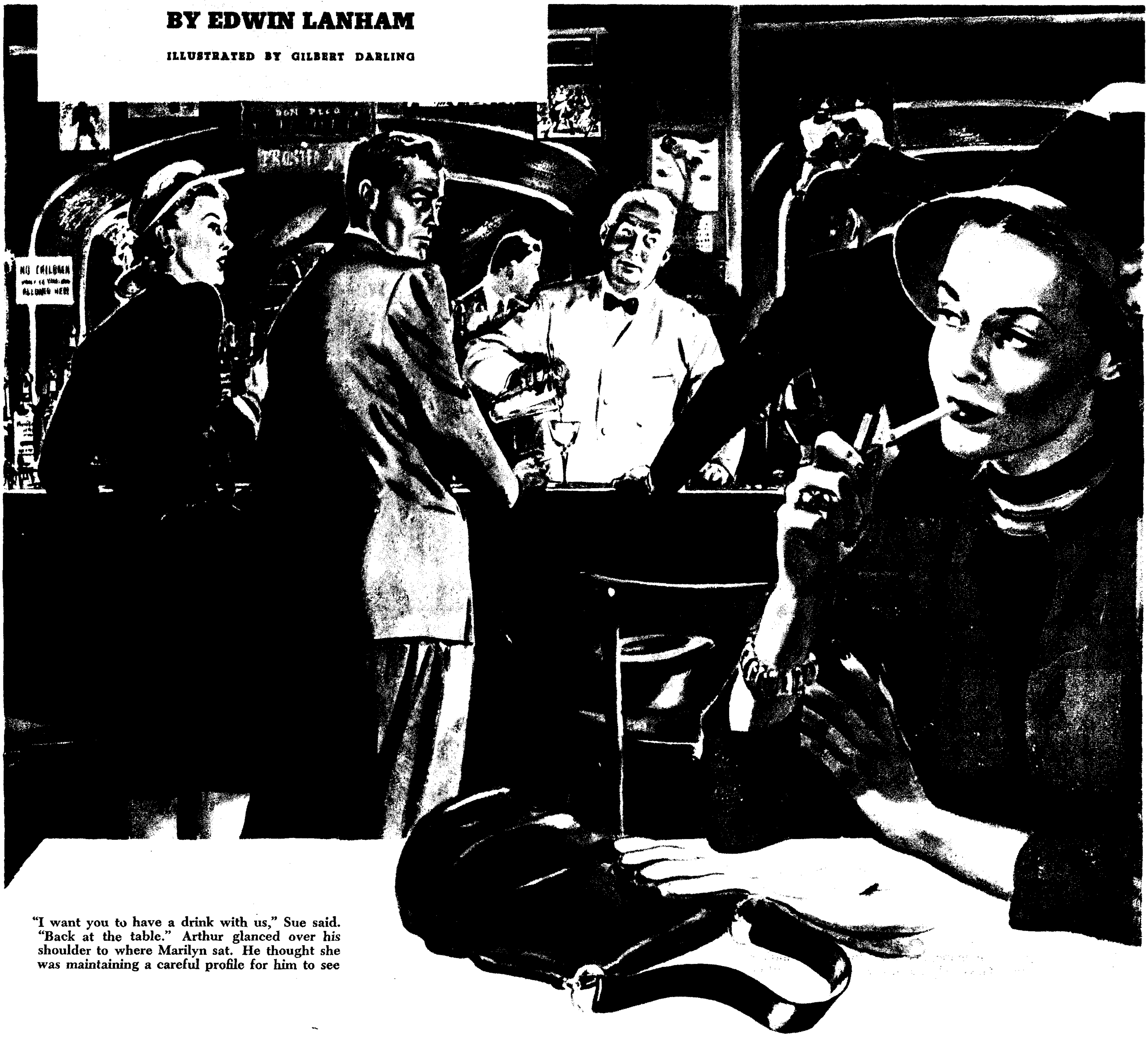
"Oh, that's ancient history now," Sue said.

"I'd like to hear it," Marilyn said. "Who is Joe Beckett?"

"One of the reporters," Sue said. "He's a nice guy."

"Everybody seems to be a nice guy," Marilyn said. "You say that Mr. Leslie

(Continued on page 35)



"I want you to have a drink with us," Sue said. "Back at the table." Arthur glanced over his shoulder to where Marilyn sat. He thought she was maintaining a careful profile for him to see

BILBO

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

JACKSON
GULF

When Theodore Bilbo makes a campaign speech, Mississippi-stationed G.I.s from other states write down what he says; otherwise their folks at home won't believe it. This article shows why they won't

THE hot Mississippi sun beats down on a crowd of 1,500 grizzled farmers and townsfolk. Some squat on their hunkers, pick aimlessly at the grass. Others stand with powerful sun-reddened arms across their chests or with hands thrust deep in their jeans. In front of a flat-bed truck which has become a platform by the addition of the Stars and Stripes, there are a few benches and folding chairs for old, cane-carrying men and the finest ladies of the town, with parasols. Uptown, most stores have closed. Here and there some folks seek the shade of the trees on the courthouse lawn. A handful of older men enjoy the refreshing coolness of a seat on the stone steps of the courthouse. Standing off, here and there on the outskirts of the crowd, sometimes half hiding behind the parked cars, are Negroes, some of them old and gray and some of them ex-G.I.s wearing mud-spattered remnants of Uncle Sam's uniform.

Everyone is listening. They are listening to a short, potbellied little man of sixty-nine years—a "runt," he calls himself. He is dressed in a natty suit, sporting a florid necktie emblazoned with a diamond horseshoe. The microphone which he speaks into carries his hoarse, rasping voice a quarter of a mile away through two loud-speakers mounted atop a secondhand hearse painted white. Listen:

"Ah am in the prime of mah life. Ah am young in mind and body. Last yeah Ah went up to Mayo clinic and had 'em cut me open. You oughta see mah scar . . . And afterwards the doctor said mah organs were perfect. 'You'll live to be a hundred, Bilbo—if someone don't shoot you.' "

The crowd roars. This is Bilbo, Theodore G. Bilbo, senior United States Senator from Mississippi, the best-known man in the state, and right now he's looking for a job—the same one he has. He's fighting in the Democratic primary and if he wins a majority of the votes, he's elected.

The crowd knows Bilbo. For thirty-three years he has been the wildest, most turbulent figure in their public life—and the most entertaining. He is a first-rate comedian with better timing than Bob Hope and better gags than Senator Claghorn, and that's no joke, son. It's a big thing in country where you have to drive twenty miles to see a three-year-old B movie.

The people know a survey by a national magazine found him regarded as the "worst man" in the Senate and that Senator Robert A. Taft has called him a disgrace to the Senate. If they don't, Bilbo tells them. As for the magazine, that's just "a damn' niggah-loving, Northern social equality magazine," and as for Taft, he just wants to be President, "a mockingbird just out of its shell, all mouth and no bird at all."

To most of the country Bilbo is known for his violent racial prejudice, his filibustering against the FEPC, his opposition to the antilynch bill, his offensive language in the dignified Senate chamber, his inflammatory attacks on legislation aimed at reducing racial and religious discrimination, and for his letters addressed "Dear Dago," and "Dear Kike." The people of Mississippi know he has blackened the name of their state, made them, as they put it, the "laughingstock of the country." They are embarrassed by his language, by the name he has won for all of them. But listen:

"Ah have been smeared from coast to coast by the damn' niggah-loving, social equality press and magazines and radio . . .

"These boys hyeah," meaning us, "Ah know them. They'ah nice boys. Ah sit down with them. Ah talk to them. Ah travel with them. They'ah nice fellows. They'ah just doing their job. They don't have anything to do with what is written in the magazines." He pauses, "If they did, Ah'd lick 'em afore they got outa Mississippi."

A Grueling Campaign Schedule

He's a martyr in Mississippi, speaking for two hours three times a day, racing almost 100 miles between speeches in a big 1946 sedan, chewing and smoking a ten-cent cigar. Listen:

"In 1934 when Ah went to Washington, Ah made mah great decision. There were two roads open to me. Oh yes, Ah could have taken the easiest road, the road of least resistance. Yes, Ah could have enjoyed the best drinks and the choicest food. Yes, Ah would have been known as the great senator from Mississippi. Oh yes, Ah would have enjoyed laudatory and complimentary articles in the press. Yes, Ah would have gone down to a grave banked with flowahs while sweet and melodious words of eulogy were uttered ovah me . . .

"But Ah'd have been a traitor. Ah'd have been a traitor to the South, a traitor to mah people, a traitor to mah ideals, a traitor to mah white blood . . . Ah'll get to that latah. . . ."

The crowd is solemn. They believe him, are touched by the picture he draws. He has always claimed to be a martyr to

them. In 1910 he called a man a "cross between a hyena and a mongrel and born in a niggah graveyard at midnight." The man beat him up, and Bilbo, the martyr, swathed in bandages, was elected lieutenant governor. In 1911 he took a bribe of $645, then a few days later claimed he had taken it in order to expose bribery. He missed impeachment by one vote, but was characterized by the state legislature as "unfit to sit with honest and upright men in any respectable legislative body." Bilbo the Martyr took that for his text and was elected governor. Sent to jail for contempt of court for failing to appear as a witness in a seduction case, he announced his candidacy for governor, again a martyr, and emerged from the jail to open his campaign on a platform built just outside. He was again elected.

Arguing His Case with a Brick

That time he was the martyr with the vitrified brick. He traveled all over the state lugging a vitrified brick wrapped up in oilcloth. His program: to pave Mississippi's roads with brick, not concrete—that wore out, son.

But vitrified brick—he would hold it up. "You can drive for seventy-five years on this side of the brick. Then when that side is worn out, you simply turn it over and drive for seventy-five years more on the other side. And then when that is worn out—150 years from now," he would say, "whya, then you turn them on their ends and drive for seventy-five more years."

He was elected that time too, but nothing ever happened with the vitrified brick. Mention of these things now makes the senator moan that his enemies are going back twenty-five, thirty years to dig up material to smear him with. He was elected to the Senate in 1934, promising to "raise more hell than Huey Long."

Bilbo was the eighth child of a hardworking Baptist farm couple who lived at Juniper Grove, Pearl River County. When he was fifteen he made up his mind to a "life of public service," which is what he calls what he does. He spent the next fifteen years preparing—studying at the University of Nashville and Vanderbilt while news-butchering on trains.

"Ah've never been defeated," he cries, "but Ah've been delayed a few times." He was delayed literally at the post, for in his first bid for "public service," the circuit clerkship of his home county, his neighbors picked his opponent. But a few years later, in 1907, he was elected to the State Senate by touring the district playing Baptist hymns on a melodeon. He has been delayed few other times. In 1920 he was rejected in a Congressional race and in 1923 he was rejected in a bid for the governorship.

But now he is on the defensive, put there, not by his opponents, but by the people of the United States. Justifying and defending himself skillfully, with

Bilbo uses same speech everywhere, adds new material to keep it fresh, and by July 2d will have spoken 150 times. Among other things he attacks Gov. Ellis Arnall of Georgia, who led South's fight for better freight rates, as "Public Enemy No. 1 of the South" because he has also backed the Negroes' right to vote in Georgia

Below: At Hattiesburg this Chinese-American G.I. from Camp Shelby looked at the ground when Bilbo, claiming that all the Negro wants is "intermarriage," roared: "Why, in nine more generations, there won't be either blacks or whites. . . . We'll all be yellow . . . mongrels." Other G.I.s snorted incredulously. Note woman's face

Left: Out of this world, a Stone County man listens to Bilbo tell why he should be re-elected: "Ah'm a lawyer. Ah'm a good one. Ah tried eleven murder cases and never lost a one. None of your business how Ah did it. But Ah got 'em out." A master of insinuation and invective, Bilbo is an expert comedian and storyteller, holds the crowd over two hours

Right: A Negro vet in Bilbo's home town listens impassively to his race incitement. In some towns older Negroes grinned uneasily, stayed behind parked cars and trees. Some 80,000 Negro veterans, relieved of poll tax along with white vets by law, are kept from voting by the state's "educational" rule that the voter "explain" the Constitution

Old ladies pat the senator on the back at Wiggins where he once ran a girls' school. His personal political machine is strongest in state. In 1928 he held state in line for wet, Catholic Al Smith. "And me a dry, a Baptist, and a Klansman," he laughed. He did it by circulating fictitious story that Hoover had danced with a Negro woman. Later he said: "It was like asking ole High Collar Herbie if he quit beating his wife. He was damned if he said yes, damned if he said no"

The night Bilbo spoke at Raymond, hundreds of Negroes lined the fence outside the courthouse. Only a few thousand are registered in state; most are like the sole Negro voter in Bilbo's home town who "doesn't vote in contests between white men." Though none of his opponents challenge his racial views, Bilbo screams for white supremacy, urges crowds to keep Negroes from polls. "Best time to do it is the night before!"

charm, with jokes and asides, quoting Senator Vandenberg, he tries to prove he is liked, respected, important. Because he fathered the agricultural research bill establishing federal scientific laboratories, he claims credit for the discovery of "Pen-ya-*cill*-yun, the wondah drug." Like a street-corner hawker selling hair tonic, he skims lightly over the science, claims things for the drug that doctors never would, and winds up:

"Many of you G.I. boys are hyeah today because of mah work. This drug, pen-ya-cill-yun, has saved millions of lives, will save millions more in the future . . . Whya, foah this one thing alone Ah should be returned to the Senate for life! . . ."

Sighing "Ah yes, science" again and again, he takes credit for developments in cotton, apples, peanuts, soybeans. A handful of Navy boys stalked out when he said this at Gulfport. "How can he do that?" demanded Seaman Second Class Gene Amdahl, of South Dakota. "Don't these people know George Washington Carver, a Negro, developed the soybean and peanut as Southern crops?" We could only say we didn't know. Later we learned that in 1925 Bilbo tried to prevent Dr. Carver from speaking at the University of Mississippi. "What could this peanut nigger tell white Southern boys and girls?" he had demanded.

Mayor of Washington, D. C.

But Bilbo goes on. He fought for the Tennessee-Tombigbee River canalization and now northeastern Mississippi "will blossom like a rose." And he's important in Washington. Listen: "Ah'm the rankin' membah of the District of Columbia Committee. That makes me mayor of the city of Washington, ex-officio mayor of the capital of the country. . . . That's a big job . . . That's important information. If you ever come to Washington and get in trouble, get thrown in jail, whya, call me up. Ah'll get you out."

Referring to his notorious reputation for anti-Semitism, he pouts: "God knows I got nothing against the Jewish people. The Jews we got in Mississippi are fine people. They are some of the finest people we got. They're natives. They fought on our side in the Civil War. . . ."

Later in his room in Jackson he boasted: "Two of my campaign managers are Jews . . . A lady asked me how Ah felt about the Jews. 'Lady,' Ah said, 'Ah been for every Jew since Jesus Christ.'" Then he leaned back and roared with laughter.

This is Bilbo, senior United States Senator from Mississippi, looking for a job. He feeds upon opposition, quoting "Northern" papers and "niggah" papers to prove he is the flower of the South. Time and again, he builds up tremendous tension in the audience, then explodes it with an aside, a gag, insinuation, or invective. His voice drops as he speaks of his large, beautiful house outside Poplarville, one of the minor scandals of Mississippi. Listen as he whispers:

"Sure, Ah have a beautiful home. Ah call it the Dream House, the House by the Side of the Road Where the Race of Men Go By. It's the finest home in Mississippi. Ah got twenty-seven rooms. One time Ah slept thirty-two people there, two in a bed. Ah built it as a memorial to mah mother and father. Come and see me. Stay all *night* . . . Don't all come at once, though."

Listen:

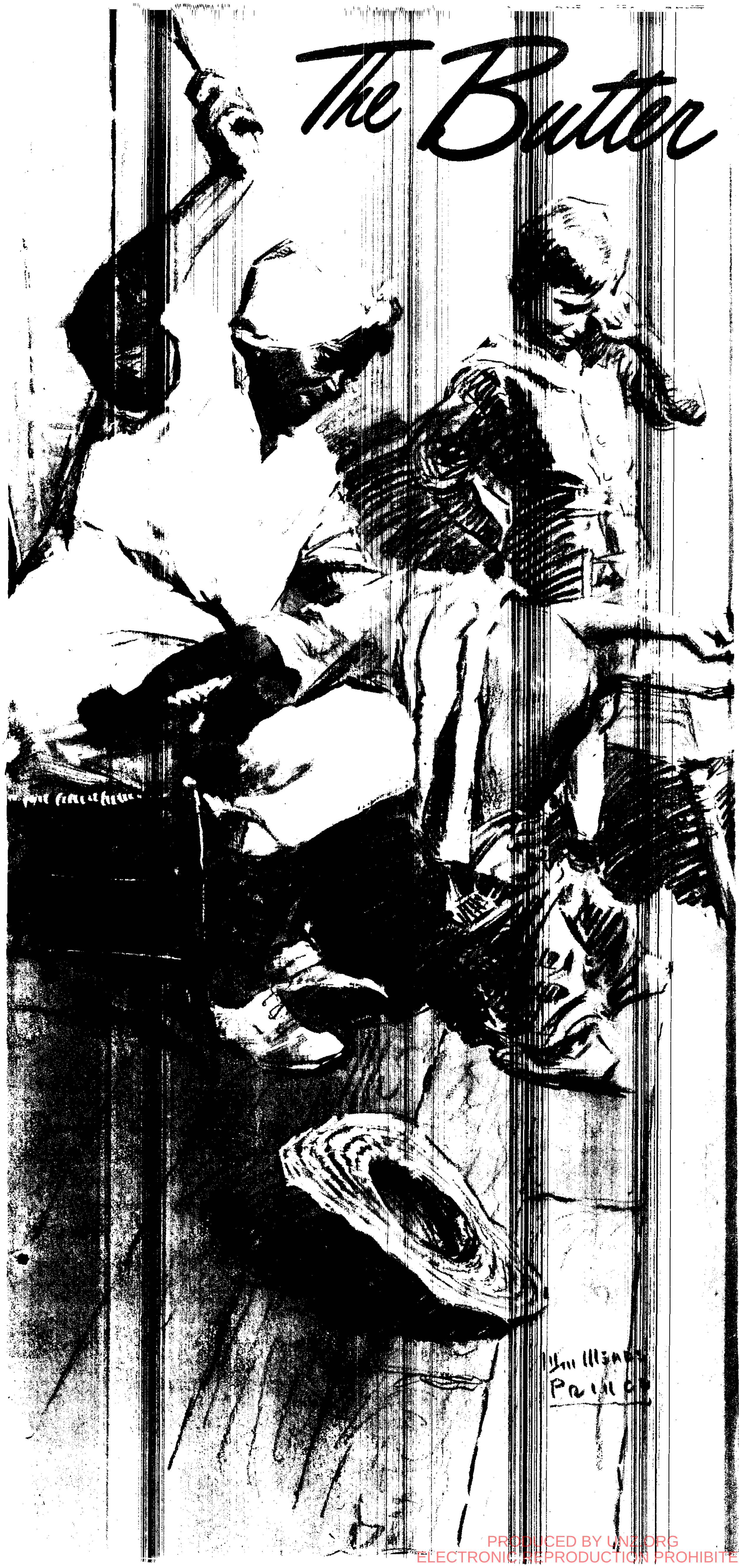
"These enemies of mine in New York, Pennsylvania, Chicago, New Jersey . . . The Commonists and the C.I.O., headed by this furriner Sidney Hillman from Russia, whya, they've made the boast they are coming down hyeah with a million dollahs just to beat Bilbo . . . Now it's wrong to take that money. It's wicked . . . But, if you need it, take it. Take

(Continued on page 28)

The Butter Paddle

BY ROARK BRADFORD

Conscience can be more painful than a whipping. Robert E. Lee Hughes III had a chance to compare the two, so he knew



Lucille released Bob and began using the butter paddle on Algie's bare hide. "I know who put who up to doin' what," she grumbled, "and lyin' ain't no good"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

GRINDING sugar cane was beginning to tire Robert E. Lee Hughes III, even though he was being the mule. Being the mule was easier than being the feeder. All the mule had to do was to hold on to the end of a plank and walk around the stump. The other end of the plank had been nailed fast to the top of the stump with a single spike, so that if you held on and walked you could not help walking around and around.

Algie was the feeder. The feeder had to pull up weeds, which according to the rules of the game immediately became sugar cane, and feed them into the crack between the moving plank and the stationary stump top where they would be mangled. No juice came from the weeds, as it would have from sure-enough sugar cane. Algie had explained that when he invented the game.

"Hit's de way folks made molasses up at Plain Dealing," he said. "You jest got to b'lieve hit's juice runnin' outn de mill and drippin' in de bar'l."

"What barrel?" asked Bob.

"You got to b'lieve hit's a bar'l, too," Algie said.

Imaginary cane juice into an imaginary barrel was a big order for the imagination of a little white boy who would not be six years old for a couple of months, but he set his mouth firmly and made the effort.

"B'lieve hard!" coached Algie. "Shet yo' eyes and strain and speak de words: 'Repent, believe and be baptized, and ye shall be bawn again.' Come on, Bob!"

Bob shut his eyes, strained and spoke the words. "All right," he said. "Juice is just draining in the old barrel."

"Dat's hit!" exclaimed Algie. "I knowed old Bob could b'lieve efn you spoke de words and strained hard."

Bob decided he was going to like the game.

"When de bar'l git full," Algie went on, "I'll say, 'Well, I be dog, de bar'l is full er juice.' And den I'll say, 'Whoa, mule,' whilst I empties dis juice in de vats!"

Bob did not even have to strain hard to believe in the vats.

"And den," continued Algie, "whilst I'm emptyin' de juice, you jest stand around and stomp at *flies* and switch yo' tail and act like any yuther mule takin' a rest. And when I finishes wid de juice, us changes off and you be's de feeder and I be's de mule."

Bob added touches of color to his role by braying occasionally and snatching at the top of grass. This bit of acting was crowned with complete success when Algie shouted, "Git up dar, mule! Let dat grass alone. I'll feed you at feedin' time!"

THE game was absorbing for a time, but even braying and eating grass began to pall. "Aw, Algie," protested Bob, "I'll bet that old barrel is full of juice by now."

"Git along, mule!" shouted Algie. "I'll take a switch and I'll set you afire!"

The little boy stopped. "Algie," he said, "let's not play cane mill any more."

"Okay wid me," agreed Algie. "What le's us gonter play?"

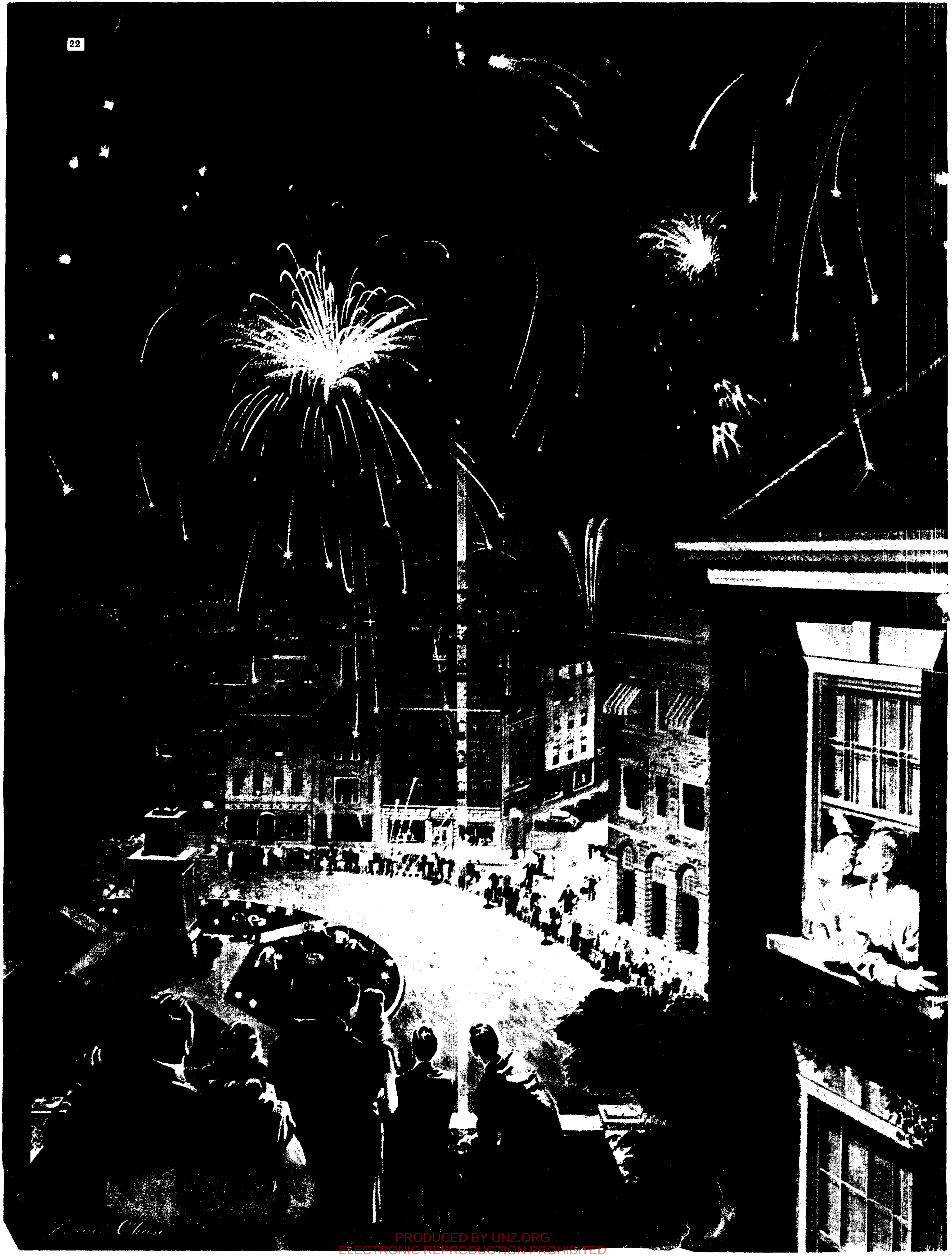
"Let's play Yankee soldier," suggested Bob, "and sneak into the kitchen and steal some food."

"Aw, naw," objected Algie. "You know you ain't 'lowed in de kitchen betwixt dinnertime and supper. You'd eat somethin' and spile yo' supper appetite, and den you wouldn't grow up and be big and fat."

"I don't want to be big and fat," said Bob. "I want to play Yankee soldier and sneak into the kitchen."

"Fat or lean," argued Algie, "efn us sneak in de kitchen hit'll be de old butter paddle for me and you bofe."

Bob was quite familiar *(Continued on page 48)*


Chase

HOME
FOR THE
FOURTH

BY
NORMAN CORWIN

WELL, FOLKS, *it was a tough haul from the Hessians through Hitler,*

But we made it, and you will note that our flag is still there.

It was hot in town during the day, and on Sycamore Street at the corner of Bennington, Kids yowled and splashed in the cascade out of an open hydrant.

Simultaneously, the Pawnee A.C. beat the Gilead Tigers at Washington Park—homers by Papanek (5th) and Holahan (9th).

A lot of water under the keel between Bon Homme Richard and the Missouri, and many a good man gone to the bottom,

But we made it, and you will note that the seas are as clear of pirates and enemies as the swimming hole down by Indian meadow.

In the morning, which was hazy before the sun burned through, the parade was an hour getting started, but it was worth waiting for. It was one of the best ever held in the county.

Station WQMS broadcast the speeches of Judge Howe, Selectman Magnusson and Major Mosher direct from the bandstand on Franklin Street, canceling the sponsored program of phonograph records usually heard at that time.

Traffic on the state highway was heavy, most all day, and there were times when the cars were lined up for a half mile either side of the stop light at the intersection of Roosevelt and 303.

All kinds of foreigners and refugees came this way, from Lafayette to Einstein, and there has been some beefing about them from time to time,

But they made it. Airplanes flying southbound from La Guardia Field today pass over a statue by a Frenchman in the harbor, and the Pulaski Skyway.

At the Veterans Hospital there was a skit, Valley Forge, put on by the Drama Club of Shrub Oaks Sodality. In the incurable ward, Joe Haffner, who was paralyzed during the attack on a place named Kolombangara Island in the Pacific on July 4, 1943, got a present of a large basket of fruits and candy.

At All Souls' Church in the afternoon, Rev. Dickerson preached a sermon on The Meaning of Independence Day, in which he pointed out that God must certainly be aware of the significance of July 4th, because fifty years to the day after the signing of the Declaration, He received the souls of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, both of whom died on the same night; and five years later, to the day, James Monroe, our fifth President, died; and in 1863, Vicksburg fell to the Union on that day. Not long afterward, Calvin Coolidge was born on a 4th of July, all of which, the reverend said, were signs of the continuing interest of Divine Providence in the affairs of our nation.

Umpteen billion words off printing presses between Tom Paine and Gerald L. K. Smith, and among them clean and noble words and low-down lies,

But we made it, and you will note that this morning's Gazette, which is Republican, prints a letter from a Democrat quarreling with an editorial.

The fireworks started about ten o'clock, and by the rockets' green glare you could see practically the whole town from the balcony of Masonic Hall.

George Gwinnett, who was one of the boys in charge of setting off the rockets on the High Street side of the common, burned his hand on a defective fuse, but Doc Paca fixed him up.

The American Legion dance at the Paradise (on Lincoln and Montezuma—used to be known as Schroeder's Temple) was filled to capacity, and a good time was had by all present, except perhaps for some of the guests of honor like Bea Cullen and Mrs. Jerry Goldstein, whose sons and husbands did not come back from the war.

In the course of human events from Crispus Attucks to Jerome Goldstein, more young Americans than you could count have died before their time.

But their comrades made it, and you will note that the bombs bursting in air over the town, visible as far away as Glenwood and Point of Pines, give proof through the night to this effect.

PAINTING BY FRANCIS CHASE

Primary job of the new Philippine nation is to rebuild its capital, Manila, one of the most devastated cities in the world. Symbolic of the new nation are its soldiers, exemplified below by Lt. Roberto Lim, formerly of the U.S. Army

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY

DEMOCRACY'S CHILD IS 21

BY PAUL V. McNUTT

FORMER U.S. HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE PHILIPPINES

On July 4th the Philippines become independent. But like a father whose son has come of age, the U.S. must stand back of its offspring ready to help, for this son has been gravely injured

JULY 4th has been celebrated for 47 years in the Philippine Islands, as American Independence Day. This year, after a Japanese-inspired interruption of three years, July 4th will be celebrated again, not as American Independence Day but as Philippine Independence Day. It will be celebrated in every hamlet, every barrio, every village, and every city of the far-flung islands. In Manila it will be celebrated as the most historic day in the several thousands of years during which those islands have been inhabited by the short, stocky, brown-skinned people of the Malayan race.

It will be a day of history not only for the Philippines, but for the United States. In a larger sense it will be a day of history for the entire world.

On that day a new nation will be born to the community of free peoples. It will not be a nation spawned in violence or revolt, nor one resurrected by a treaty between victorious powers who have liberated it by war. It will be an entirely new nation, given birth by the free will of its former sovereign, the United States. It will be the culmination of a studied and irregular pattern of preparation which was started almost immediately after the Philippines were acquired from Spain in 1898.

Never has a nation started off its existence under more dramatic and difficult conditions. This is a nation destroyed by war, its economy paralyzed by destruction. The people are completely dislocated, shell-shocked and confused. An angry and passionate national election has just been held, and the wounds are deep. In some sections armed bands of bold and reckless men defy law and order. Local demagogues feed on long-festering discontents.

Vast numbers of Filipinos, unsettled and displaced by the war, will be unwilling to return to their old jobs in mill and on farm. Filipino veterans, their widows and orphans, will have to be cared for—in large part by the United States government—for almost 100,000 Filipinos died fighting under our flag. Lack of public health facilities, sanitation and adequate housing threatens the entire nation today with epidemic.

There are great maladjustments in land ownership. Many millions live in virtual bondage to landlords to whom the tenants are perpetually in debt. Sharp lending practices are common. As a result, there is a great unrest in some of the agricultural areas.

The Philippines still have their collaborationist issue to dispose of. Some 6,000 individuals have been indicted for giving aid and comfort to the enemy during the occupation. A People's Court was established a year ago to try collaborationist cases. Its facilities are inadequate. Means of transportation and funds for investigation are limited. But the Court is moving slowly to dispose of this explosive situation. Recently, a top collaborator, the Secretary of National Defense in the Japanese puppet Cabinet, was sentenced to life imprisonment. Other trials are expected to follow more quickly.

Grave Dangers to the Republic

Add up the economic chaos, the discontent of the farm tenants, the question of the collaborators, and the bitterness that was engendered in the recent national political campaign, and the result is a mountain of responsibilities facing the new government as it starts out on its adventure in independence.

I believe firmly that the Filipino people and their leaders can solve these problems with our help and friendship. They are resolute and ingenious. Their leaders are patriotic and highly educated. I do not doubt, as I once did, that they can make a success of independence. It is the obligation of the United States to help them over their many obstacles and to set them on the road to true twentieth-century democracy.

The election of Manuel Roxas as the third President of the Commonwealth, and automatically as first President of the Philippine Republic, was not unexpected. President-elect Roxas is a comparatively young, vigorous and imaginative man. Before the war he had been identified in the Philippine public mind with liberalism of the Rooseveltian variety. He had achieved a reputation as an economist and expert in national finance.

It is true that Roxas, who has served in both the Senate and the House of Representatives of the Philippine Congress, occupied a position in the puppet government that was sponsored by the Japanese during the war. But he brought forward

(Continued on page 67)

The Easiest Way to Travel with Children

If you're going away for a vacation, why not take the easiest way to travel with children!

As for cost, you can figure where you save. Air fares are surprisingly low. Drastic reductions have brought them down to an average of 4½¢ a mile.

As soon as your plans are set, make your reservations. Just phone the nearest Airline office or authorized Travel Agent. A majestic luxury airliner awaits at the gate. You step aboard with your wife and children. The stewardess greets you and makes you at home in your seats.

The plane takes off but you have no feeling of leaving the ground... no feeling of height or speed. Yet you're traveling along up to five miles a minute!

No wonder you're *there* almost before you know it... even before the children have a chance to get over their fascination at the scenes from their plane window. The children will love it.

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FLY THE PLANES THAT *FLY* THE U.S. FLAG

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

MEXICAN CHOICE

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

After an extensive tour through Mexico with the two presidential candidates, Collier's correspondent reports on their chances, and on the effect the election will have on the country and its relations with the U.S.

Vicente Lombardo Toledano, fiery Mexican labor leader, is no candidate, but is almost as important as one because of his tremendous popular following

PIX

Ezequiel Padilla, opposition candidate for president, won fame as a statesman in hemisphere affairs, has forced his opponent to make a strenuous fight

EUROPEAN

WASHINGTON

UNCLE SAM is not running for president of Mexico. But he is the favorite whipping boy, if not the chief issue in the campaign now drawing to a frenzied close below the Rio Grande. Whichever of the two principal candidates is declared the next chief executive of our sister republic, he is certain to be haunted by many of the political and social ideas symbolized by the bewhiskered old gentleman.

Dr. Ezequiel Padilla, until recently Mexican Secretary of State and standard-bearer of his own Mexican Democratic Party, has raised the question of whether Mexico should not go in for more of the governmental and economic philosophies, as well as various social reforms practiced "north of the river." He does not say this in so many words, but that's what he means.

On the other hand, Miguel Aleman, former Minister of Government in the cabinet of President Avila Camacho, and hand-picked representative of the PRI, the government Party of Revolutionary Institutions, avoids the subject publicly, but is kept painfully conscious of the Padilla challenge. Vicente Lombardo Toledano, famed leftist labor leader, sometime apostle of Karl Marx and champion vocal flame thrower of Mexican politics, cries aloud against any thought of adopting these "Yankee heresies."

Other parties and scattered local groups as well as individuals are of course involved in the Mexican campaign which ends July 7th. But Messrs. Aleman, Padilla and Lombardo are about the only personalities conspicuous in the national fight.

Since last December, Aleman and Padilla have climbed, by car, truck and occasionally on horseback, up and down treacherous mountain paths and floundered along little-used jungle trails all across the map of Mexico. Aleman has already traveled twenty thousand miles in almost every one of the twenty-eight states. Padilla has covered the majority of the cities and towns from Tia Juana to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

No seasoned observer believes the government candidate can possibly lose this one. But the bosses must present a more convincing show than they ever have, or it might not stick. "You see," say politically wise Mexicans, "the democratic spirit in this country has developed considerably in recent years, even if democratic forms have not. That is what impels the chief candidates to leave the machine-controlled metropolises and take to the more primitive country districts to display their political wares. If Señor Aleman is to be the victor, the voters must feel that he won by desperate campaigning. If Dr. Padilla cannot win, he naturally is determined that his opponent shall win the 'hard' way."

While the candidates beat the political tom-toms in the provinces, back in Mexico City, Lombardo Toledano gets more notice, or at least makes more noise, than either of them. He spark-plugs one of the most productive propaganda machines this side of Moscow.

Lombardo Toledano's place in the Mexican political picture is due primarily to the fact that he was the founder and first president of the giant CTM, or Confederation of Mexican Workers. Labor in Mexico had already been strongly organized but had little or no national political significance until 1934, when Lombardo welded all the various groups into a united front under the banner of the CTM. From the very first the Confederation collaborated with the Mexican Revolutionary Party, now the PRI.

Is Also a University President

Lombardo also set up newspapers, magazines and other organizations. He publishes El Popular, the chief labor newspaper of the country. He founded and continues as president of the Workers' University in Mexico City, a combination trade and mechanical, as well as propaganda, school for the working classes. Under the auspices of the University he publishes El Futuro, a magazine styled after The Nation and The New Republic of this country. More recently he helped set up the Friends of Russia movement, a pro-Soviet propaganda outfit.

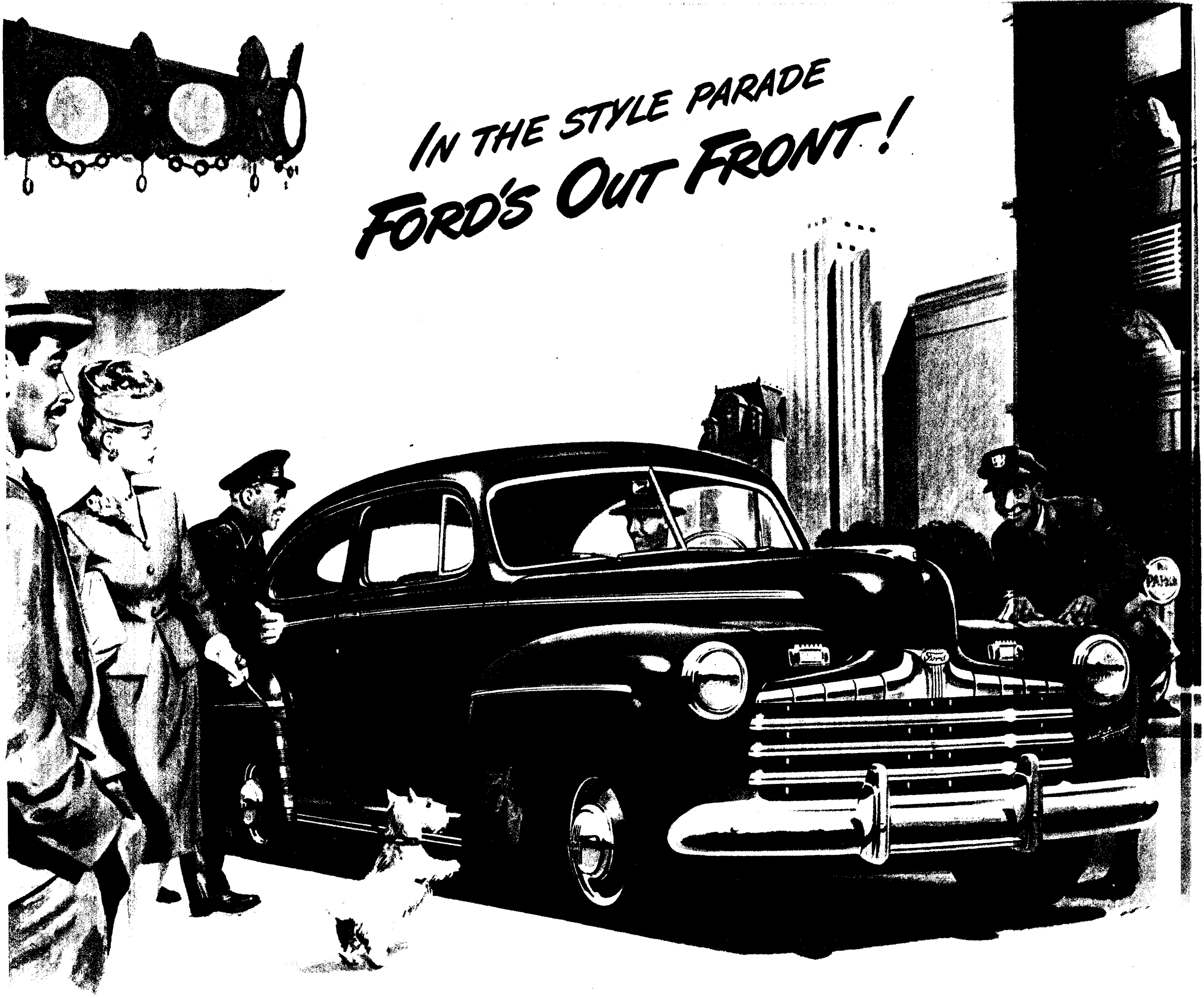
Outside of Mexico he organized the Latin-American Confederation of Labor, known as the CTL, but there are few evidences, aside from the claims of Lombardo himself, to prove that it carries any substantial weight. He is personally popular among labor groups, principally the extreme leftists in Cuba and Uruguay, and to some extent in Colombia, Chile and several Central American countries. He is a member of the executive committee of the World Federation of Trade Unions and, as this is written, is at a WFTU meeting in Moscow.

Part of Lombardo's importance in the fight is due to the fact that he threw Aleman's hat into the ring. He knew President Avila Camacho had long been grooming Aleman for the race, and so had the bosses of the PRI. However, strategy dictated that Aleman should

(Continued on page 75)

EUROPEAN

Miguel Aleman, the government candidate, is rated a sure winner by observers. He is a capable man, but no genius, Mexicans say



Ford's smartness catches your eye instantly! From any angle, inside and out, it's refreshingly new! The newly designed front end is rugged yet poised for action! The road-clinging lowness of the all-steel "Lifeguard" body is accented by long, flowing lines. The new two-tone interiors and deep, restful cushions, upholstered with either rich broadcloth or long-wearing mohair, invite relaxation as you drive.

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There's a Ford in your future

Bilbo

Continued from page 20

it home and wash it off, then buy the wife a dress, buy the kids something, give the family a treat, give some to the preacher, and then vote for Bilbo!"

The crowd screams with delight. Bilbo ducks his head to hide a smile.

But he's quiet about the money for his own campaign. He has it and that's enough, son. It is not much of a secret in Mississippi that most of it is coming from contractors whom he helped to get war construction jobs.

The money for his opponents' campaigns is really secret. It does not amount to much and it is mostly from local businessmen who think being the laughingstock of the country doesn't help business. But nobody contributes openly. "We want to stay in business," one Hattiesburg businessman explained. "He'd make not buying in our store part of his campaign."

Bilbo plays upon the sympathies, the problems, the desires, the humor, the fears of the crowd with the consummate skill of a concert pianist tackling Beethoven. An opponent has charged Bilbo has reported only $72 income tax to the federal government since 1913. He expands this to cover his entire public life, he angrily denounces it as a lie, "broadcast to the four corners of the earth by that scoundrel, Walter Winchell."

Defends Income-Tax Deductions

He reads, angrily, explosively, a letter from the Senate disbursing office stating that they withheld from his salary for taxes over $1,000 each year since the withholding tax became law. Listen:

"So you can see what a damn' lie that is." His scowls fade, become a grin. "'Course, Ah was entitled to some deductions, every man is . . . that took off some." The crowd roars with laughter. He begins reciting deductions. "Fire insurance, you're entitled to deduct that. Ah believe in fire insurance. Ah got everything insured. My fire insurance amounts to $1,400 a year . . . And then, you're allowed to deduct for charity. . . . Ah been educating a Baptist minister over hyeah at Fort Worth these past fouah years. Ah deduct for him . . . Ah didn't have time to preach myself, so Ah just got me someone and sent him out to do it for me . . . And then there's interest. You can deduct that. Ah'm a pore man. Ah used to owe a lot of money. Ah don't owe but $35,000 now. So you see when Ah got to interest, whaya, that just sorta wipes me out." The crowd is laughing so hard nobody seems to notice Bilbo has virtually admitted his opponent's charge. If they do, they don't care. This is Bilbo, looking for a job. Listen:

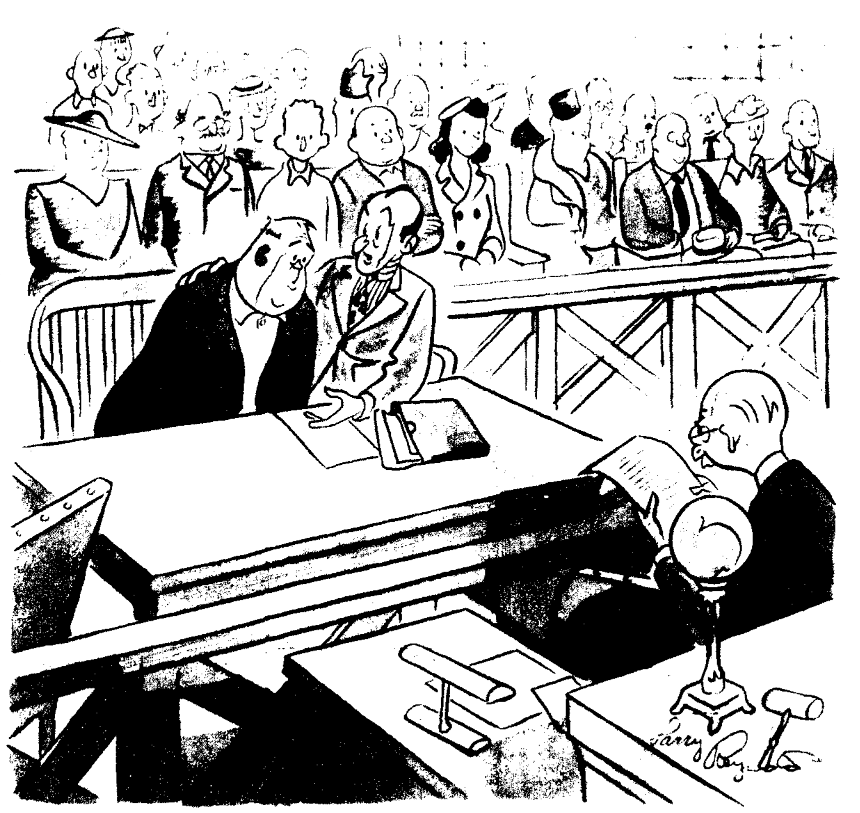
"There are four running against me. A regular quartet . . . all singing the same song. 'Away with Bilbo.'

"Now Ross Collins, he used to be mah friend. In 1910-11 Ah introduced him to Mississippi politics. Yes, you'll have to blame me for him too. Ah took him in my surrey and hauled him all over this state and gave him forty-five minutes of every speaking engagement Ah had.

"But now Ross Collins is runnin' up and down the state saying 'Bilbo oughta be re-tahed.' No man in this state knows more about being re-tahed than Ross Collins. . . . He's been re-tahed more times than any man in Mississippi. . . . Why, in 1910 when three men got on the train at Starkville to assassinate me, Ross Collins was sitting beside me. But when he saw those men coming at me with their drawn guns, whaya, he re-tahed . . .

"He re-tahed to that little room of public convenience you'll find in every railroad car in the country . . . and nobody but his laundryman knows how scared he was!"

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Yes, but the State versus Butch Mulligan doesn't mean everybody is mad at you"

COLLIER'S

This is Bilbo, senior senator from Mississippi, and the crowd is laughing its head off, gasping for breath, snuffling and chuckling, clapping and slapping its knees. This is 1946, but in 1911, shortly after the incident, Bilbo told the story this way:

"Mr. Collins had been forced to stand in the corner of the coach at the point of a gun . . . Mr. Collins was unarmed, as he never carried a pistol in his life and was absolutely helpless to render me any assistance, for an overt act on his part would have precipitated a shooting . . . which would have resulted in the death of us both."

He goes on to the other candidates. "Then there is Lieutenant Commander Levings. He is not even a native of Mississippi . . . He says he is running on his merits but he is campaigning in his uniform. . . . Ah know him better than any of you. For months he hung around mah office in Washington and Ah tried to get him a job. Ah sent him to every agency in Washington and every one sent him right back. They said he wasn't qualified. One day Ah met Jesse Jones. 'Bilbo,' he said, 'why did you send that damn' fool to me?' 'Whaya,' Ah said, 'Ah had him on mah hands and Ah thought maybe Ah could get him on yours . . .' He never smelt gunpowder. The only powder he ever smelt was talcum powder.

"And then there's Peachtree Harper." The farmers all laugh. Harper is an aging Jackson florist who years ago sold peach trees to farmers all over Mississippi. "The ole fool. He's more to be pitied than condemned . . . Somebody told him he wasn't campaigning right. You got to light right into old Bilbo, they said.

"'Well,' said the ole fool, 'what should Ah say?'

"'Call him a ladies' man,' they told him. And do you know what that damn' fool did? He got up at Tupelo and said, 'Solomon with his 300 wives and his 700 women couldn't hold a light to Bilbo.' . . . They oughta be ashamed telling an old man to say things like that." The crowd cackles and giggles, remembering Bilbo's jail term in connection with the seduction case and the sensational divorce charges by his wife in 1938, that throughout his career he was "all mixed up with low, lewd women of the streets."

They wait for him to tear Tom Ellis apart. But he never does. Ellis entered the race against Bilbo at the last minute. He is a very popular man throughout the state, was elected Supreme Court Clerk in 1932 by a heavy majority. He has powerful Masonic connections and is an important Baptist layman. Bilbo is careful, shrewdly choosing his words about Tom Ellis so that he won't offend somebody. He claims he, too, is a big Mason and as for being a Baptist, "Ah'm hot as horse-radish." He winds up: "He's mah friend. He's a great Supreme Court Clerk. Won't you help me keep him there?"

The senator from Mississippi stands erect. He is in no hurry. His voice is so hoarse when he begins that, knowing he will speak over two hours, you wonder how he can make the grade.

Anything That'll Get a Laugh

Then suddenly the hoarseness has disappeared and you know he could continue, as he warns the crowd, "foah thirty days." He flails the air with his right arm and beats his chest, puts a weary hand to a brow that is as wide as a prairie, and tears at his collar and tie. But he is in no hurry. If the crowd laughs at a quick, thrown-away line about "that damn' fool, Eleanor," he picks it up and expands it into a whole skit, complete with mincing little steps and a falsetto imitation of the widow of the late President.

In towns where there are Army camps near by, the ground in front of the platform is filled with G.I.s. They are from California, South Dakota, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, and they are busy as beavers writing down everything he says, writing it down to send to their unbelieving folks back home. Sometimes Bilbo's inflammatory racial prejudice, his demagoguery are more than they can take and they stalk out angrily, frightened and sick.

But the crowd loves it. When it isn't laughing to death, it is being scared to death. The farmers shuffle their feet and shift their 'baccy to the other cheek and the townspeople glance anxiously at one another as Bilbo launches into his main tirade against the Negro people. All through his speech Bilbo has been building up to this with insinuations, wisecracks and insults, whetting prejudices, reviving myths, reminding them that 52 per cent of Mississippi's people are Negroes. Up front a Bilbo county chairman launches a rebel yell. Listen:

"Ah believe in white superiority, white domination and the integrity of mah white blood. Whaya, we have behind us fouah thousand yeahs of culture, learning, education and wisdom. . . . And the niggah—I got nothing against the niggah. Ah'm his best friend—but the pore devil is only a hundred and fifty yeahs removed from the jungle and eatin' his own kind."

The crowd gasps. They have heard this kind of talk all their lives, they are accustomed to it, they have believed it, they believe it now. But always in private. They have never heard it as an open political program. Then the Bilbo men up front send up the rebel yell and the shock is over. They applaud and whistle and cheer. It is like a plunge into cold water. Listen:

"Whaya, I read a book written by fouahteen niggah leaders and every one of them wanted the same thing: social equality, intermarriage and interbreeding . . . Ah read all them niggah papers. That's what they all want."

Needless Viewing-with-Alarm

He goes on, painting a ridiculous picture of Negro political power in Northern states, claiming they hold the balance of power in the Democratic Party and control it. Not Hannegan, not Sidney Hillman, but the Negro people. Listen:

"That's why Harry Truman does what he does. That's why he's had to come out for FEPC and the antilynch bill and the anti-poll tax. He's a Southerner. His grandfather fed the Confederate Army. His mother's an unreconstructed rebel. He thinks like us. Ah know 'cause Ah've talked to him by the hour. But he wants to be President. He's gotta cater to the niggah vote."

On and on the tirade goes, so much of it vile, profane and inflammatory that no newspaper in the North or South would publish it *in toto*.

Shouting and screaming, grinningly proclaiming himself the Negroes' best friend, tearing his collar open wide, he defies the Negroes of Mississippi to register and vote. Listen:

"The poll tax won't keep 'em from voting. What keeps 'em from voting is Section 244 of the Constitution of 1890 that Senator George wrote. It says that a man to register must be able to read and explain the Constitution or explain the Constitution when read to him . . . And then Senator George wrote a Constitution that damn' few white men and no niggahs at all can explain." He grins and the crowd rocks with laughter.

He continues, talking white supremacy, the integrity of his white blood, white domination, white ingenuity, white culture, white government. He reads from a Negro paper published in Jackson, Miss., that there will be a meeting to

right this way!

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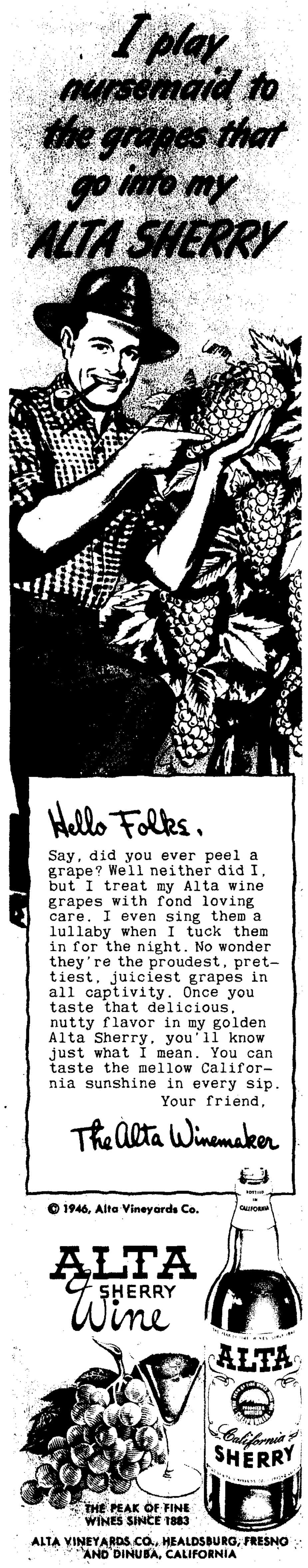
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Hello Folks,

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make it possible for qualified Negroes to vote. Listen:

"Whaya, the niggahs are having meetings all over the state. We don't know what they're up to! They've had meetings in every county, meetings behind locked doors. Two policemen up at Jackson broke in on one of their meetings and do you know what they found? Northern niggahs teaching them how to register and how to vote." The crowd gasps. Bilbo is talking to win now. He does not have to get many votes to win. Mississippi's population totals only little more than two million.

Where a Small Minority Rules

Over half are Negroes—effectively barred from the polls; only 2,000 are registered in the state, by Bilbo's figure. And the poll tax—which must have been paid for the last *two* years, amounting to $4—keeps another 100,000 white voters away. The result is that only 145,914 votes were cast in the last election. Of these Bilbo had 85,000. Only 1,400 votes were cast in the city of Natchez (population 15,000) in the last senatorial election; 829 for Bilbo, 629 for his opponent.

The vote probably will run higher this year because the returned G.I.s, white and black, have been exempted from the poll tax requirement. They number 200,000. Roughly 80,000 are Negroes. Some of the white vets are rabid Bilbo men, but many, remembering the razz they took for him all over America, think him a disgrace.

The Negroes won't talk—but Bilbo will. . . . He hammers out hoary tales of Reconstruction days. In World War II, the Negro soldiers ran, he screams. He is winding up. Listen:

"Mississippi is white. We got the right to keep it that way and Ah care not what Tom Clark and Hugo Black say . . . Ah'm callin' on every red-blooded American who believes in the superiority and integrity of the white race to get out and see that no niggah votes . . . And the best time to do it is the night before!"

The crowd screams and yells. Here and there a man shakes his head sadly. The few Negroes on the fringe of the crowd react differently; the old ones grin and nod uneasily and the ex-G.I.s stare sullenly.

In Jackson we asked him what he meant when he said, "the best time to do it is the night before."

"Oh-oh, watch out," said his manager, Birney Friend.

But he grinned. "That's a Southern expression, boys, you wouldn't understand that . . . Ah won't say another word."

As he finishes speaking, the crowd is cheering, breaking, surging forward. He is soaking wet. A little chap named Rabbit Daniels with a big cigar rushes up and puts a trench coat on him so he won't catch cold. People jam close, grab his hand, old ladies pat him on the back. He is winded, trying hard to remember names, faces, old friends, but Rabbit is pushing him through the crowd to the car. The door closes and the car begins to move. People are still clustered by it, one or two trot alongside. In the old "cheese and cracker" campaign days he tried to shake hands with everybody. That's out now. The new impression is power, speed, determination. The big car roars out onto the highway. The next town is 85 miles away.

People still stand about in clusters, on the courthouse steps, by the Confederate monument. One farmer says to another, "Ole Bilbo sho did lay it on the line," and they all nod. They admire his skill as an orator, the way he held the crowd for over two hours. "Yep," says one with a grin, "ole Bilbo got all the cows in the barn and he sho milked them."

At Meridian, a chamber of commerce member walked over to us. "Please," he said anxiously, "don't say anything bad about Mississippi. You can say anything you want about Bilbo. He's a disgrace to us. He helps keep industry out of the state. But don't say anything bad about Mississippi. These are nice people, good people, they mean well."

"Can we quote you?" we asked.

"Don't quote me," he said, "I've got a business here. Just don't say anything bad about Mississippi."

THE END

Mississippi became a state in 1817, seceded from the Union in 1861. Second only to Texas in its agricultural production, it is one of the chief cotton and lumber producing states. Twenty-third in population of the 48 states, it had 2,183,796 inhabitants in 1940, of whom there were 34,740 more Negroes than whites. Almost half the people are tenant farmers. The Negro is barred from the polls. It has never ratified the 15th Amendment, which gives the Negro the right to vote and has never repealed the 18th—Prohibition. Still officially "dry," it has a "black market" tax on liquor; some 800 bootleggers pay the state $550,000 yearly. There is no compulsory education and it has the highest degree of illiteracy in the U.S. In 1944 it paid $88,166,356 in federal income taxes, or about one tenth the average for states

The Brave Beginning

Continued from page 13

branches, its Assembly and Council. An important but much less publicized organ is the International Court of Justice. It has replaced the old League of Nations Permanent Court of Justice but while its 15 judges still meet at The Hague, the Court is a far more vital instrument than it was before. The Court is the central legal organ of the future and is a synthesis of the main legal systems of the world. All disputes of a legal character may be brought before it. Potentially it's the instrument whereby justice may be substituted for war.

The first U.N. meetings were to have been purely organizational in scope but, as at Philadelphia in 1787, actual problems arose to provide the U.N. with tests of its durability as it was being born. The delegates had barely been installed at their desks when Iran charged that Russian troops were interfering with Iranian internal affairs and endangering the country's sovereignty and the peace of the world. Here the Council established a precedent: that any nation, large or small, could come before it with a grievance and have it discussed openly and frankly.

Russia attempted to invoke the veto and prevent the Iranian problem from being put on the U.N.'s agenda. Russia has approached the whole question of international co-operation from the standpoint that the Big Three, as the victors, should settle all matters among themselves without reference to the lesser members of the United Nations.

Stettinius, particularly, was responsible for seeing to it that the Council met its first test successfully.

"I wish to make very clear," he said, "that the United States government believes that any member country of the United Nations who makes a complaint has a right to be heard at this table."

Even Russia, with an entirely different legal approach to such disputes, was obliged to recognize the soundness of the American position. All 11 members conceded that Iran should be heard. Russia and Iran agreed to settle their differences by direct negotiation. The Council instructed the parties concerned to iron out their difficulties and to keep the U.N. informed on developments.

Later, Russia itself invoked the Charter to bring before the Council its complaint that the presence of British troops in Greece also endangered world peace, and objected to the presence of British troops in Indonesia. Again debate and argument and the processes of democracy settled the issue. In these and other cases a thorough airing of dirty international linen eased situations which, under the old system of secret diplomacy and back-room compacts, might have burst into small bilateral wars or, at least, intensified existent antagonisms and increased the possibilities of future wars.

Potentially, the most important work of the U.N. was the establishment of a Commission on Atomic Energy, whose long-range job is to outlaw atomic weapons and to promote the international exchange of basic scientific information for peaceful ends. In the years to come the work of this commission will loom larger as the full meaning of what the creators of the atom bomb gave mankind dawns on the human conscience.

In its Social and Economic Council, U.N. has a research laboratory for ascertaining the causes of war. In the long pull this body may contribute more than any other U.N. organization to solution of man's oldest problem: how to avoid war. The Council is composed of 18 members, elected by the Assembly, and its stated objectives are "to achieve fairness and equity in economic relations among states and to raise the level of the economic well-being among all peoples."

It has called a world-wide conference on trade and employment problems in an effort to create a permanent organization for the development of world trade. It will try to induce nations to lower trade barriers and abandon preferential systems and restrictive business practices; swap surpluses equitably without infringing on the rights and profits of the producers while aiding consumers everywhere with lower prices; and to increase living standards by the maintenance of high levels of employment. An international health organization for the general improvement of sanitary conditions is a subsidiary body of the Council.

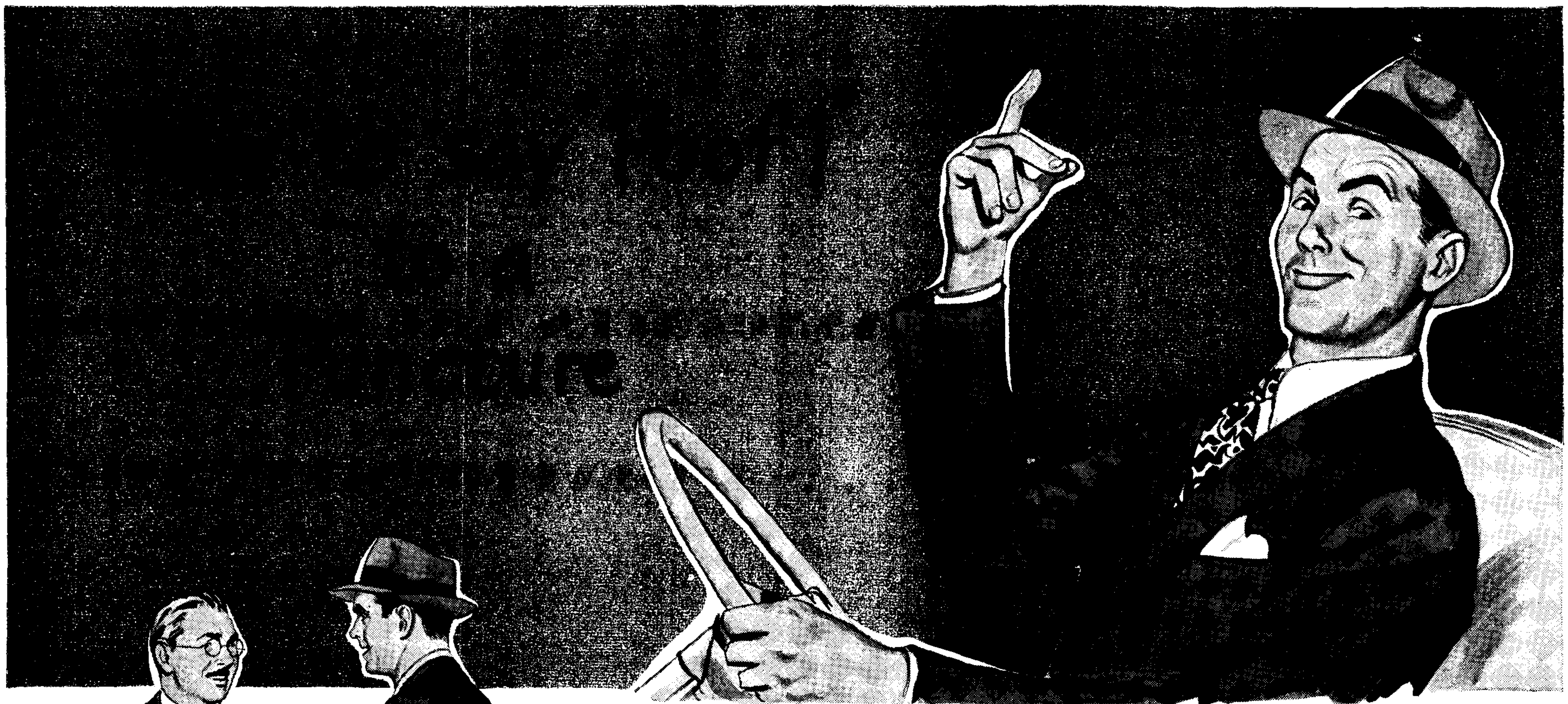
The U.N. organization, as it stands, is perhaps as imperfect as it is incomplete. However, as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, widow of its spiritual father, has repeatedly asserted, it's all the world has with which to work toward that unity of purpose and peace essential to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

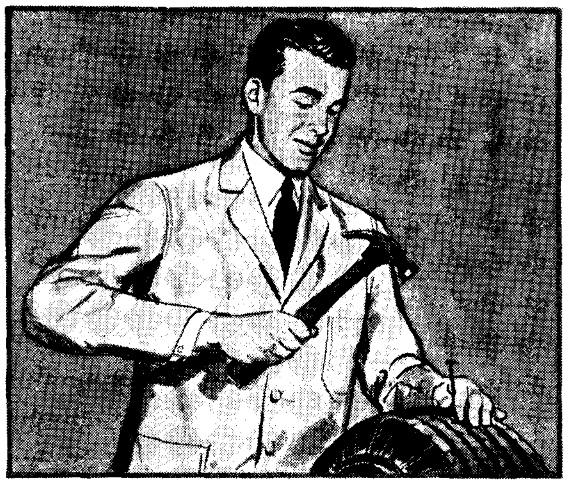
"We can't allow," she said, "the United Nations to fail."

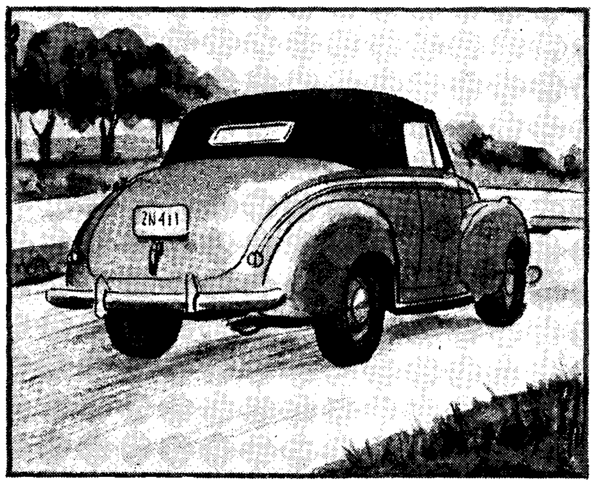
What the Founding Fathers achieved in Philadelphia just 159 years ago was no more perfect, at the time, than the U.N. is now. It took nearly 80 years, until after the Civil War, for the Union to emerge, ". . . one nation, indivisible." It may take considerably longer for One World to evolve.

THE END

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE







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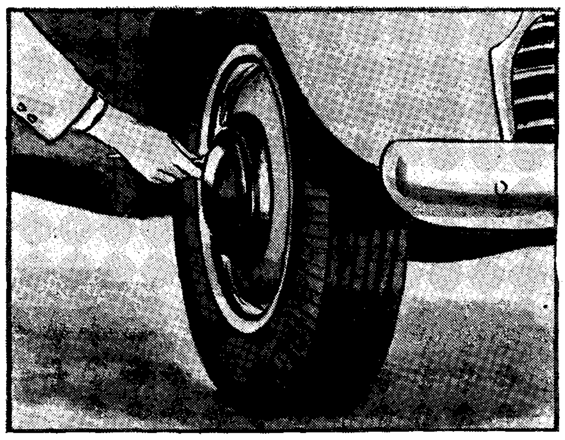

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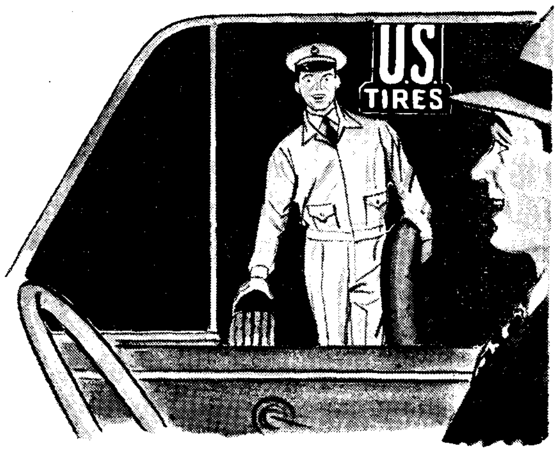

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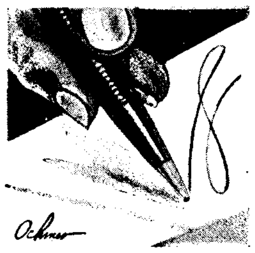

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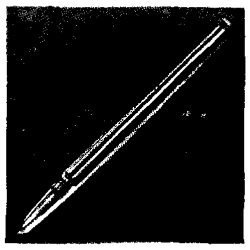

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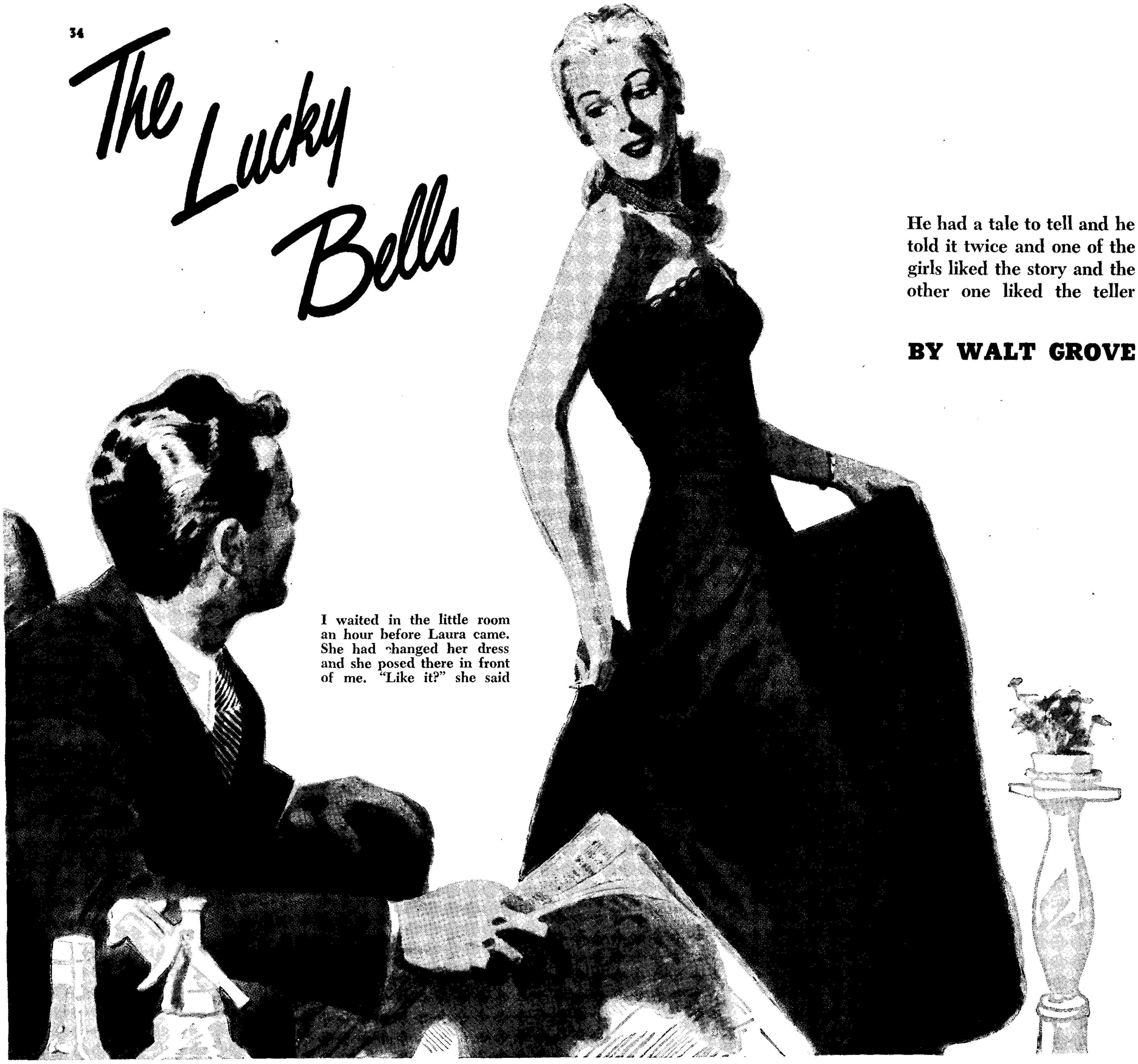
The Lucky Bells



I waited in the little room an hour before Laura came. She had changed her dress and she posed there in front of me. "Like it?" she said

He had a tale to tell and he told it twice and one of the girls liked the story and the other one liked the teller

BY WALT GROVE

WHEN I woke up it was already 8:30. I jumped out of bed, hurried into the bathroom at the head of the stairs and turned on the water in the basin. After I got my razor out of the cabinet, I looked out the window but I didn't see Robert's car in front of the house and I felt better. At least I wasn't late. As I finished lathering my face I heard June coming upstairs. The bathroom door was open and she stuck her head in and looked surprised.

"What're you doing up?" she said.

"Is it so unusual?" I said.

"Well, it's Saturday. You don't have a Saturday class, do you?"

"Of course not."

"Then what're you doing up?"

"Listen, you'd better get back downstairs," I said reprovingly. "You know how your mother feels about you coming up here."

"What's wrong with it?" she said.

"Because it's a men's rooming house, there are only men up here and it doesn't look right."

"Oh, don't be silly."

"All right, I'm only thinking of your reputation," I said. I began to shave. "What did you come up here for, anyway?"

"I wanted to see who was crazy enough to get up on a Saturday morning."

"Well, now you know."

She leaned against the doorjamb and watched me. "But I don't know why."

"I'm going to town with Robert Clark."

"So early?"

"We're going to be there all day." I dried my razor, hung my towel back on the rack. "So if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Johnny," she said.

"What?"

"If you're going to be there all day then you won't be busy tonight, will you?"

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact," I said, feeling uncomfortable. "Tonight Robert and I—"

"Oh, never mind!" She walked away. I followed her to the head of the stairs and caught her arm.

"Honest, honey, I promised Robert that I'd spend the week end with him," I said, ashamed because it was not the truth. "You see, Robert used to be in my squadron and you know how it is, sort of the old school tie thing. We were together on a lot of missions—"

"Did he save your life or did you save his?" June said.

That made me mad and I said, "Both. He always saved my life on Mondays. I saved his on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and Sunday we saved each other's life."

"Ha-ha," June said. "If you want some coffee, come down when you get dressed."

She went downstairs looking tiny and blond and as if a strong wind might blow her away. I went into my room angry at myself for being fool enough to lie when I could've told her the truth and had it over. When I had dressed I looked in my wallet and I had exactly ten dollars, and it was all I would have until the first of the month. It would not be enough, especially if I had to buy Laura's lunch. I hurried downstairs.

June was sitting at the kitchen table, a cup of coffee in front of her. I sat down and she poured me one and I smiled at her.

LUCKY LITTLE
SAN MICHEL

"Still mad?" I said.

"Still?"

"Well, mad then?"

"No, Johnny."

"You know," I said, "I am sorry, but I did promise Robert."

"Sure," she said.

"June," I said.

"What?"

"Do you have any money?" She looked at me. "Do you

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

Slug It Slay!

Continued from page 17

is a nice guy, but he has all the appearance of a smug martinet to me."

Sue smiled. "After all, Marilyn, you went over his head."

"Who owns this paper, anyhow?" Marilyn said. "He's an employee here."

Sue sighed. "Marilyn, you're the same spoiled brat you always were. For heaven's sake, the man is the city editor! He's supposed to be in charge of the staff. It's *his* staff, and he's pretty proud of the way it functions. Do you expect him to roll out the red carpet for some snooty dame who went over his head to get a job?"

"Well, I wanted the job," Marilyn said. "Do you blame *me?*"

Sue hesitated an instant, then shook her head. "No, I guess not."

Marilyn was watching Arthur Leslie at the bar. She smiled faintly, and the dimple showed in her chin. "Ask him over, Sue," she said. "Let's straighten it all out."

"Command performance?" Sue asked.

Marilyn flushed. "What's wrong now?"

"I don't think it's fair to Arthur," Sue said slowly. "But all right, I'll do it."

Arthur was gazing somberly at the back of the bar. When Sue moved up beside him, it was a moment before he turned his head. He said, "Hello, Sue. What are you drinking?"

"I want you to have a drink with us, Arthur. Back at the table," Sue said.

He glanced over his shoulder at the table where Marilyn sat. The girl was lighting a cigarette. Arthur thought she was maintaining a careful profile for him to see.

"I don't think I like your little friend," he said. "Some other time, Sue."

She put her hand on his arm. "Arthur, she feels pretty terrible about it. Be fair. How did you get your first job?"

"I haunted a city room."

"And the only difference is that she knew the owner of the paper, isn't that it?"

"There's a difference," Arthur said.

Sue's fingers pressed his arm. "As a favor to me, Arthur, loosen up. Give her a chance, will you?"

He looked down into her anxious eyes, and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all right."

But when he went back to the table with Sue, Marilyn did not act contrite.

ARTHUR sat down and looked steadily into her hazel eyes. She was smiling faintly. He glanced at Sue. "You two seem to be old friends."

"We were classmates," Marilyn said. "In fact, we roomed together, freshman year."

Arthur still looked at Sue. "Only freshman year?"

Sue looked down at her restless hands. "I couldn't keep up the pace," she said. "She wore me out freshman year."

"I can see it," he said. "You worked like a dog. You never cut a class, and you studied for the two of you. Is that it?"

"Oh, no," Sue said.

The other girl's face was pink. "As a matter of fact, I had straight A's freshman year, Mr. Leslie."

"How did you do after that?" Arthur asked. "Without Sue?"

He had not achieved a bantering tone, and Marilyn's eyes had an angry, yellow look. "I was graduated," she said stiffly.

"You've got it all wrong, Arthur," Sue said. "Marilyn was valedictorian."

"I think he *wants* to get it wrong," Marilyn said.

Arthur grinned. "Let me buy a round," he said, and signaled to the waiter.

"I'd like to get this straight," Marilyn said. "Apparently I made a bad mistake, and it's going to be held against me permanently. I never even knew I was blundering, Mr. Leslie. I asked a friend how to go about getting a job on the Courier, and he said the obvious thing to do was to see Emily Willshire about it. After all, we're close friends. It never occurred to me that I was going to irritate anyone. Just what do I have to do, Mr. Leslie, to get out of your doghouse?"

"Just do your work, Miss Carter."

"All is forgiven," Sue said quickly. "'Isn't it, Arthur?" She picked up her glass as the waiter set it down. "Let's all have a drink on it. How about it? To tranquillity."

"Okay," Arthur said. "To tranquillity."

He had taken only a sip of his drink when he put the glass down abruptly and got to his feet. He said, "Excuse me," and was gone.

"Well!" Marilyn Carter said. She watched him walk toward the door, where a burly, round-faced man was waiting. "He doesn't like me at all," she said slowly. "And only a pig would show it so plainly."

LIEUTENANT MADIGAN moved up to the bar with Arthur. "Well, I got your call, Arty," he said. "What's it all about?"

Arthur bought a drink, and the lieutenant listened in silence as he told about the disappearance of the original copy of Forrest C. Willshire's obituary. Madigan was chewing a cigar, his pale eyes studying the whisky bottles as he listened. He had an odd, discomfited manner, as if he disliked the introduction of any new element in the Willshire case.

"Actually, Arty," he said, when Arthur had finished, "you don't have a thing to go on. You just got a hunch, is that it?"

"That's about it," Arthur said.

"Willshire's obit was written on some sort of foolscap, and so was the suicide note, and you think from the language of the note that it would have fitted into the obit?"

"It was pretty strange language for a suicide note," Arthur said. "The note was ambiguous, and there was nothing ambiguous about Forrest C. Willshire. And look here, Bill, the original copy of the obit *disappeared.* Somebody swiped it to prevent a comparison."

"Or maybe just for a souvenir, Arty. Did you think of that?"

"Yes, and if that was it, it ought to be easy to establish. Whoever took it would admit it, wouldn't he?"

"Let's go up and look around," Madigan said wearily.

They took the elevator to the composing room on the third floor, and Arthur introduced Lieutenant Madigan to Simpson, the foreman. Simpson explained how the copy came down from the city room and was cut up in short takes and distributed among the linotypers.

"Then it's not set by just one man?" Madigan asked.

"Oh, no. And it was rush copy. Every free machine was put to work on it."

"Then the thing is," Madigan said, "what was the first point of assembly, where it was all put together again?"

"It was assembled with the type at the stone," Simpson said. "Then proofs were pulled and the proofs and the copy went to the proofroom."

The Willshire obit had reached the proofreaders intact, and proof had been read by a plump woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Wilson. All the original copy had reached her, she said, and, as far as she knew, it had been taken with the proofs to the storage room. They found the porter who had moved the

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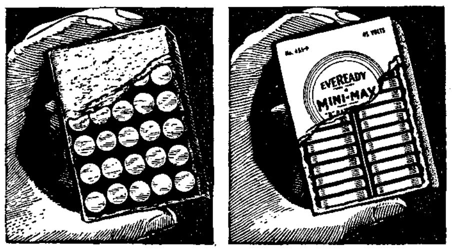
OF HEARING?



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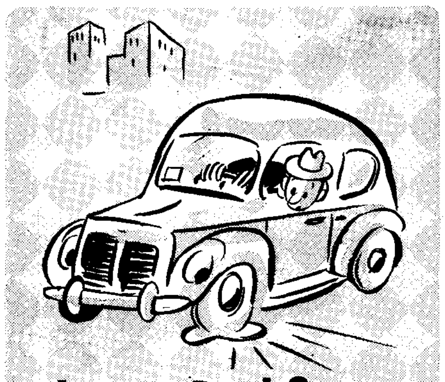

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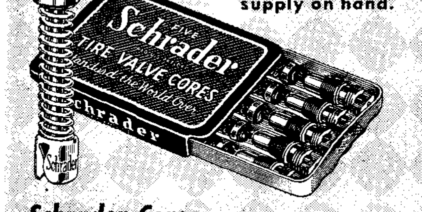


Schrader Cores
MAKE TIRES LAST LONGER

copy to the bins. He had noticed the obit, he said; certainly he hadn't taken it. Madigan and Arthur stood together in front of bin sixteen.

"Here we are," Arthur said. "The same dead end."

"Yeah," Madigan said, and frowned thoughtfully.

"Did you bring the note along, Bill?"

Madigan took the note carefully from his wallet, and Arthur examined it. "The paper looks the same, as far as I can remember," he said. "Bill, the Old Man wrote the obit a year ago. Can't you have it analyzed, and see whether this note was written recently?"

"Yeah," Madigan said.

Arthur leaned against the sixteenth bin, studying Madigan's impassive face. The detective pulled out a match and lighted his cigar. He met Arthur's gaze.

"Arty, Willshire was shot with his own gun. If he was murdered, the guy had to get hold of that gun somehow. Willshire's prints were all over the gun and there weren't any other prints on it."

"Yes," Arthur said. "And the note was on the desk. And if the note's a fake, the suicide is a fake. Right?"

Madigan nodded.

"So the note is the key to it," Arthur said. "I've felt that all along."

"Maybe so," Madigan said. "Arty, if Willshire was murdered, he was murdered by someone who knew him pretty well, someone who could get his hands on that gun. And it had to be someone familiar with the building. There are only two ways of getting up to the penthouse. One is by the main entrance to the building, and after 9 P.M. you got to sign the registry book."

"Reporters on the paper don't have to sign that book," Arthur said. "The operators know them."

Madigan nodded. "But the operators don't remember taking any reporter up to the top floor Monday night, Arty. So the only other way is to come up by the employees' elevator. It only goes to the fifth floor, the top of this building, so a man would have to walk through to the adjoining office building and catch one of the front elevators. Or else walk up the fifteen flights."

"So it would have to be someone who could walk through the city room without attracting attention," Arthur said.

"Or the composing room," Madigan said. "Or the press room, or the financial department and photo studios on the fifth floor. Or it could be somebody who went up the front way before 9 P.M. and waited for his chance, or somebody who has an office in the building and stayed in his office after hours. In either case, he'd have to get down again without being noticed by the operators, so I think it had to be someone connected with the paper."

"That covers about a thousand people, Bill," Arthur said.

"A thousand and one," Madigan said. "A thousand by the employees' entrance. One by the front way."

"You mean somebody signed the book Monday night."

"A lot of people signed that book, but they were checked out before eleven, all but one. A guy named Joseph Bailey. He went up to the penthouse about 12:25 and signed out again at 12:35."

ARTHUR sucked in his breath. "Joseph Bailey" bore a suspicious resemblance to Joseph Beckett. He asked, "Who is this Joseph Bailey?"

Madigan shook his head. "We just made a routine check in this case, Arty. Hell, I still don't know it wasn't suicide."

"He was up there about the time the murder was committed, then."

"If it *was* murder, Arty."

Arthur snorted. "Well, what do *you* think?"

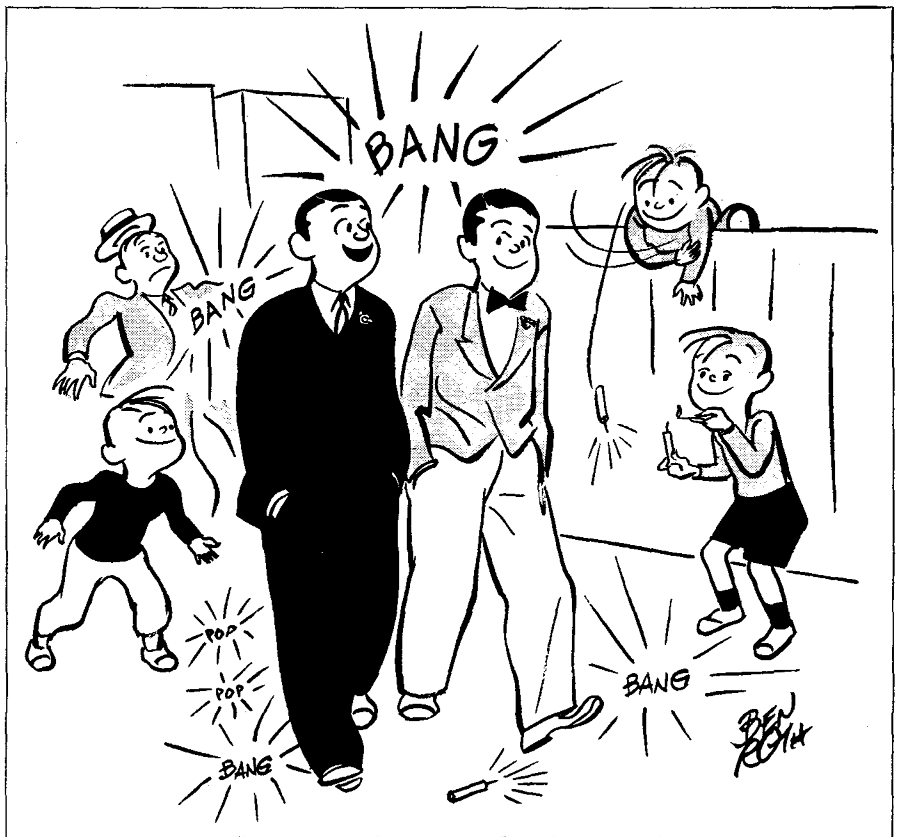
The lieutenant shrugged his compact shoulders. "The case is still wide open."

Arthur's lungs felt empty; he drew in a deep breath. "Get a description of this Joseph Bailey, Bill?"

"The elevator operator didn't pay much attention. He said it was a tall guy in a black hat." Madigan flicked his ashes on the floor. "Trouble with this case, Arty, is that anybody could have got into the penthouse, once they got into the building. All you have to do is go up to the fifteenth floor, walk through an unlocked door, and up some stairs, and you're on the roof. The offices on the top floor are shut up tight at five o'clock. Any one of a thousand people could have gone up there without being noticed. Fifteen flights is a tough climb, Arty, but not too tough."

"He wouldn't have to walk," Arthur said. "He could take the elevator up to the twelfth floor, where the cafeteria is, and walk up the rest of the way. Those elevators take hundreds of people up to the cafeteria every night, at all hours, and any employee of the paper can go up without being noticed. Once you're there, you can go in the cafeteria, have a cup of coffee, and go out again."

"That's right," Madigan said. "Let's see now, there are two flights of stairs, one at the north end of the building and the other at the south, and the door to the roof is just about midway between on the fifteenth floor. I guess if he took the stairs from the cafeteria he'd take the south flight, because it's farthest from the elevators and there'd be less chance of being seen if the elevator doors opened suddenly. Yes, Arty, it would be easy, and there wouldn't be much chance that anybody could check back."



COLLIER'S "Quiet Fourth compared to last year!" BEN ROTH

"Not much to go on, is there?" Arthur said.

Madigan shook his head. "The butler never heard of anybody named Joe Bailey. He never called on Willshire before, so far as the butler knew. And the butler's apparently in the clear, Arty. He ducked around the corner to a late movie, and the elevator operator remembers when he came in, about five minutes to one." Madigan shrugged his shoulders. "Arty, suppose you just keep this under your hat. Have you talked it over with anybody?"

"No."

"Then just keep it under your hat, will you? I want to move around as quietly as I can. You can see what I'm up against. If it *is* murder, I've got a thousand suspects on my hands. What am I gonna do—check the alibis of the whole bunch? No, all I can do is hang around and see if I can smoke out some sort of motive. See what I mean?"

"You can rule out most of the thousand," Arthur said. "After all, only a few hundred were on duty at that hour, and if somebody was around who wasn't on duty he probably would have been noticed."

"Maybe. You were in the city room. Did you notice anybody?"

"No."

"Anyhow," Madigan said. "Thanks for the lead, Arty."

THEY parted on the street outside, and Arthur returned to the bar. The man he was looking for stood alone at the end of the bar, drinking a rye gag. Arthur moved in beside him and said, "Hello, Joe."

Joe Beckett turned his head and smiled glumly.

"Ever use an alias, Joe?" Arthur asked.

"An alias? What are you talking about?"

"Such as Joe Bailey," Arthur said. "It's pretty close to Joe Beckett, isn't it?"

"Who the hell is Joe Bailey?"

"Got a black hat, Joe?" Arthur asked.

"No, I just— Arty, what's it all about?"

"A guy named Joseph Bailey signed the registry book at 12:25 Tuesday morning and went up to see the Old Man," Arthur said. "He had on a black hat. How did you go up that night, Joe?"

"Well, I— Arty, you worry me. What *is* all this?"

"It looks like the Old Man was murdered, Joe."

Arthur saw Joe Beckett's eyes narrow and saw his lips stiffen. Arthur went on talking in a whisper: "I wanted to wise you up, Joe. It looks as if the Old Man was murdered, and the cops are checking up. What time was it when you went up to see him?"

Joe Beckett shook his head; his voice was almost inaudible: "I was drunk, Arty. I don't know."

"Remember how you got up there?"

"Yes. I went through the city room and took the front elevator. Oh, I remember. I thought I'd better have a cup of coffee first, so I went to the cafeteria on the twelfth floor, then I walked up the rest of the way."

"How did you come down, Joe?"

"Well—I walked back down to the cafeteria. I—"

"You wanted another cup of coffee?"

"No." Joe had an embarrassed air. "Beer."

Arthur frowned. For an instant he met Joe Beckett's eyes. "Anybody see you in the cafeteria, Joe?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "It was crowded, Arty. I had to look around for a table." He nodded. "Yeah, I remember. His nibs was there, over in a corner."

"Who in hell is 'his nibs'?"

"Chambron, of course. And yeah, Sue Wharton was there, having coffee."

"Sue?" Arthur said incredulously.

"She saw me, all right," Joe said miserably.

Arthur nodded. "Joe, what was the inscription you had on that ash tray?"

"Let's forget about that, Arty."

"What was it, though?"

"Oh, it was something stupid like 'To Forrest from Joe' and some kind of nonsense."

"'To Forrest from Joe'," Arthur repeated, and shook his head sadly.

Joe Beckett gulped the rest of his drink. "Arty, what did Madigan say?"

"Nothing."

"I mean about the ash tray, Arty."

"He didn't mention it," Arthur said.

"Arty," Joe said. "What did you tell Madigan?"

"Nothing."

"Otto," Joe called. "Same, please. Same for you, Arty?"

"No, thanks," Arthur said. "I'm going home." He caught Joe's elbow. "Look, kid, you'd better take it easy."

"Hell, Arty, you know I didn't—"

"Yes, *I* know you didn't. But take it easy. Sober up. Madigan will be around to see you pretty soon, Joe."

"Arthur," a voice called. "You on your way downtown?"

Sue Wharton was beside him, Marilyn Carter a step behind. "Yes," he said. "Want me to drop you off?"

"If you will. Marilyn and me both."

"Let's go," Arthur said. "So long, Joe."

They found a cab at the corner. As they got in, Marilyn said, "Don't know of any vacant apartments, do you, Mr. Leslie?"

"Sorry."

"Marilyn hasn't found a place to stay," Sue explained. "I'm going to put her up for a day or so."

"By the way, Sue," Marilyn Carter said. "Who was that at the bar? Was that Joe Beckett?"

"Yes."

"The one who had the trouble?"

"What trouble?" Arthur asked quickly.

"Good heavens, you should know," said Marilyn. "Isn't he the one who burned his desk with a cigar?"

"Oh, that," Arthur said. "That's water over the dam."

They left the cab at Sheridan Square. Arthur and the two girls walked along Grove Street to the old brownstone house where Sue had her apartment. He shook his head when Sue asked him to come in for a drink. Marilyn put out her hand, smiling, and Sue said anxiously, "Arty, I want you two to be friends. We had a drink on it."

"So we did," Arthur said. "Sure, we're friends."

But he thought, as he walked slowly back across Sheridan Square, that he would never be very friendly with Marilyn Carter. She was too sure of herself, he thought, and she moved in too quickly. That was it, he decided, she *pushed.* She was the type of female whose dainty feet were shod with steel spikes.

THE day began late for Arthur Leslie. He usually got up around eleven, glanced over the early editions of the evening newspapers at breakfast, and reached his desk at the Courier at about a quarter to one. There he looked over the day's assignments with Steve Bell, the day city editor, decided on the coverage, and assigned reporters.

He saw Marilyn Carter arrive the next day, look dutifully into her mailbox, and walk on to her desk. She wore a very trim tailored suit and a small hat with a wisp of veil—a picture, he thought, of what the well-dressed female reporter should wear to a homicide. The costume was effective; at least, he saw the eyes of male reporters turn her way, and Jack Morton paused to speak to her. The charming manner of the managing editor was certainly a tribute, Arthur thought. There were some women reporters on the Courier who had handed their copy in on time for years and had never received more than a casual nod from Jack Morton.

Joe Beckett came up for his assignment. He looked at Arthur, but their eyes did not quite meet as Arthur told him to cover the Clymer trial again.

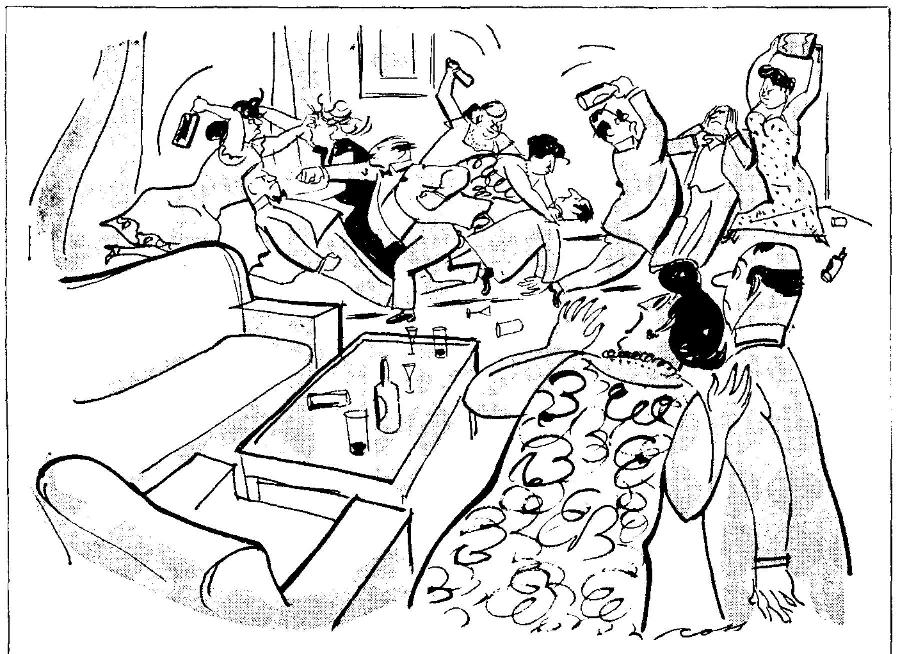
"Why do we bother?" Joe asked. "We don't print it."

"When do you expect a verdict, Joe?"

"Can't say. Maybe tomorrow."

"We'll have a good story on the conviction," Arthur said.

"Conviction?" Joe Beckett grinned. "Arty, I think he's going to beat it." He walked away, and Marilyn Carter's cheery "Good afternoon" was in Arthur's ears. He looked up at her smiling face,



"John, go over and steer the conversation into a less dangerous channel"

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then fumbled among the papers on his desk.

"Pick up this luncheon at the Waldorf," he said. "We want the copy on luncheon assignments in early."

"Yes, indeedy, Mr. Leslie."

She walked away with a lighthearted spring in her steps, and Arthur frowned. He saw Roger Jay stop to speak to her; he saw Bob Kindel, the head librarian, give her a wave of his hand as she walked past the morgue. Marilyn Carter had made a quick impression on the Courier.

Arthur left the rest of the assignments for Steve Bell to distribute, and walked back to the managing editor's office. Jack Morton got up from his desk.

"I wanted to talk to you, Arty. Glad you came in. Sit down."

ARTHUR sat down at the long conference table, facing an oil painting of the late Forrest C. Willshire that hung on the opposite wall.

"What the hell is Bill Madigan up to?" Morton asked. "He's been nosing around the composing room, asking questions about the original copy on the Old Man's obit."

"It disappeared," Arthur said.

"So I hear. But what of it?"

"Madigan thinks maybe the Old Man's suicide note was clipped out of the obit."

"Why in hell—" Jack Morton stopped, and stared at Arthur. "You mean—murder?"

Morton whistled softly, and dropped into his chair. After a moment he shook his head slightly. "Bill must have something besides that to go on."

"Maybe so," Arthur said. "He doesn't talk much."

"Well, by God," Jack Morton said, "if he thinks it's murder, he ought to say so in print. That's *our* story, Arty. We ought to have a break on it."

"Bill wants it kept quiet for the time being," Arthur said. "He asked me to keep it under my hat."

"I wonder what he's got under *his* hat."

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "What I came in to ask you is: Have you heard from Emily Willshire?"

"I've talked to her on the phone, that's all."

"I wonder when she's going to take over," Arthur said.

Morton shook his head. "I wish I could tell you. Meanwhile, we've just got to crank up the old *status quo* and keep her running."

Arthur nodded and returned to his desk. He was busy for some time, completing the day's mail, checking back a complaint of a misquotation from a state assemblyman, turning away a job-seeker. Once Roger Jay passed by his desk, grimaced, and said, "Who is this dame, Marilyn Carter?"

"Just another reporter," Arthur said.

"I tried to take her out for a drink," Roger said. "Her eyes looked like ice cubes."

"Maybe she doesn't like bald men."

Roger's lips tightened; he passed one hand quickly over his hair, and a finger tip touched the small bald area. He scowled and walked on, and beyond him Arthur saw Lieutenant Madigan approaching the city desk. Madigan saluted him with his cigar and sat down in the chair at the side of Arthur's desk.

"Well, I slept on it, Arty," he said. "I think it could be."

Arthur nodded. "I'm sure of it. I had a feeling, as soon as I read the text of the note."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "Somebody lifted the obit, all right and he must have had a reason." He lighted the cigar, and leaned nearer Arthur. "We checked that note in the laboratory. You know, inks are kind of tricky. You can't tell a hell of a lot. But this note was written with a standard brand of ink. The boys had samples, and tested the fluorescence under ultraviolet light."

"Well?" Arthur said.

"Well, the guy said he *thinks* it was written some time ago, Arty, but that wouldn't stand up in court. All he could testify in court would be that it had been on the paper forty-eight hours before he made the test. That's as far back as you can say definitely, Arty—forty-eight hours."

Arthur made a quick calculation. "It's been about sixty-two hours."

"It's courtroom evidence I'm talking about," Madigan said. "All he can swear to is the forty-eight-hour period, Arty, but he gives his opinion, for what that's worth, that it was written some time before that. If we'd just had that test made sooner—but that's the trouble with this case. Too little and too late."

"Well," Arthur said. "What do *you* think?"

"I think you had the right idea," Madigan told him.

Arthur did not feel as he did when a hunch paid off at the track: the pay-off of this hunch was an empty feeling, an oppressive sense of discomfort. He heard Madigan saying, "Now what I want to know is: Who has access to the Courier library? That will narrow it down. It has to be somebody who could get in there and get his hands on that obit."

CLUB 21
TAXI
REA

"Good heavens! I forgot to leave my wallet at home"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Only members of the editorial staff have access to the library, Bill."

"Just the guys here in the city room?"

"Yes, and the other editorial departments—financial, drama, and so forth—and of course the librarians themselves. Some outsiders come here to do research, but they have to have an okay from the managing editor."

Madigan sucked his cigar. "I look at it this way, Arty. If that note was clipped from Willshire's obit, the whole thing was carefully planned. The murderer went in there, any time during the past year, and got hold of the obit, cut a piece out of it, and kept it handy."

"The Old Man's obit was in a manila envelope, and it was sealed tight," Arthur said. "I broke it open that night."

"I don't suppose you kept the envelope?"

"No."

"Suppose we step back to the library a minute."

Arthur introduced Lieutenant Madigan to Bob Kindel, the head librarian.

"I just want to ask you a couple of questions, Mr. Kindel," the detective said. "I expect you to keep this confidential."

"Sure thing," Bob Kindel said.

"Ever let stuff out of the library?" Madigan asked. "I mean, a fellow wants to take some clips home and read up, you let him take 'em?"

Kindel shook his head. "Everything has to be checked back in every night. That's a rule."

"They sign when they take it out?"

"That's right."

"Now tell me this: When a man wants to get something from the library, I suppose he comes back here and looks for it in the filing cases and—"

"He does *not,*" Bob Kindel said. "He asks for what he wants and the librarian gets it for him."

"So only the librarians are supposed to handle the files?"

"That's a rule," Bob said.

"Nobody breaks the rule?"

"No, *sir,*" Kindel said firmly.

"Now, as I see it," Madigan went on, "you'd have a record if anybody had come in and taken out, say, the prepared obit of Forrest C. Willshire."

Bob Kindel chuckled. "Nobody ever took *that* out," he said. "If they had, I'd have heard about it. That was filed under strictest secrecy orders, in a sealed envelope. Nobody was allowed to take that out."

"But just suppose they had," Madigan said, "would there be a record of it?"

"They didn't," Bob Kindel said. "But sure, there'd be a record. Every time anything is taken out of the library, it's noted in that ledger, with the name of the person who took it out."

Madigan glanced incuriously at the ledger. "Mind if I have somebody come in and look through that book?"

Bob Kindel glanced at Arthur, and Arthur nodded. "Not a bit," Kindel said. "Any time."

"Now let's get back to this obit," Madigan said. "You said it was a secret it was even filed, but how many people knew that secret?"

Bob shrugged his shoulders. "I guess it wasn't much of a secret. My assistants knew it, and the managing editor knew it, and I suppose a good many of the staff. It was that kind of secret."

"Okay," Madigan said. "Thanks a lot. And remember what I said, will you?"

"I won't breathe a word," Bob said.

The lieutenant took Arthur's elbow, and the two men left the library. Madigan leaned against the wall outside.

"Arty, one thing is plain. The guy couldn't walk in and ask for the Willshire obit and steam the envelope open and help himself. He'd have to swipe it."

Arthur nodded. "The prepared obit file is there by the door. It would be easy to get at. Somebody could slip in and swipe the envelope and take it home. I suppose he could keep it a couple of days and nobody would know the difference. Months, for that matter."

"So it's not a question of who was permitted to use the library," Madigan said. "It's a question of who could get in there and swipe that envelope."

"If he knew it was there," Arthur said.

"That's right. If he knew" Madigan studied Arthur's face. "Well, you're the city editor. You should know. How would he go about it?"

"A cinch," Arthur said "Now take the night the Old Man died. When I went in to get the obit that night, the library was empty. Pete Zubrinc, the night librarian, had stepped out for a drink.'

"Did he do that often, Arty?" Madigan asked.

"Every night."

"Same time every night?"

"Well, the time varies. Depending on how busy he is and how thirsty he is."

"So all you'd have to do was watch for him to leave, then slip in and open up the prepared obit file?"

"That's all."

"Any time in the past year," Madigan said. "Yeah, that part of it was easy, Arty. And putting it back was just as easy." He frowned. "Arty, this is a hell of a case. Anybody who could get into the building could get to the penthouse and conk off Willshire. And the building operates on a round-the-clock schedule—anybody could come in at any hour of the twenty-four and hang around and watch his chance to get into the library—anybody, that is, who could get into the building without attracting attention."

"But he'd have to know the obit was in the files," Arthur said.

"Yeah, that's the one factor that narrows it down. That's all we got to go on—that and a couple of fingerprints on Willshire's desk."

"Fingerprints?" Arthur said. "You never said anything about fingerprints."

"Well, we got busy and developed some latent prints that don't belong to Willshire or the butler. We drew a blank on 'em down at Centre Street, but we're sending them to the F.B.I. I don't expect anything, though, unless maybe your staff is larded with felons."

"You'll find most of our prints on file," Arthur said. "Everybody on the staff was required to get a Coast Guard Identification card during the war, and the Coast Guard took fingerprints. I suppose they were sent to the F.B.I. files."

"Well, that will help," Madigan said.

"Bill, I thought what you looked for in a homicide case was motive," Arthur said. "Isn't that the classic procedure?"

MADIGAN grunted. "The classic procedure is to grab the guy and then get the motive, Arty." He grinned. "Want me to question a thousand guys for motive? No, I got to narrow it down to how many guys knew that obit was in the files. I wish I knew how many."

"It couldn't have been very many," Arthur said. "I didn't know it was there, myself, until I went looking for it after the Old Man's death."

"That's right, you were here that night, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Kind of late for you to be on duty, wasn't it?"

"I wasn't on duty," Arthur said. "I'd just stopped in for a minute."

"What time was that?"

"It was just one o'clock."

Madigan squinted his pale eyes at the

dead end of his cigar. "Remember who else was around, Arty?"

"Just the usual guys on duty."

"Except this Pete Zubrinc, the night librarian."

"Yes, except him."

"Who else, Arty?"

"Some of them were playing hearts, I remember. There was Bob Farley, the night city editor, and Carl Rome, his assistant, and Harry Whiteside—he's on rewrite—and Mark Titus, the church editor, and Roger Jay, another rewrite man. Then there were a couple of copyreaders, and Jack Morton."

"Kind of late for the managing editor to be around, wasn't it?"

"He's often here late. He stops in after the theater to see how things are going, or he comes up from the bar downstairs if he's there late. That's not unusual."

"Anybody else?"

"Percy Chambron, the night managing editor." Arthur rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "As a matter of fact, I didn't see him until after the obit had been sent down and set. He was there to make up."

"But he wasn't here earlier?"

"Not at one o'clock, when I came in." Arthur hesitated a moment. "I think he was up in the cafeteria, Bill."

"Is that so?" Madigan said casually. "And you didn't notice anybody else, Arty?"

"I suppose there was somebody in the sports department. I didn't notice. The same goes for drama. And cable. And telegraph."

"Did you notice anybody who had no business here at that time of night?"

Arthur shook his head.

"Okay," Madigan said. "Arty, keep buttoned up, will you? As it stands now, the case is suicide. Let's let it stand that way. I don't want it to get out that I'm investigating the possibility of murder."

"Sure," Arthur said.

"I'm going to have a quiet little talk with the boys who were here that night," Madigan said. "And by the way, Arty, did the executives get these Coast Guard passes, too?"

"No, just the reporters. They needed them to go down to the water front."

"So you didn't even get one yourself?"

"Yes. I was a reporter then."

"While I'm about it, Arty," Madigan said, "where were you between midnight and half past?"

"Lord," Arthur said, "I don't know. I was chasing around town after—" He broke off. "I remember. I was down at Vincent's, in the Village, playing chess. I left there at half past twelve."

"Who were you playing with?"

"A friend of mine. Dr. Ruiz. I play with him pretty often."

"I suppose he'll remember it."

"Sure, he'll remember it. He beat me."

"Just for the record," Madigan said, and slapped Arthur's shoulder lightly. "Thanks, pal." He walked away toward the stairs leading to the composing room.

ARTHUR returned thoughtfully to his desk. Marilyn Carter was back from her luncheon assignment, reporting to Steve Bell, the day city editor. She talked with enthusiasm, reviewing the principal speeches. Steve Bell cut her short: "Write a half column."

Arthur sat down, and Steve said, "The Old Man's will has been filed for probate, Arty."

"Yeah? Anything new in it?"

"He left the paper to little Emily, all right, and a two-million-dollar trust fund for her mother, and another for the widow. And by the way, there was a legacy in the will for old Mark Titus. Fifty thousand dollars, Arty!"

"Good," Arthur said. "How long has old Mark been on the paper, anyhow?"

"I don't know. He was here when I came, and I finished up my fifteenth year last week."

"Congratulations, Steve."

"How much on the will story, Arty?"

"Let it run at least a column."

Arthur went to the managing editor's office. The door was open, and he saw Jack Morton's angry face before he noticed Lieutenant Madigan.

"Like hell you're going to take my fingerprints," Jack Morton was saying. "You call it murder and let us print the story, and you can take my fingerprints. I tell you, Bill, we're going to break the story, and nobody else."

"Well, I'm surprised," Madigan said. "You were pretty anxious to have it called accidental in the beginning. I'm surprised you want it called murder now."

"I just want the *story*," Jack said. "Hello, Arty. Come in."

Madigan grinned at Arthur and waved his cigar at Jack. "Okay, I'll make a deal. The Courier will get a break on the story. You got my word."

"All right," Morton said. "You can take my prints." He studied Madigan for a moment. "But I'll tell you this, Bill, you'll probably find my prints all over the penthouse. I've been to plenty of conferences there."

"Last Monday night, by any chance?" Madigan asked.

MORTON shook his head. "No, not last Monday. But I was up in the penthouse that night, after the Old Man was shot. You saw me there."

Arthur kept silent. Jack Morton had conferred with Forrest C. Willshire last Monday, but it had been here, in the managing editor's office, and the Old Man had been red-faced and angry. As he left he had said something like, "I'll give you just twenty-four hours to clear it up."

Madigan was saying, "How did you get on with Willshire, Mr. Morton?"

"How did I get on with him?" Jack said. "Why, I fought with him day and night. Who didn't? I hated his guts, too. Who didn't?"

"Okay, okay," the lieutenant said, and winked at Arthur. "How about those prints, Mr. Morton? You want to stop by the station house, at your convenience? Say in about an hour?"

Morton smiled. "I'll stop by."

Madigan regarded the tip of his cigar. "It's just routine, of course, but I'm sort of collecting fingerprints. With me, it's a hobby."

He waved his cigar at Arthur, and left the office.

Jack Morton watched the detective go, and shook his head slowly. "I don't know what he's got to go on, Arty, but he's not dumb."

"No, he's not," Arthur said, and sat down at the conference table, under the gleaming eye of Forrest C. Willshire in the portrait on the wall. "He's not at all dumb, Jack. He's going to be asking you pretty soon what you had a fight about with the Old Man on Monday night."

Jack Morton stared at Arthur. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"When he came down here to see you."

"Damn it, Arty, are you turning Hawkshaw, or what?" Jack Morton's face was red. "What if I did have a scrap with the Old Man? It was just another scrap."

"He said something about giving you twenty-four hours to clear something up," Arthur said. "Clear what up?"

Jack Morton gave Arthur a stiff-necked look, and said sharply, "That was a personal matter."

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "Only reason I mentioned it is that plenty of people overheard. Madigan will find out sooner or later."

"He'll find out sooner," Jack said. "I'll tell him myself. Is that what you came in to see me about?"

"No."

"You want something?"

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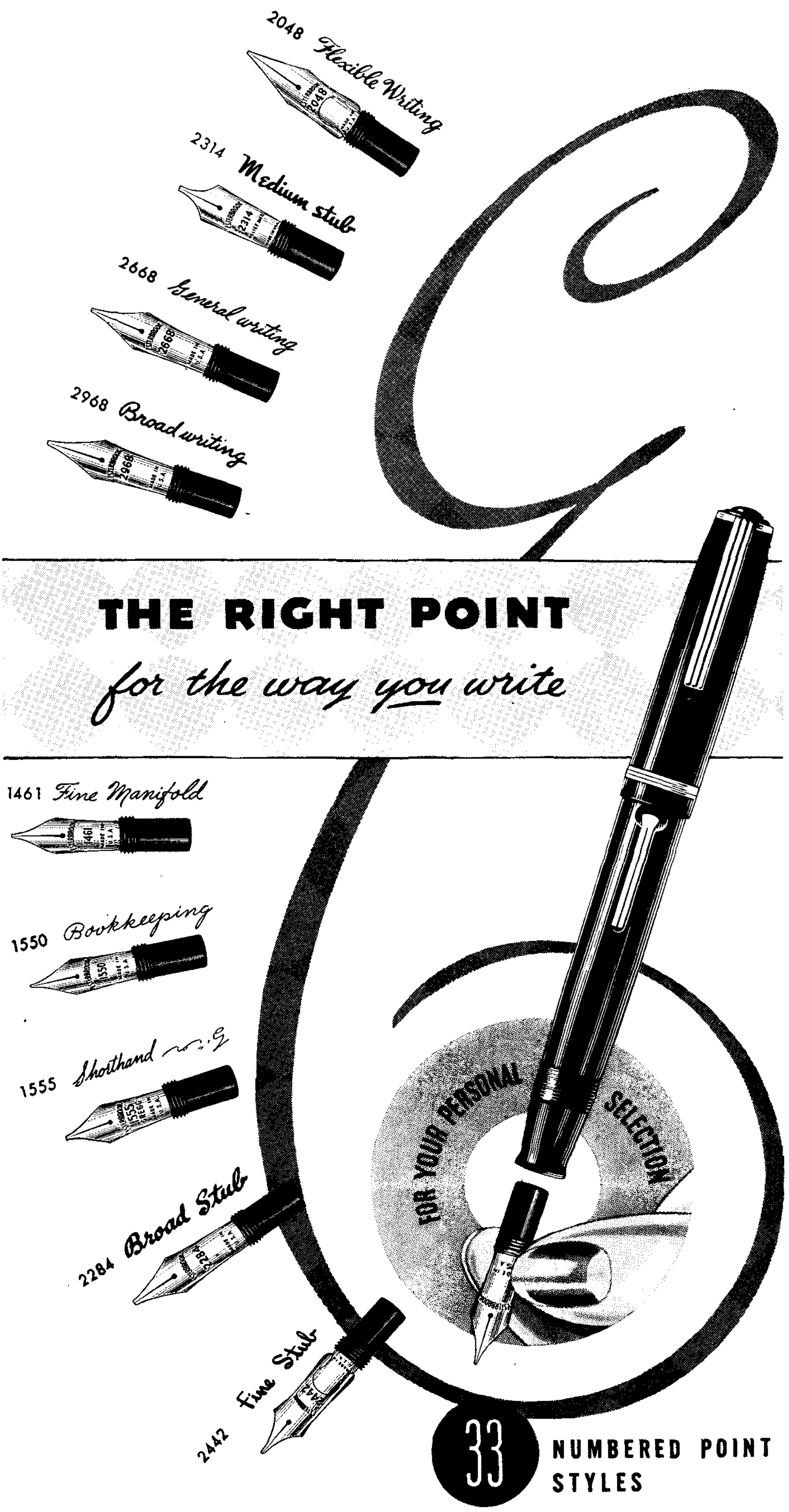

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

"They filed the Old Man's will for probate."

"I know. Have a good story on it."

"I ordered a column."

"Fine," Jack Morton said. "Did you have to come in and confer with me about it? You're the city editor. Why don't you use your own judgment?"

Arthur held on to his temper. He said carefully, "The reason I brought it up, Jack, is because of the peculiar newsplay we've had recently. We cover up the Old Man's suicide as long as we can, and that's understandable. But I don't understand why we suddenly lay off the Sam Clymer story. Naturally, I bring a policy story to you, because you're making the policy, apparently."

"Lay off the Clymer story?" Jack Morton's eyes shone. "Arty, you know damned well we overplayed that, on the Old Man's orders. It's just not a policy story any more, that's all. We're covering it for the news that's in it."

"Okay," Arthur said.

"Lord, let's don't fight," Jack said. "You and I always got along, Arty. I thought we made a good team. What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter, Jack," Arthur said.

"Then you do your job, Arty, and I'll do mine."

A smile came slowly on Jack Morton's face, and the angry look left his eyes. "And between us," he said, "I think we can handle Emily, when she takes over."

"It doesn't look too promising," Arthur said glumly. "I wonder how many more classmates are going to show up, looking for jobs."

"Just use your head, Arty," Jack Morton said. "Give this Carter kid a break. Treat her right. I happen to know she's pretty close to Emily Willshire."

"She'll get impartial treatment," Arthur said.

ON RETURNING to his desk, he found that the night side had already taken over. Bob Farley, the night city editor, looked at him. "You still want to see Miss Carter's copy?"

"You got it there?"

"Yes." Bob Farley tossed the story over to him. "It looks all right."

Arthur picked up his pencil. Marilyn Carter must have been watching what happened to her copy. As soon as Arthur began to read it, she left her desk. He glanced up and saw her standing beside him, looking over his shoulder.

"Did you want something, Miss Carter?"

She smiled. "How is it today?"

"How is what?"

"My story, I mean. Is it all right?"

"I haven't read it yet."

"Do you mind if I watch? I mean, it would help me to see just what you do to it."

He put his pencil down. "Miss Carter, I'm afraid I don't have time to conduct a class in journalism. Just look it up in the paper and you can see what happened to it."

Her hazel eyes met his; then she shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I'm *sorry,*" she said, in a mincing tone. "I only wanted to learn."

She walked away, and Arthur turned his irritation back to her copy. He skimmed through the story. It was poorly organized, and the news in it was buried three paragraphs down. He tossed it back to Bob Farley and said, "You read copy on it." That, he thought, was impartial treatment; he knew his own judgment would be prejudiced.

He lay back in his chair, frowning, remembering that the note from Emily Willshire had said that Marilyn Carter was her classmate. Sue Wharton had also been Marilyn Carter's classmate. It had not occurred to him before that Sue must know Emily Willshire, and know her rather well. He recalled that she had been evasive when he asked her if she knew Miss Willshire.

Bob Farley finished reading the story, put it in the outgoing basket and said, "Well, she did all right."

"You think that's a good story?" Arthur asked.

"Well, it's not bad, Arty, for a cub."

A copy boy carried the story to the copy desk, and Arthur saw Ralph Smith, the copy chief, pick it up, glance at it, and decide to read it himself. At her desk, Marilyn Carter was talking to Roger Jay. She was very animated, and her eyes were bright; and she, too, was watching the progress of her story.

3
JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Just give him time, Ma—he'll completely reconvert"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

TEN minutes later, a copy boy picked up the story and carried it over to the make-up desk. Percy Chambron was standing near by, bedeviling the picture editor about a caption, and Arthur saw his glance take in the copy on the desk. Then Percy bent and reached for the story. Arthur saw Percy's massive hands spread it out, his loose lips pursed as he read it. He saw Percy turn abruptly and walk over to Marilyn Carter, the story in his hands.

"Very good, Marilyn," he said. "You certainly caught on fast. I think you've earned your first by-line." He took out a pencil and scribbled *By Marilyn Carter* across the top of the page.

It was too much for Arthur. He looked directly at Bob Farley. Bob grinned, but his face was almost the color of his tomato-red lips.

"That story stinks," Arthur said. "You know that, Bob."

"Why, I thought it was all right."

"*Why* did you think it was all right?"

"Well, the facts were all there, Arty," Bob argued.

"The lead was buried in the third paragraph," Arthur said. "What *should* have been the lead, that is."

He got to his feet and walked past the make-up desk to the picture desk, where Kit Evans, the picture editor, was bent over his typewriter, rewriting the caption. Arthur tapped him on the shoulder.

"Oh, hello, Arty." Kit blinked through his spectacles.

"I want you to dig something up for me, Kit. You must have a cut of Emily Willshire somewhere. I want to see it."

A slow grin spread over Kit Evans' face. "So you're getting wise, too," he said. "I've got it right here."

He opened a drawer. On top of a pile of photographs was a picture of Emily Willshire. Arthur did not need to take it out of the drawer. The face that smiled up at him was the face of Marilyn Carter.

"Nobody ever tells me anything," Arthur said plaintively. "A city editor never gets in on the gossip."

He had been stupid, Arthur thought, not to have tumbled to it sooner. It was Jack Morton who had put him off. The night the girl had applied for a job, Jack had said he had received a telephone call from Emily Willshire while Marilyn Carter was in his office. That was what had put him off, Arthur thought. Jack had received a message from Emily Willshire that night, but not by telephone.

He looked down again at the smiling face in the photograph. His own face felt hot, and he strode across the city room to the managing editor's office. Jack Morton gave him an inquiring look.

"I finally tumbled, Jack," Arthur said.

"Tumbled to what?"

"Marilyn Carter."

Jack grinned. "I dropped you hints like corn to a pigeon, but I never saw a more thickheaded pigeon, Arty."

"Well, I don't like it," Arthur said. "What's the idea?"

"She wants to learn the business, Arty. She wants to get her bearings before she takes over. She means well."

Arthur shook his head. "How do you know what she means? It's an underhanded way to go about it. Why didn't she come in as Emily Willshire? Why the phony name?"

"Oh, I suppose she wanted to be treated like any other member of the staff," Jack said. "She doesn't want any special favors."

"I can tell you this," Arthur said. "She won't get any."

"Oh, be reasonable, Arty," Jack Morton said, laughing. "Don't be a sap. Use your head and you can get in solid with the new owner."

"A la Percy Chambron?" Arthur said. "No, thanks."

"Well, it's your own head on your own shoulders," Jack said. "Use it, or get it lopped off. Take your pick."

"You think heads are going to roll around here, Jack?"

"Mine isn't," Jack said. "Is yours? That's up to you." He touched Arthur's shoulder lightly. "Look here, we can have this kid sitting in our laps. This can be a break for both of us. If we handle her right, we can run this newspaper the way it ought to be run. Don't you see that?"

"I see that, all right," Arthur said.

"Then okay," said Jack Morton. . . .

Arthur spent a long evening of angry and bitter discussion with Joe Beckett and Roger Jay in Vincent's Bar. The next morning, he woke up with a hangover. He was through, he told himself; he'd had enough. Lord knows, he never should have taken an executive job in the first place. He ought to look around for a foreign assignment—in London, or in the Far East, as far as possible from a front office.

Whether Forrest C. Willshire had taken his own life or had been murdered was no longer of particular interest to Arthur. That was a matter for the police, and he was not much interested when his secretary, Miss Adams, told him that Lieutenant Madigan had telephoned twice that morning before he came in.

Arthur looked over the assignment schedule. Marilyn Carter had been put down for a luncheon. He crossed her name off and told Steve Bell to assign some other reporter. When the girl came up to the city desk for her assignment he told her, "No assignment today. Just stick around the office."

"Nothing at all?" She was disappointed.

"We'll find something for you to do," Arthur said.

Next in line was Sue Wharton. Arthur gave her a nod and said, "Sit down." She took the chair beside him, and he said, "Now then, explain yourself."

Her eyes clouded. "Don't roar at me, Arthur. Explain what?"

He held his voice low: "You knew from the first who Marilyn Carter was."

"Oh," Sue said. "That."

"Yes, that."

"Of course I knew, Arthur," Sue said. "We went to college together." She picked at a thread in her handbag with nervous fingers. "I warned her it was a foolish thing to do, but she insisted. And she made me promise to keep quiet about it."

"Just what was her idea?" Arthur demanded.

"Why don't you ask her, Arthur?"

"I haven't found out about it yet."

"Come again?"

"I mean that," he said. "I haven't found out. Understand?"

Sue smiled. "Then you're one of the few who hasn't. Most of the staff know."

"So I notice," Arthur said; "particularly characters like Percy Chambron."

"Oh, Percy's known her a long time," Sue said.

"Has he really?" Arthur's eyebrows went up. "Well, here's your assignment." He handed her a press release.

"A Kiwanis Club luncheon? Arthur, what have I done to deserve this? After all!"

"I feel dirty mean today," Arthur said. "You can charge it off to sweet revenge. Now get out and cover it."

HIS lips curved in a tight smile as he leaned over Steve Bell's shoulder and thumbed through a stack of wire copy on the city desk. He found a fat story on the proposed city budget, and called Marilyn Carter over.

"Boil this down to half a column," he said, and poked the copy into her hands.

He watched her return to her desk and spread out the takes of wire copy, frowning as she read the story through. It was a task calculated to give Marilyn Carter an afternoon that would make Emily Willshire's head ache.

"Call for you, Arty," Steve Bell said.

He picked up the telephone and heard Lieutenant Madigan's cheerful voice: "Well, it's okay, Arty. Those weren't *your* prints upstairs."

"Don't bother me," Arthur said.

"I don't want to bother you, Arty. I want to bother one of your reporters, though."

"Who?"

"Guy named Joe Beckett," Madigan said. "I think I've seen him around, haven't I? Isn't he a tall guy looks like he had pigs' knuckles for breakfast?"

"He's working on a story," Arthur

No harsh bitterness

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said. "What is it you want with Joe?"

"I just want to ask him some questions. What story is he working on, Arty?"

"The Sam Clymer trial."

"In Special Sessions?"

"That's right." Arthur was depressed, but he had known that it was bound to come. "What do you want with Joe, Bill?"

"Well, it seems he had a run-in with Forrest C. Willshire the night of the murder, Arty."

"Where did you hear that?"

"One of your reporters told me. Your Miss Carter. What do you know about it, Arty?"

Arthur glared at the desk where Marilyn Carter was struggling with the budget story. "Listen, Bill," he said. "There's nothing to that. Everybody fought with the Old Man."

"But everybody didn't leave a fingerprint on the Old Man's desk, did they, chum?"

He should have kept his mouth shut, Arthur told himself. He never should have stirred the thing up. He knew Joe Beckett would never have committed an act of violence, and he told Lieutenant Madigan so.

"Okay, okay," Madigan said. "I just want to talk to him, Arty. I got to follow up these leads." His voice was apologetic. "You better send somebody else down to Special Sessions to cover that story."

AFTER Arthur had hung up, he sat for a time staring glumly at the unanswered correspondence on his desk, then he got up and strolled over to Marilyn Carter, lost among the budget figures. She gave him a wan smile.

"How are you making out?" Arthur asked.

"Well, it's pretty complicated."

"Hurry it up," he said. "I've got another assignment for you."

She swallowed, and said, "Yes, Mr. Leslie."

As he walked back to his desk, Arthur thought that his anger was a little out of proportion. After all, she was the granddaughter of the Old Man, and it was natural for her to report to the police any details bearing on her grandfather's death. But joining the staff under an assumed name was another matter. He would teach her a lesson for that. He'd make her life miserable, and meanwhile he would look around for another job. He had no intention of compromising.

She turned in the budget story at three o'clock, and he sent her to investigate a report that there was a subway tie-up at the Thirty-fourth Street station of the I.R.T. She called back in a quarter of an hour. "A man jumped in front of the train, Mr. Leslie."

"All right," Arthur said. "Come in and write it."

He went across the street for a drink. His mood was venomous, and whisky did not improve it. He drank three straight ryes with beer chasers, pouring them down with the fierce determination of a man bent on self-destruction. Otto, the barman, said, "Better take it easy, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur scowled at the stolid, bespectacled custodian of the public morals. "I'll have another rye," he said.

Otto shrugged his shoulders. "It's your funeral, Mr. Leslie."

"Damn' right it's my funeral," Arthur said. "And after that comes my wake, Otto. Pour me a rye, Otto, and don't spare the bottle."

Otto poured the rye, and Arthur drank it down. He went slowly back across the street and up to the city room. Marilyn Carter had returned and was reporting to Steve Bell.

Arthur moved in. "Just back from that assignment?" he asked her.

"Yes, Mr. Leslie."

"What kept you so long?"

She flushed. "Well—I had to get the man's name."

"Okay," Arthur said. "Get your story written. A couple of paragraphs will do. Then I want to talk to you about that budget story."

"Oh," she said weakly. "Is something wrong, Mr. Leslie?"

"One thing at a time," Arthur said, and sat down at his desk.

She looked down at him, started to speak, then went to her typewriter.

"Call for you, Arty," Steve Bell said.

It was Lieutenant Madigan again, still apologetic. "We're going to have to hold him, Arty."

"Joe Beckett?"

"Yeah. He was up to see Willshire that night."

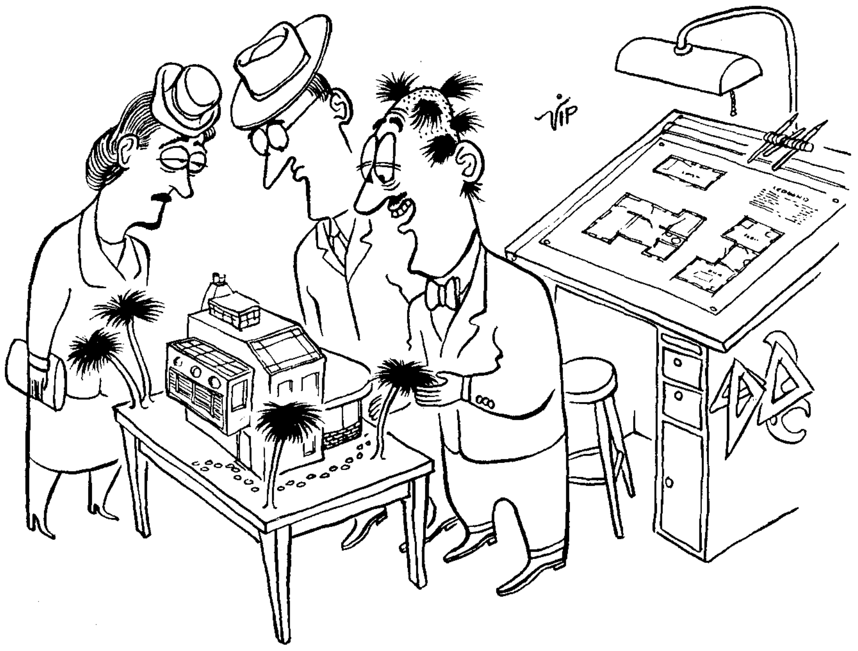
"Look, Bill," Arthur said. "He was just drunk."

"You held out on me, Arty," Madigan said. "Why didn't you tell me about it in the first place?"

"I'm telling you now," Arthur said. "He was just drunk."

"Yeah, sure."

"He got fired for burning a desk with his cigar, and he went out and bought an ash tray to present to the Old Man. Irony, see?"



COLLIER'S "I dreamed the trees up all out of my own head" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Yeah, he told us about the ash tray, Arty."

"Do you think if he was going to shoot the Old Man he'd have carried an ash tray up with his name on it and left it there? Be sensible, Bill."

"That the story he told you, is it?"

"Yes. Why? What did he tell you?"

"The same story," Madigan said. "Only we didn't find any ash tray in the penthouse, Arty. How do you like that?"

"It's there somewhere," Arthur said positively. "It's got to be."

"Look, Arty," Bill Madigan said. "I promised you could break the story. Okay, we're calling it murder and you can run it in your first edition. I won't book the guy until ten o'clock tonight, and you'll be on the street ahead of the other papers with it."

"Book him for what?" Arthur asked.

"Suspicion of homicide."

"Now listen, Bill. I saw him that night. He was out on his feet. He was certainly too drunk to plan it out. Remember, whoever shot the Old Man planned it out. He took the suicide note up with him and planted it."

"Let his lawyer argue that out, Arty," Madigan said.

Arthur saw Harry Whiteside taking off his coat, and signaled to him. "Bill, tell it to a rewrite man, will you?" he said, and called to Harry Whiteside. "Take this call, Harry."

He went at once to the managing editor's office. Jack Morton listened, then shook his head. "It doesn't make sense, Arty."

"No," Arthur said. "Joe never gets violent when he's tight. He just gets tedious."

"What if he *was* up there?" Morton said. "What if they *did* find his fingerprints? Hell, they found my prints on that desk, too."

"Yours, too?" Arthur's eyebrows went up.

"Sure, I spent plenty of time on the Old Man's carpet." Jack frowned. "Joe got a lawyer yet?"

"I doubt it."

"I'll call our lawyer, then."

Arthur shook his head. "He's charged with murdering the owner of the paper, Jack. You think the paper's lawyer ought to act for him?"

"As long as I'm managing editor, this paper backs up its staff," Jack said. "I'll call the lawyer. Who's going to write the story?"

"Harry Whiteside."

"Tell him to keep quiet about it. We'll move the copy late and throw it in the forms just before the deadline."

Arthur went back to the city desk.

Harry Whiteside came to report, carrying his weight gently, walking with a swift, sliding step. He was excited.

"This is a lot of nonsense, Arty," he said. "Joe didn't do it."

"I know," Arthur said. "Harry, when you write your story, hang on to the flimsies. Bring the copy directly to me, and don't talk about it. Let it run for as much as you've got. Slug it slay, Harry."

THERE was copy on Arthur's desk—the two paragraphs Marilyn Carter had written about the subway accident. He looked them over and raised his voice, "Miss Carter, will you come here, please?"

He gave her an impersonal glance when she reached his desk. "Did the police say the man was a suicide?"

"No, Mr. Leslie."

"You say here he jumped in front of the train."

"Oh, I—"

"Make it jumped or fell," Arthur said. "And shorten it up. Rewrite it. And here . . ." He handed her the budget story. "You've missed the lead again. Make that fourth paragraph your lead."

As soon as she was gone, Percy Chambron dropped his bulk into the chair beside Arthur. His eyes were bright in the massive planes of his face.

"What's this I hear, Leslie?"

The first take of the story slugged slay had reached Arthur's desk. He handed it to the night managing editor.

"So the Old Man was murdered," Percy said. "That's why this detective was asking me idiotic questions."

"So he asked *you* questions?" Arthur said.

"Where I was, and all that, and he wanted my fingerprints."

"Where were you, Percy?" Arthur asked. "You weren't in the city room that night."

Percy Chambron gave Arthur a steady, hard look. "I was up in the cafeteria, of course. It was my usual lunch hour."

"That's right," Arthur said. "Twelve to one."

"You think Joe Beckett did it, Leslie?"

"No."

"He had motive."

"You ever been fired in your life, Percy?"

Percy Chambron hesitated, cleared his throat. "Once or twice, yes. Years ago."

"Shoot your employers?" Arthur asked.

Percy grinned and walked away.

THE slay story came along, take by take, smoothly written, the facts expertly arranged. Harry Whiteside was the wheel horse of the rewrite bank.

The night side had taken over, and Arthur told Bob Farley to pass Miss Carter's copy along to him. When the two paragraphs on the subway accident reached him again, he glanced at them and called for Miss Carter. She approached his desk with a nervous, harried step.

"Look at this," Arthur said. "Where are the facts? Was it a northbound or a southbound train? Was it an express or a local?"

"It was an uptown local," she said.

"Then why didn't you say so?" Arthur said. "Here, fix it up. And how about that budget story?"

"I'm working on it, Mr. Leslie."

"All right. Let me see the lead."

She returned with the first two paragraphs of the budget story. Arthur began to read.

"Oh, no," he said sharply. "That won't do at all, Miss Carter. It gives me a headache just to look at all those figures jammed into the lead. Simplify it, for heaven's sake!"

Bob Farley watched with raised eyebrows, and shook his head as Miss Carter went back to her desk.

Arthur went on reading the story slugged slay, and his anger mounted as the case against Joe Beckett was built up. Harry Whiteside had marsnaled the facts so that they read like a prosecutor's summation. . . .

At seven o'clock, Marilyn Carter brought over the rewritten subway story. "May I go to dinner now, Mr. Leslie?"

"Better finish the budget story first," Arthur said. He tossed the subway story to Carl Rome to edit, and went on reading the story slugged slay.

At eight o'clock, she returned with the budget story, and waited in silence while Arthur read it through.

"Where's the indicated tax rate?" Arthur asked. "It ought to be up in the lead."

"Oh, I forgot that," Marilyn said. "I can pencil it in."

"You'd better rewrite the whole thing," Arthur said. "It's confused. Miss Carter, a story has to be *organized*. Now sit down, think it through, and fit the facts in where they belong. Rewrite it."

She looked steadily into his eyes. Her lips moved slightly, trembled a little; and for a moment Arthur thought she was going to break down. He felt uneasy then, but the look he gave her was impersonal. He was going to make her break; he was going to smoke her out into the open.

After she had gone, Bob Farley whistled softly. "Say, Arty, don't you like it here?"

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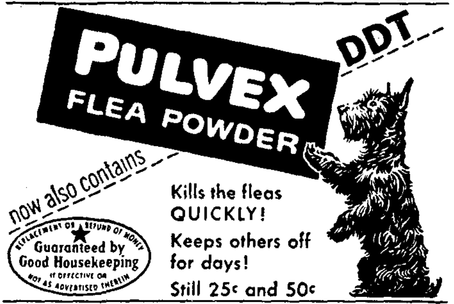

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"What's that?" Arthur snapped.

"Never mind," Bob said, and became immediately very busy.

The last take of the story slugged slay came over. Arthur read it and sent it along to the copy desk. He glanced at Harry Whiteside. "Good story. Suppose I buy you a drink?"

"You bet," Harry said.

Arthur picked up his hat, and was starting away when Marilyn Carter called, "Mr. Leslie."

He turned. "Yes?"

She held out some folded copy. "Here's that story."

"Rewritten already?"

"Yes."

ARTHUR put down his hat and read the story. He found nothing wrong, but he scowled and shook his head. He was forcing her into an untenable position. She would either have to quit or fire him, before she was through; and if she fired him, while working on the paper under an assumed name, and fired him because he found her work inadequate, it would be something she would never live down. She was learning her lesson, Arthur thought.

"You should read the paper, Miss Carter," he said. "Try to get some idea of Courier style." He glanced at the clock. "It's pretty late, and we ought to have this for the first edition." He shrugged his shoulders. "But we ought to have it right. Suppose you try again."

"Try again?" she asked evenly.

"Yes."

"To get it in Courier style?" Her voice was steady, the words clear and rounded.

"That's right."

"Who would you say *does* write Courier style on this paper?" Her voice was higher. "Roger Jay, for instance?"

"None better," Arthur said.

"For your information, Mr. Leslie, Roger Jay wrote that story you just read."

Arthur stared at her, then grinned.

Her color was high, and her hazel eyes glowed. "Is this the way you usually treat new reporters on your staff, Mr. Leslie? Do you brutalize them just for your own enjoyment? I knew that you were being deliberately unfair, so I asked Mr. Jay to write the story for me."

Arthur was still grinning. She had trapped him neatly enough. But he said calmly, "I consider your actions insubordinate, Miss Carter. You're fired." He looked into the furious hazel eyes. "And now, Miss Willshire," he said mildly, "I'm handing in my resignation. I quit."

Her mouth opened, but she did not speak. He picked up his hat, gave her a solemn wink, and walked off toward the elevator with Harry Whiteside.

"That was a mule-headed thing to do," Harry said, as they went down in the elevator.

"She had it coming to her," Arthur said.

"Who are you spiting?" Harry asked. "Man, you're out of a job."

"That's the part of it I like best," Arthur said. "Come on, I'll buy that drink."

They went up to the bar. Otto blinked, and said, "Back again?"

"Otto, are you *opposed* to selling whisky?"

Otto shrugged his shoulders. "It's your funeral."

"You said that once," Arthur said.

"You're a corpse, all right," Harry said. "Scotch for me, Otto. Say, Arty, that was a surprise, wasn't it?"

"Didn't you know who she was?"

"I didn't mean that. I mean about the Old Man being murdered. How do they account for that suicide note he left? Madigan said it was a fake, but that's all he'd say."

"It was a fake, all right," Arthur said, and drank his rye. "Set 'em up again, Otto."

"You sure you want another, Mr. Leslie?"

"Otto," Arthur said, "you can eliminate the solicitude. I'm not an important character in this bar any more. I'm just another drunk. Tilt the bottle, friend."

"What do you mean, a fake?" Harry Whiteside asked. "It was in the Old Man's handwriting."

"Remember his obit, Harry? Remember it looked like a page of it was missing? Well, that note was part of the missing page. How do you like that?"

"I see," Harry said. "They compared it with the original obit, is that it?"

"No, it was just deduction, Harry. Brilliant deduction. Arthur Leslie's brilliant deduction. But if Mr. Leslie had kept his big mouth shut, Joe Beckett wouldn't be in jail. Harry, you know what we gotta do? We gotta get Joe out."

"How are you going to do that?"

"Easy," Arthur said glumly. "A cinch. Just find the guy who did it, that's all."

Harry's grin faded quickly. He looked very serious as he blinked at Arthur through his glasses. He put one hand on Arthur's elbow. "I'd like to help on that," he said. "Any way I can."

"Sure," Arthur said.

"Joe Beckett is a good guy," Harry said. "But it looks bad for him, Arty. Have you got anything at all to go on?"

"Not a damn' thing, Harry," Arthur said.

"Arty, I feel pretty bad about this."

"We'll get him out somehow."

"I don't mean Joe," Harry said. "I mean you, Arty, losing your job. You see, I think I've got a good chance of being the next city editor of the Courier."

Arthur stared at him. "You? I didn't know you were interested in a desk job, Harry."

"Yeah," Harry Whiteside said. "I'm interested." His stubby fingers went around his glass. "As a matter of fact, Arty, I made a bid for the job last month, when you got it. I talked to Jack Morton about it, and I had his okay. That is, Jack okayed us both, but the Old Man ruled me out. Just because of that garnishee I had on my salary."

"That's too bad," Arthur said. "Well, I hope you get the job, Harry. God only knows why you want it."

Harry's eyes had a glow in the barroom lights. "It's just one of those fixations a guy gets," he said. "From the time I used to shy newspapers off my bicycle when I had a delivery route, I wanted to be a newspaperman, Arty, and I wanted to get ahead. I was city editor of a little paper down in Texas for a while, and I wanted a shot at the job on the Courier. Maybe I won't be any good at it, but I want to try."

"Don't worry," Arthur said. "You'll do okay."

Harry swallowed his whisky. "I always worked hard for what I got, Arty. I had a lot of disappointments. I'm used to it. I've been on my own since I was fourteen." He set his glass down hard and suddenly laughed. "I don't know why I'm crying into *my* glass. You're the guy who lost his job. Otto, set 'em up."

Otto filled the glasses, and said, "You had anything to eat recently, Mr. Leslie?"

"No," Arthur said. "But I'll have another rye."

"I just poured you one."

Arthur reached for the glass, and drank the whisky. "You can pour another."

The barroom had acquired a haze like a steamy bathroom, and figures had nonspecific dimensions in the haze. There were people shaking Arthur's hand, murmuring that they were sorry to hear the bad news. Jack Morton's face emerged briefly from the haze, his black mustache the point of focus of Arthur's eyes. "You're a damn' fool, Arty," he said. "I told you to use your head."

THE drinks came fast; it seemed that every member of the staff was there to buy Arthur a drink, even old Mark Titus, the church editor, who patted Arthur's shoulder and said, "We're going to miss you, boy."

Arthur kept saying, "I usta be a newspaperman myself," and thought it was enormously funny. "I'm gonna buy a drink," he said again and again. "Usta be a newspaperman myself."

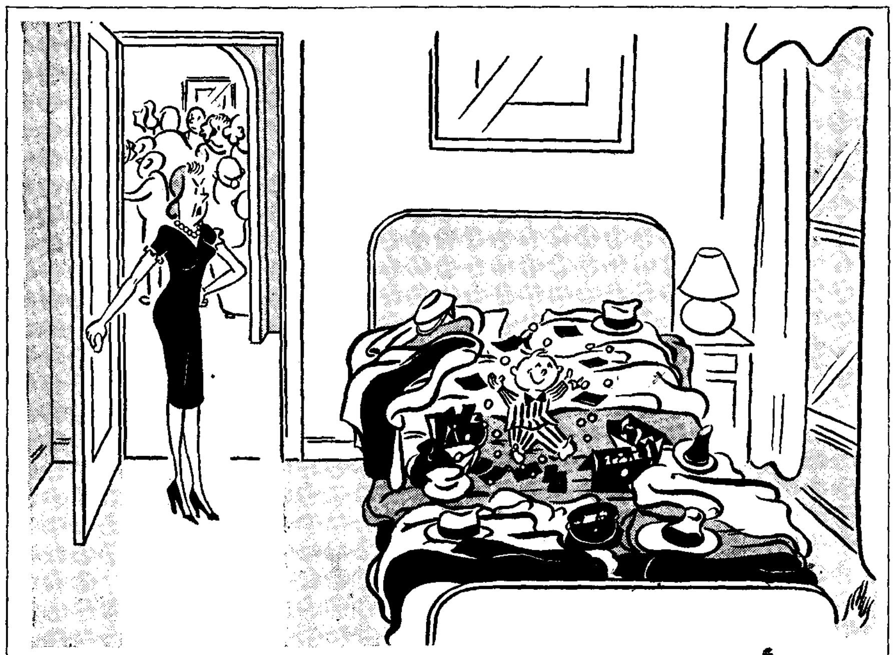
Then the haze was thicker and he felt that he needed air, but he decided to try another rye instead. Jack Morton said, "Better try some black coffee," but Arthur got his hat on his head somehow and pushed out to the street. Roger Jay tried to accompany him, but Arthur shoved him away.

"S'my wake," he said. "Ain't your wake."

He negotiated Times Square traffic with magnificent indifference. He was very drunk, and thirsty, and when he staggered up to the next bar and asked for rye, the bartender, who wore some sort of white cap, laughed and said, "All we got is vitamin C, Mac."

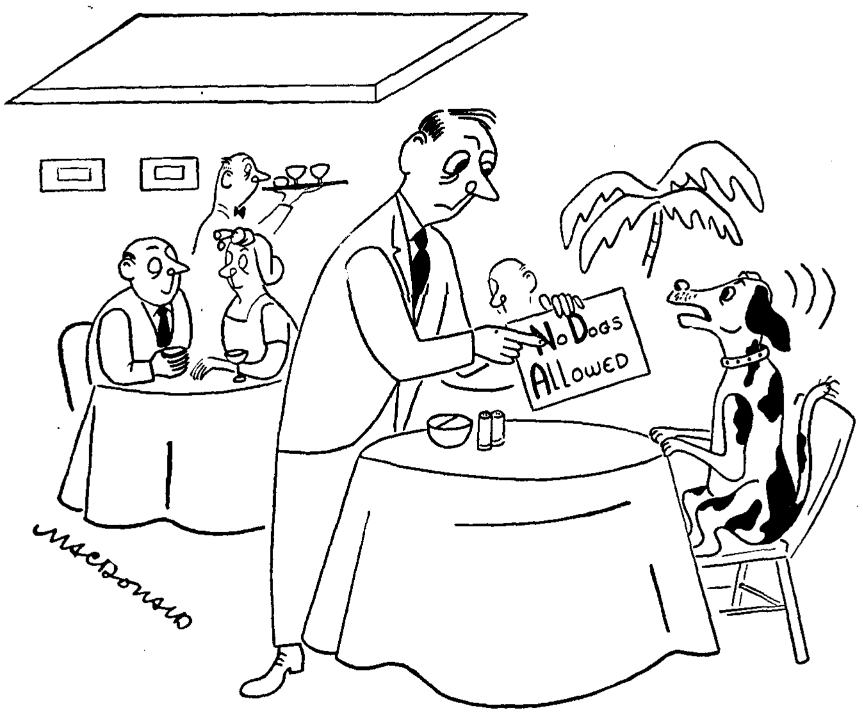
"Okay," Arthur said. "Gimme a slug."

The glass was tall and tapering, and the fluid in it was orange juice. Arthur became aware that he was at an orange-drink stand, and his dignity rose to the occasion. He could not turn and bolt;



"Put everything back, this minute, and lie down and go to s[illegible]p!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS



COLLIER'S "Who's smoking?" J. S. MAC DONALD

he did his duty. He drank the orange juice, every swallow, and walked out with his head high.

He turned off on a side street, saw neon lights and entered a doorway. A girl took his hat and gave him a check, and he found his way to a bar. It was some sort of night club, and a blonde was singing, and there was a good deal of laughter. Arthur slid onto a bar stool, steadied himself, and asked for rye and soda in a very tall glass.

The place was very noisy. Arthur glanced over his shoulder and saw four men sitting at a table. They were drinking champagne and they were making most of the noise. He looked at the barman. "What goes on?"

The barman grinned. "Kind of a celebration. The tall guy there, that's the big bookie, Sam Clymer."

Arthur turned his head again. He saw the dark face and he remembered who Sam Clymer was.

"He got acquitted today," the barman said. "That's what they're celebrating."

"He got acquitted?" Arthur said. "That's just dandy." He slid down from the stool, balanced himself, and moved unsteadily toward the table. His hand caught the back of a chair, and he leaned forward, looking down into Sam Clymer's eyes.

"Wanna congrashulate you," Arthur said, and stuck out his hand.

Unfriendly eyes inspected him, but Sam Clymer grinned and said, "Thanks, Mac."

"Name's Arthur." Arthur said. "Arthur Leslie. City editor the Courier."

"Blow," one of the men said.

"The Courier?" Sam Clymer said. "Give my regards to your boss."

Arthur shook his head. "He's dead."

"Jack Morton's your boss, ain't he?"

"Usta be," Arthur said. "Say, mind if I ask you somep'n?"

Arthur felt inspired; the thought illuminated all his brain. "What didja have the Old Man knocked off for?" Arthur asked.

A hand caught the two lapels of his coat in a bunch and jerked him down hard into a chair. A harsh voice said, "What did you say, Mac?"

"Name's Arthur," Arthur said, and shook his head. "Joe Beckett didn' do it. Guy in a black hat named Joe Bailey did it. Went up inna elevator 'n' shot him. Got a black hat, Sam?"

"Throw him out," the same harsh voice said.

Arthur felt a surge of motion; his feet hardly touched the floor. Then he was out on the sidewalk. At once he turned and went back through the door. Hands caught him again.

"Gotta get my hat," Arthur said.

"Okay. Let him get his hat."

The hat-check girl, frozen-faced, took his check and gave him his hat. Arthur fumbled for a coin and said, "Got Sam Clymer's hat there, too?"

"You'd better go on home, Mister," the girl said.

"What color is it?" Arthur asked.

He was whisked away through the door. Then there was a blinding blow. He sat down very hard, feeling that he had no eyes in his head and no head to put his eyes in. He sat with his back against a wall and was aware of feet passing, pausing, moving on. At last he pulled himself up.

NOW he needed another drink, and he found a bar. One straight rye made him feel better, and he became involved in a long discussion with someone at the bar. He kept saying, "Now in my opinion," and never could get the opinion out. Then he was in a taxicab on the way downtown, the street lights moving past with a sickening lurch.

Vincent's was the place, he decided; he would go to Vincent's for a nightcap. He paid off the cab at Sheridan Square because he was unable to give directions. He walked along Barrow Street, and turned in at the old speak-easy entrance, through the courtyard, and found the door locked. Through the peephole, he could see Vincent behind the bar. He pounded on the door, and Vincent made frantic motions with his hands. He knocked harder, and at last Vincent came quickly and opened the door.

"Shut up," Vincent said. "You'll wake up the whole neighborhood. You know we lock this door at ten o'clock."

"Is it ten o'clock?"

"It's two minutes to four," Vincent said. "We're closing up. You're going right out the other door, Arty."

He vaguely recognized Jack Morton's face, and heard Jack say, "Where did you get that eye, Arty?"

Arthur was indignant. "Always had this eye."

There was a girl with Jack who seemed familiar. He recognized Sue Wharton's voice. "Arthur, you're a mess."

"You folks want to take care of him?" Vincent said. "I'm closing up."

"Come on, Arty." Jack Morton took his arm.

They helped him to the street, Jack on one side, Sue on the other.

"Where do you live, anyhow?" Jack Morton asked.

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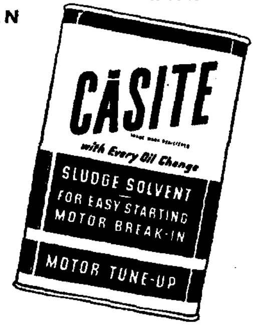

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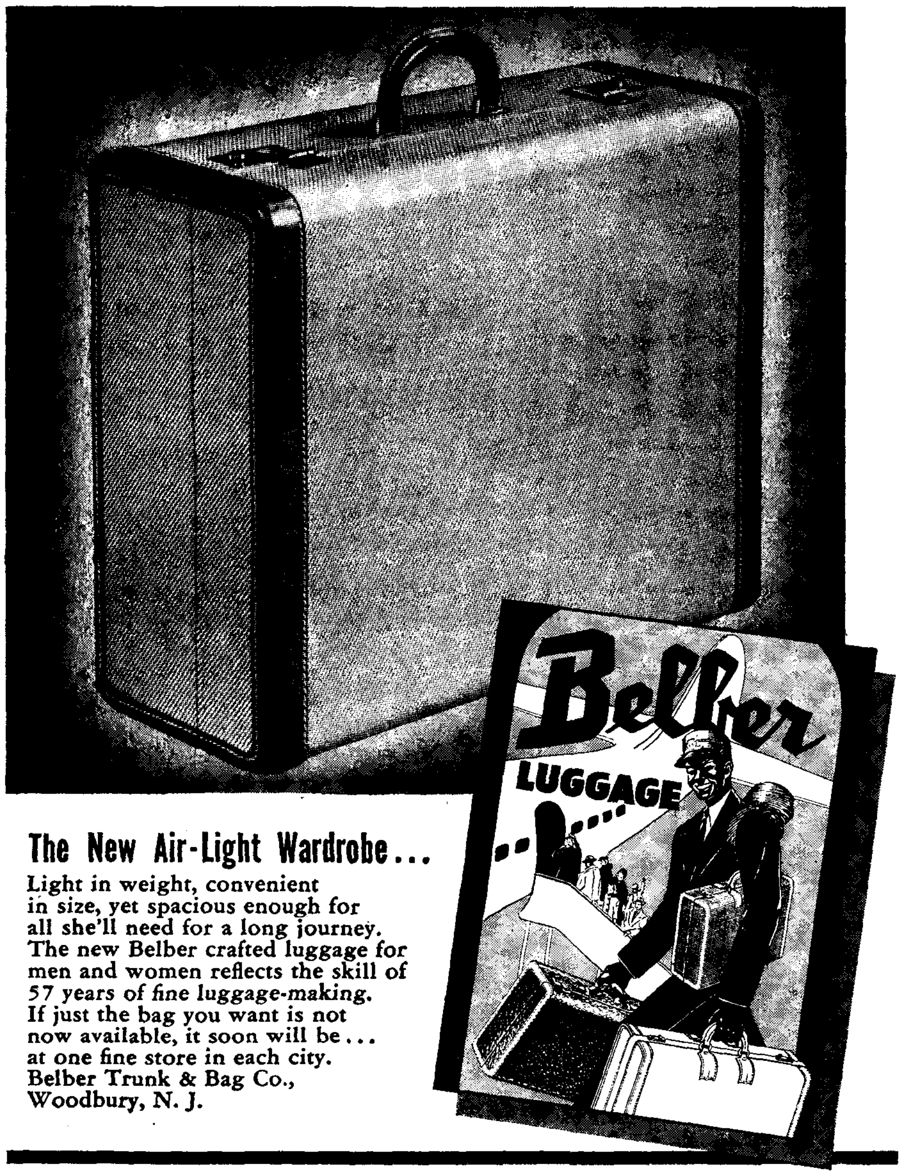

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"Haven't got a home," Arthur said. "I quit."

"He lives over on Christopher Street somewhere," Sue said. "But what he needs is some black coffee. I'm just around the corner, Jack. Let's take him up and feed him coffee."

"Isn't Emily living there?"

"No, she moved out tonight. Took over the penthouse with her mother."

"All right," Jack Morton said.

There were some stairs to negotiate—a lot of stairs. Then Arthur was lowered to a day bed. He stretched out and closed his eyes.

"I'm afraid you're stuck with him," Jack said. "Is it all right for him to sleep it off here?"

"Sure," Sue said. "Why not?"

"I think I'd better run along, honey," Jack said.

THERE were footsteps, the closing of a door, then cozy noises from the kitchen. A cool hand touched his forehead, an arm went behind his head and tugged. He sat erect, and Sue's soothing voice said, "Try some of this coffee, Arthur."

He made a terrible face, but he got the cup to his lips and swallowed.

"Drink it all," Sue said.

He drank the coffee down and murmured, "Sue, you're a wundful girl." He sank back onto the pillow. He closed his eyes, and his head throbbed. He said, "Sue, I think you're wundful. Sue, come here." The ache in his head was a rhythmic pounding. He called out again: "Sue, come here." There was no answer, and he lay for a time quite still, then called again, "Sue!"...

At last he opened his eyes, and saw that it was daylight. It was a warm, slanting daylight, and he sat upright. It was late afternoon sunlight that came in the window. He had been asleep for a long, long time. He called once more, "Sue?"

There was no response, and he got tentatively to his feet. It was a small apartment, and he had been on a day bed in the living room. Opposite him was an open bedroom door, and he saw the bed beyond, neatly made. He went into the bathroom and splashed water on his face. His head still ached violently, but he was hungry If it was afternoon, he had not eaten for at least twenty-four hours. He glanced at his watch. It was half past four.

He made his way slowly to the kitchen. A coffeepot stood on the gas range and there was coffee in it. He turned on the gas under the pot and rummaged through a breadbox. He found two pieces of bread and plugged in an electric toaster He was ravenously hungry, in spite of his headache.

An egg, he thought—a couple of eggs—and butter for the toast. He opened the icebox. On the bottom shelf were bottles of milk and beer. He took a bottle of beer, opened it, and drank from the bottle. It tasted wonderful.

He bent over again, looking for eggs. On the second shelf he found cottage cheese, some applesauce, bacon, and a bottle of olives. There were no eggs.

He tried the top shelf. There was a jar of marmalade, some opened liver *pâté*, some canned apricots in a jar; and, at the back of the refrigerator, behind some cheese wrapped in paper, was a round, shiny object. There were no eggs.

Arthur was about to slam the door shut when he looked again at the shiny metal object in the back. He reached in and picked it up. It was a chromium ash tray. He saw the inscription engraved on it: *To Forrest from Joe: yours for a good five-cent cigar.* Here, in Sue Wharton's refrigerator, it had turned up; the ash tray Joe Beckett had carried up to the penthouse the night Forrest C. Willshire was shot.

(To be continued next week)

The Butter Paddle

Continued from page 21

with the butter paddle and with the way Lucille used it. The paddle, whittled from beechwood, was broad and stiff. It had been used for years to "work" the water out of freshly churned butter, but it had now been retired to a nail on the kitchen wall where it served both as an ornament and as an instrument of discipline in the hands of Lucille.

"Lucille went to the kitchen, just right after dinner," Bob pressed, ignoring the reference to the paddle. "And you know what that means? A cake!"

LUCILLE was the cook for the Hughes family, although she seldom went to the kitchen any more. She had too many other things to do since Bob's mother went away. Bob was confused about what happened that caused his mother to go away and Lucille to stop cooking. Lucille was the best cook anybody ever heard of and Bob's mother was the best mother anybody ever heard of. Bob was four years old and his sister, Mary Lee, was two years old when his mother got so sick that the doctors and nurses came and everybody had to be quiet and walk on tiptoes in the house. Then, one day, the nurses wrapped blankets about his mother and put her in the car, and Woodrow drove her to the hospital in Shreveport. Two times after that Lucille had bathed and dressed Bob and Mary Lee in their Sunday clothes, and Woodrow drove them to Shreveport to see Bob's mother. Then the doctors would not let them see her any more because they might get IT. Bob didn't know what IT was, but it must have been something pretty bad because one time the doctors kept him and Mary Lee and Lucille at the hospital and examined them to see if they had IT. Then they all came home—that is, all except Bob's mother.

His Aunt Rence came down from Elm Grove Plantation to stay with them. Aunt Rence made everybody feel sad because she just sat around and did a heap of crying and carrying on. That is, everybody felt sad except Bob's father. Bob's father felt angry. Bob remembered the time just before Aunt Rence went back to Elm Grove when she was sitting in the music room, listening to the radio and weeping softly. Bob was playing with matches over by the fireplace and Mary Lee was cutting up the draperies with a pair of scissors. Bob's father walked in. He had just come from the fields and had not taken time to change his clothes. He took the matches from Bob and the scissors from Mary Lee. Then he snapped off the radio and began talking. He did not shout the way people generally do when they are angry, but Bob could feel the anger in his father's voice.

"Rence," he said, "I think we have made a mistake. You could have been a great help with the children while Cammie is regaining her health. Instead, you do nothing but sit around feeling sorry for yourself and everybody else."

Aunt Rence shuddered. "Robert, how can you talk like that when my poor sister is dying—"

"She's not dying," snapped Bob's father. "As a matter of fact, she is getting better. The doctors say in another six months or a year she may be entirely well. But instead of helping with the children in the meantime, you prefer to assume the leading role in a great tragedy when there is no tragedy and you aren't the leading character."

Aunt Rence became very angry, too. "Bob Hughes, you are positively insulting! After all I've given up to come here and care for my sister's children, to be talked to like that! I'm going home!"

"Lucille will help you pack," said Bob's father, "and Woodrow will have the car waiting for you in the driveway."

It was quiet around the house for the next few days. Bob's father tried to help amuse Bob and Mary Lee, but he was too busy riding in the fields to put much time to it.

AFTER a couple of weeks, another woman came to the house. She was not anybody's aunt; she merely was Miss Mildred. Bob liked her better than Aunt Rence. When he did things he should not have done, she would not fuss at him and then cry. Miss Mildred talked gently and prayed and told him stories about good little boys who did everything just right and then died and went to heaven. Bob did not care much for dying and going to heaven but it was better than being fussed at and then cried about. Bob thought maybe Miss Mildred's way was better than Lucille's, too. When he did something that Lucille told him not to do, she did not fuss and then cry. Nor did she tell him stories and pray. Lucille scooped him up in her big, black arms, drew him across her lap, and paddled him good with the old butter paddle.

Miss Mildred left because of the paddle. She did not believe in paddling children, and Bob soon learned that a boy could do about anything he wanted to and get no more than a prayer and a story as punishment. But little Robert E. Lee Hughes III instinctively sensed that there was a limit to the jurisdiction in which stories and prayers were the only punishment. Geographically, the line had never been defined for him, but he felt that the closer he got to the back part of the house the nearer he approached the line. So he experimented.

One day he went all the way to the kitchen. He knew he was not supposed to go to the kitchen. A little boy could always find something to eat between meals in the kitchen, and eating between meals was not a part of the strict health routine prescribed for him by the doctor. Lucille was making a blackberry pie.

"Bob, boy, ain't you forgot you mustn't come to de kitchen?" Lucille asked.

Bob smiled at her.

"Now, take along," urged Lucille. "You know if you ask for somethin' sweet, I'm bound to give hit to you, and dat ain't good. Now, run along and play. —Hyar, take dis old feather duster and play like hit's a horse, and ride away jest like yo' daddy rides de fields."

Bob refused the duster. "Nope," he said defiantly. "I want some sugar."

Lucille changed her tactics. "Git out er hyar, boy!" she ordered.

Bob stepped boldly toward the kitchen table and reached for the sugar bowl. But he never made it. Lucille scooped him up with one hand, grabbed the butter paddle with the other, and without any lost motion, sat down, wedged Bob's head between her knees, held his feet down with one hand and applied the paddle with the other. A half-dozen licks and it was over. Bob yelled more from surprise than from pain.

Miss Mildred rushed in. "What on earth is going on?" she demanded.

"Ain't nothin' goin' on, now," said Lucille. "Young Mister Robbit got too big for his britches and I paddled his behine."

Miss Mildred looked horrified. Then she turned to Bob and smiled. "You run along and play, Robert, dear," she said. "Miss Mildred is going to talk to Lucille."

Bob ran along. The kitchen door was shut, and Miss Mildred and Lucille talked pretty loud. Then Lucille came out and rang the plantation bell for Bob's father.

A short while after Bob's father came, Woodrow drove the car in the driveway, and Miss Mildred went back to Shreveport.

For the next few days it was pretty quiet. Lucille would let Bob do almost anything he wanted to do, but she would not let him come into the kitchen. At night, after Bob and Mary Lee had their supper, Lucille would bathe them and put them to bed, as always, but sometimes Bob's father would come and tell them stories to put them to sleep. Bob's father was not as good at telling going-to-sleep stories as Lucille was. Bob's father talked as though he were talking to the blank wall instead of to his children.

But that only lasted for a few days. The first thing Bob knew, Algie came to play with him. Algie had been living at a place called Plain Dealing with his papa and mamma. Their names were Bud and Caldonie. Bob's father had sent the truck to Plain Dealing to haul their things to the plantation. Caldonie did all the cooking and washing, except when there was something fancy to cook, like a cake. Lucille always cooked the fancy things. Bud worked in the vegetable garden and played the guitar. When Lucille put Bob and Mary Lee to bed, Bud came in and played the Frog Waltz for them and told all about the old frog that got hungry for flies while he played it. Every time the frog hopped Bud made the guitar sound like a frog hopping.

All of that—Bob's mother getting sick, and Aunt Rence and Miss Mildred coming and going, and Algie and Caldonie and Bud coming and staying—all that had happened the summer just before Bob was four years old. Now, Bob was almost six years old and Algie was ten. Bob's mother was still sick, but not in the Shreveport hospital. She was sick in a place called West Texas. It took Woodrow two whole days to drive Bob's father to West Texas. Woodrow could drive to East Texas in half an hour, it was so close. But West Texas was away off yonder. Woodrow said it was. So did Lucille and Algie, when Bob asked them about it. Bob's father never said much about West Texas, but when he came back from there he would tell Bob and Mary Lee all about how Bob's mother was getting along. "She'll be home next year, maybe," he always said. "She looks so well and pretty. And she misses you children very much."

That was about all Bob remembered, and much of that was indistinct in his mind. The things that were clearest were the games with Algie, day after day, and the paddlings from Lucille every time he disobeyed her.

BUT in spite of his clear memory of Lucille's butter paddle, he still wanted to play Yankee soldier and make a raid upon the kitchen.

"Now, Robbit"—Algie always called him "Robbit" when he meant to be firm— "Now, Robbit, you know us ain't 'lowed in de kitchen, and you know how dat old paddle do burn."

"She mixes up two teacups of butter and two teacups ot sugar and mashes it all up, nice and sweet," tempted Bob. "Then she puts in some vanilla and sets it in the icebox."

"Robbit, you jest dry up wid dat talk!" commanded Algie.

Algie made a mental survey of the situation. Lucille long since would have finished her cake mixing and gone back to the main part of the house. Caldonie would be working in the wash shed, a good two hundred yards from the kitchen. The kitchen was set apart from the main house, connected only by a broad porch, so the odors from cooking food would not permeate the whole place.

There was, Algie decided, a good chance of the raid succeeding. "Dat kind

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er talk makes me drool,” he confessed. “Come on, Bob!”

The mixture was exactly where Bob had predicted it would be. He passed the bowl to Algie and both boys, stooping low and walking lightly, started out the back kitchen door.

“Stop hit!” It was Lucille's voice. She had suddenly appeared in the opposite door. How she got there, Bob never knew. All he knew was, before he could bat an eye, his head was jammed between Lucille's knees, and the butter paddle was in action.

When Lucille released Bob, Algie was still standing with the bowl in his hand, whimpering. “Hit was me, Miz Lucille,” he begged. “Don't whup Bob. I put him up to hit. I told him, ‘Come on, Bob.’ ”

Lucille looked coldly at Algie. “Put de crock in de icebox,” she commanded. And when that was accomplished, she said, “Now, drap yo' pants.”

Algie dutifully “drapped his pants,” and Lucille gave him a going-over on the bare hide. “I know who put who up to doin' what,” she grumbled, “and lyin' ain't no good. Efn you'd a lied to save yo' own hide, I'd a told yo' mamma, and you know what she'd 'a' done.”

“Yas'm,” cried Algie.

Bob did not understand what they were talking about, but he was glad when Lucille set them free with a friendly smile and told them to “git out and git to playin'.” He wondered why Lucille never made him “drap yo' pants” when she paddled him, the same as she did to Algie. He did not understand it, but it made him feel that he ought to do what Algie wanted him to do. “Come on and let's play cane mill again,” he said. “And you be the mule.”

WHILE they were hard at the game, Lucille rang the plantation bell for Bob's father. It was to call him to the telephone. And from then on, things happened so rapidly that Bob could hardly keep up with them. After answering the phone Bob's father came out and squatted down on his heels in front of Bob and then pulled him to his lap. “Robert, son,” he said, “I don't know how much of this you will understand, now, but your daddy is going away again, for a few days.”

“To West Texas to see my mother?” asked Bob.

“Well, yes,” he said. “That is—” He hugged Bob stoutly and then relaxed his arm. His voice sounded like he was talking to the wall instead of to Bob, only there was no wall for him to talk to. “Your mother didn't get well. She isn't ever coming home, like I have been promising you she would. You haven't any pretty little mother any more.”

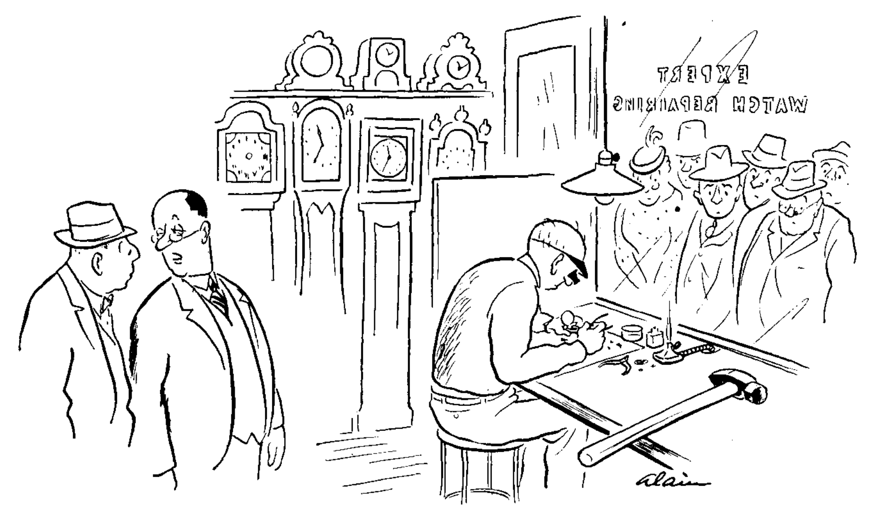
“Oh,” said Bob, solemnly.

Lucille bathed and dressed Bob and ordered him to stay clean until she could dress Mary Lee. Bob came into the living room and sat quietly in a big chair. Soon Mary Lee came and sat with him. Then Lucille came in. She was in her black Sunday dress and black straw hat, and she carried a big suitcase. Finally, Bob's father came downstairs. Although it was summertime, he was dressed in his dark suit. They all got in the car, Bob's father sitting with Woodrow in front, and Bob and Mary Lee with Lucille in the back. Bob knew they were going somewhere, but no one had taken the trouble to tell him.

When they got to the edge of Bossier City and Woodrow turned left toward the river and Shreveport instead of to the right, toward Elm Grove, Bob guessed maybe they were going to West Texas. They were going the same way that Woodrow drove when they went to East Texas, and Bob figured maybe you went to West Texas on the same road. But when Woodrow turned off the East Texas road after they crossed the river, Bob had no idea of where they were going until they drove up to the airport. There Bob's father got out of the car, hugged both children and patted Lucille on the back. Woodrow turned around and drove away. But when he got to the edge of Bossier City he did not turn down the river toward home, so Bob knew they were going to Elm Grove.

When they drove up, Aunt Rence rushed out and hugged Bob and Mary Lee “You poor orphans,” she said. “You poor, lonely orphans.” But about that time Grandfather Wilson came up and said, sternly, “Florence, *must* you make a fool of yourself on every possible occasion?” And Aunt Rence quieted down.

LUCILLE took Bob and Mary Lee into the house and changed them into their play suits. But Bob did not feel very much like playing. For two or three days he just sat around and acted solemn, the way everyone else was doing. Grandfather Wilson offered to have Mr. Bomar send one of the colored boys up to the house to have him play with Bob, or if he wanted to, Bob could play with the Bomar children. Mr. Bomar was Grandfather Wilson's overseer. He lived just across the road from the big house, and he had a lot of children, ranging in age from Jack, who was ten, to the baby, who hadn't been given a name yet. But Bob did not feel like playing with anybody except Algie, and Algie was at home. . . .



“He never touches the sledge, of course, but it's a great attention-getter”

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

After the funeral was over and all the people had gone home, Bob realized that things were pretty dull. He missed Algie, and he wanted to play. When Lucille dressed him and told him to keep clean until time to get into the car, Bob did not sit in a chair and wait. Instead he walked outside the house and across the road to Mr. Bomar's house. The Bomar children were playing in the yard under the big chinaball tree.

“We're playing drag,” said Jack Bomar. “When you're It you get drug by your heels through the dirt. Want to play?”

“I dassant,” explained Bob. “If I get dirty, Lucille will paddle me.”

“Lucille?” repeated Jack Bomar. “Say, you are Bob Hughes' boy, ain't you?”

“I'm Bob Hughes.”

“That's a good one,” laughed Jack Bomar. “If you get dirty you get paddled!—Say, who is Lucille?”

“She's our cook,” explained Bob.

“You mean, she's a nigger?” demanded Jack Bomar.

“A nigre,” corrected Bob. “My father says it is bad manners to say nigger.”

Jack Bomar ignored the correction. “You let her paddle you? A nigger? And you a white boy?”

Bob hardly knew what to say to that. Finally he said, simply, “Yes.”

“Say, that ain't right,” declared Jack Bomar. “Ain't no nigger got the right to paddle a white boy, and I don't care what your daddy says, they ain't nigres, neither. They are niggers. And ain't no black nigger got the right to lay a hand on a white boy.”

“You, Robbit!” Lucille's call was a friendly sound amid the strange talk.

“I must go now,” said Bob. “Goodby.”

On the way home Bob thought a little about what Jack Bomar had said. But mostly he just longed to get home and to start playing some games with Algie. And for two whole glorious days, he and Algie played.

Then it happened. He became sated with playing and his mind began recalling some of the things Jack Bomar had told him. He could hardly believe what he remembered, but his curiosity and his spirit of adventure urged him to experiment. The first time he saw Lucille go to the kitchen, Bob went there, too.

“I'm in the kitchen,” he announced, brazenly, “and I want some sugar cakes and lots of things to eat.”

“You wants a paddlin',” Lucille told him. “Now, go 'haid, honey, and play. Don't make me paddle you today.”

“I want some sugar cakes and I'm going to get some,” Bob said.

“Oh, Lawd, how long?” grumbled Lucille. “But if I must, I must.” She reached for the paddle and for Bob. Bob retreated out of range of her arm.

“And you can't paddle me, neither,” he told her. “You're a nigger and I'm a white boy, and no nigger has got any right to lay a hand on any white boy. So there!” He got it out, hurriedly and defiantly, and then waited to see what would happen.

Nothing happened. Lucille just replaced the paddle, turned her back on him, and resumed her work.

Robert watched her for a little time. Then he backed out the door and ran as fast as he could. He was thoroughly frightened, and the worst of it was, he did not know what he was frightened at.

After a while, he wasn't afraid any more, so he forgot about it. He hunted up Algie and they played the rest of the afternoon.

AT THE end of supper that night Bob thought about it again. Little had been said during the meal. Bob's father did most of the talking, mostly to correct him and Mary Lee in their mistakes in speech. When the meal was about over, Lucille told Caldonie to put Mary Lee to bed and that she would serve Bob's father the coffee.

“Who's going to put me to bed?” asked Bob.

“You ain't quite ready to go to bed,” Lucille told him. And then Bob remembered. He didn't remember the details, but he remembered he had been pretty rude to Lucille, and, as yet, she hadn't paddled him for it.

When Lucille was serving the coffee, Bob decided to put himself to bed. He was very careful to do everything exactly right. He washed his face and hands, and scrubbed his teeth twenty times. Then he hung up his clothes neatly and got into his pajamas. Just as he was about to turn out the light and crawl into bed, his father came in. Bob's father was holding a switch from the peach tree. It was not a very long switch, nor did it look very vicious. Neither did it look very friendly.

Bob's father talked for a long time, mostly about things that Bob did not understand. But Bob did understand that he had been very rude to Lucille and that he was going to be punished. “You wouldn't allow her to punish you, so I must,” Bob's father said.

Bob already was crying from embarrassment and confusion. But the switching was genuinely painful, too. Six times the switch fell, and each time it left a stinging welt. The butter paddle had never hurt like that!

“That will do for this time,” Bob's father said. “But the next time you forget your manners, you will get twice as much.”

Bob crawled into bed and cried bitterly, long after his back stopped smarting. He tried to go to sleep but there was no sleep for him. He thought of calling Lucille. She always came when he called at night. Lots of times he woke up, frightened by a bad dream, or with a wheeze, and Lucille always came and comforted him. But when he opened his mouth to call her, no sound came out. And then he got frightened. He remembered some of the stories Miss Mildred had told him, years ago, about the terrible things that happened to bad little boys, only he couldn't remember whether losing his voice was one of the things Miss Mildred said happened.

But in his confusion, of one thing he was absolutely certain. All his woes centered around the butter paddle.

IT WAS a long way down the hall and across the porch to the kitchen and the house was dark and quiet. Bob was afraid of both the dark and the quiet. But he gritted his teeth, and slipped out of bed. Dutifully he put on his little house slippers, and drove himself past the eerie shadows and frightening shapes down the hall. When he got to the kitchen, he clutched the butter paddle and started back. But instead of returning to his own room, he stopped at Lucille's room. As he opened the door, Lucille sat up and turned on the light.

“Robbit, what you doin' up and about dis time a night?” she demanded. She was sitting in the middle of her bed amid great clouds of white billowing sheets and nightgown. “You ought to been asleep, long ago.”

Bob ran to her bedside and thrust the butter paddle into her hands. “Here,” he said, climbing into bed and arranging himself across her lap. “Paddle me.”

Bob could not tell whether Lucille was laughing or crying. She was making bubbly noises, and saying, “Dis boy is a case! He sho beats de dukes!”

“Please,” begged Bob. “*Please!* Wear me plum out.”

She gave him a few light taps.

“Harder,” urged Bob. “Set me afire!”

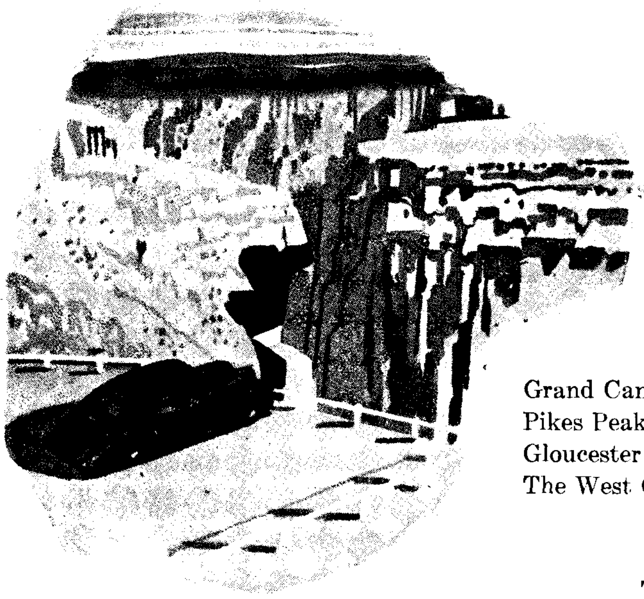
“Who's handlin' dis paddle?” demanded Lucille, gruffly. “Don't tell *me* how to paddle a little old boy dat comes in *my* kitchen and do's bad manners!” She dropped the paddle, gathered Bob in her arms, and climbed out of bed. “Reckon I got to put you to bed and sing you to sleep. I do declare, you is mo' *trouble!*”

As she tucked him in bed, Lucille hummed the old song about motherless children having a hard time, but Robert E. Lee Hughes III did not hear the song that night because, somewhere between Lucille's room and his room, he had fallen into a deep, happy sleep.

THE END

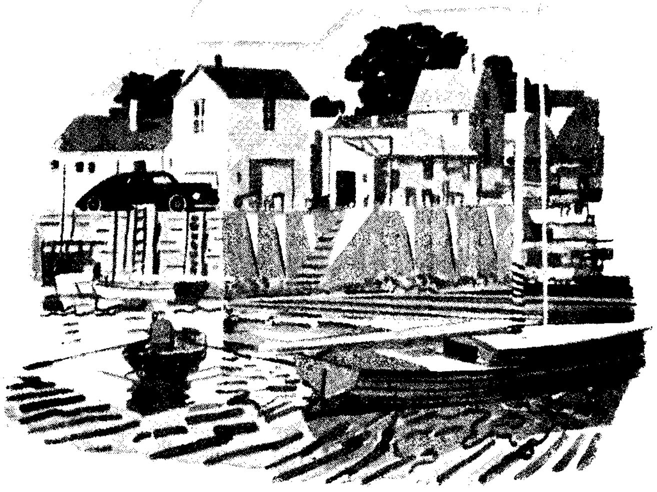
Song of the Open Road---Again!

Oh, some roads stretch to Mexico,
And some roads stretch towards Nome,
And roads reach out from east and west,
And beckon us from home.

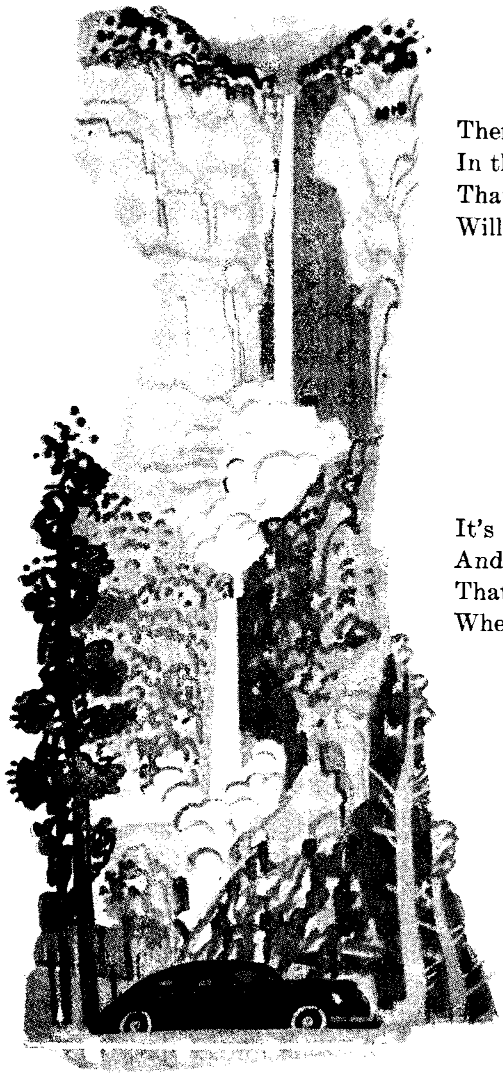


For the old, old lure is calling!
There are lots of sights to see!
The beggar bears in Yellowstone,
And proud Yosemite.

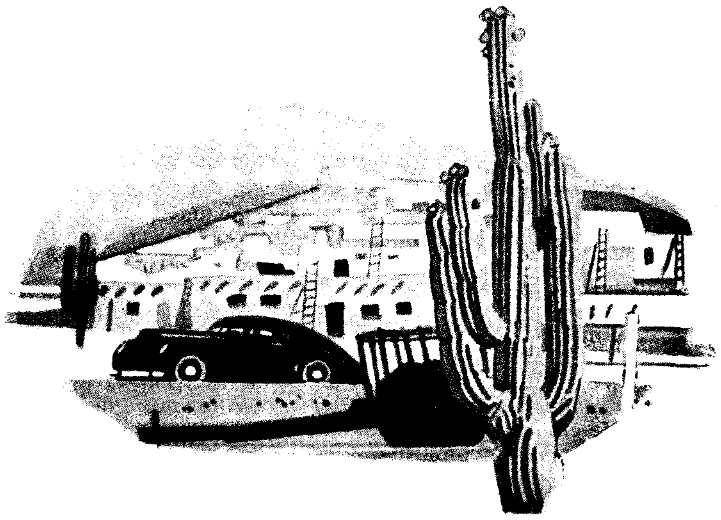
Grand Canyon, Carlsbad, Glacier Park,
Pikes Peak, and Lake Louise,
Gloucester and its fishing smacks,
The West Coast's giant trees.



The Painted Desert, lush Palm Springs,
Historic Valley Forge;
Quaint old Nantucket, Peachtree Street,
Niagara's mighty gorge.



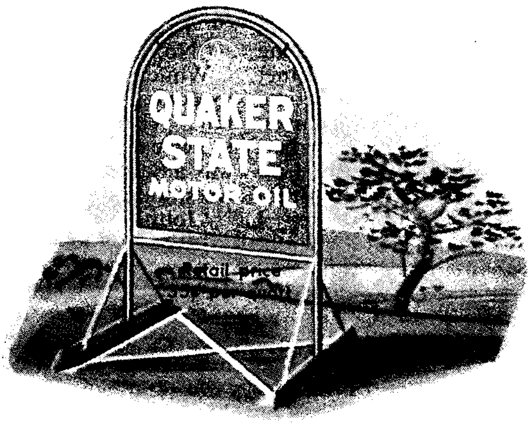
There are so many sights to see
In this broad land of ours,
That choosing from amongst them all
Will take us hours and hours!



But there's one sight we are sure of,
No matter where we go,
And that's a friendly sign of green,
From Butte to Tampico.

It's a sign of carefree driving,
And we know, as sure as fate,
That we'll *go* longer—farther, too—
When we *stop* for Quaker State.

Refined from Pennsylvania crude,
It saw our old car through,
And now, to start our new car *right*—
Well, nothing else will do.



Oh, the open roads are calling!
—How we've waited for this day!
So now, footloose and fancy free,
Let's up and on our way!

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The Lucky Bells

Continued from page 34

want to borrow some money from me?”

“I can pay you back the first of the month,” I said.

“What are you going to do with it, Johnny, spend it on Laura Nichol?”

I had not known that June had known. I felt my face turn red, and I said, “Why how did—no, I—”

“People tell me things,” she said. “I was coming out of the Union and I ran into your savior, Robert, and he told me you were chasing Laura.”

“Look, June—”

“She's got a lot of money, Johnny, why don't you get it from her?”

There was nothing I could say. She'd caught me, and from her point of view it was a dirty trick. I said, “I meant to tell you, June. I didn't know how.”

She sipped her coffee.

“You mustn't feel hurt.”

“I'm not hurt,” she said. “I just feel a little foolish, that's all.”

“Don't feel that way.”

“How would you feel?” she said. “If you had told me yourself it would have been different.”

“I was going to,” I said. “I didn't know how.”

“So you just let me find it out.”

I couldn't look at her any longer. I glanced at my watch. “I have to go now, June.”

“Nothing's holding you here.”

I WALKED out of the kitchen and out of the house, feeling miserable. Why did she have to act like that, I thought, why do women always act that way? It was a mild spring morning, really beautiful, and June made me sick. I hurried down the street and around the corner to Robert's rooming house. His coupé was parked outside. I went up to the third floor and knocked on his door.

“Who dat?” he called.

“Me,” I said, opening the door. He was standing in front of the mirror in his shorts. I sat down on the bed.

“Take your time,” I told him. Robert was short and stocky and very hairy; he looked like a bear climbing into his trousers. I wondered if he would lend me some money.

“Robert, did you tell June about Laura?” I said.

“June who?” he said.

“Palmer.”

“Oh, the landlady's fair young daughter. Sure.”

“What did you do it for?” I said. “She's mad at me now.”

“I didn't know she cared, skipper,” he said and sat down beside me putting his hand on my leg. “Did I shoot off my fat face?”

“It doesn't matter.”

“You know what I'd do for you, skipper. Can't I fix it up somehow?”

“It doesn't matter,” I said again.

“Okay.” He got up and began putting on a shirt and I sat watching him.

I didn't want to talk to Robert about June. I don't know why, but I didn't want to tell him about her. After I got out of the Army I went back to school and moved in June's mother's rooming house. She was the first girl that I met at school, she was around all the time and I took her a few places. By Thanksgiving I told her I was in love with her. Maybe I was, I don't know. But I do know that when I met Laura I forgot all about June and everything else. I hadn't been out with June in a month; I'd seen Laura as often as I could.

Robert put on his coat, lighted a cigarette and turned to me. “Let's go get some coffee.”

We went outside, got in his coupé and drove around the campus to a drugstore and went in. After Robert drank a cup of coffee he smiled at me.

“Got any money?” I said.

“Nay, lad. I'm going to put the bite on the old man. That's why I'm going to the city.”

I turned my water glass around on the table. “Look, could you lend me some later in the day if I need it?”

“If I get it,” he said.

We got to town shortly before noon, and I got him to drop me off at Laura's house. It was a big town place, and when I rang the bell the butler let me in and took my coat and showed me to a small room off the drawing room. I was sitting down reading a newspaper when Laura came in. I jumped up.

“Hello, darling,” she said and kissed me lightly.

“You're beautiful this morning.”

“Only this morning?”

“More this morning,” I said.

“How's my hero?” she said.

“Ex-hero.”

“How is he?”

FOR
SALE
OR
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“Well, of course, if you're just going to start looking for things wrong with it—”

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

“Still alive,” I said. We sat down side by side and I held her hand. She said, “May I have a cigarette?”

I lighted one for her, and she sat back and said, “Johnny, we're going to have the whole day together.”

“I know,” I said.

“Isn't it wonderful?”

“It is.”

“Would you mind if I did just a little bit of shopping?”

“Of course not,” I said. “That was the idea, wasn't it, that we weren't going to do anything special? But just what came into our minds.”

“Yes, but I thought you might mind.”

“No, I don't mind.”

While Laura went upstairs I put on my topcoat, thinking of my lone ten-dollar bill. When she came downstairs we got in her car and drove downtown. There was a Saturday crowd on the street and we stood on the sidewalk a moment.

“Johnny, where shall we have lunch?”

“Why, uh, lunch?” I said.

“Yes, where? Shall we go to a real nice place or some little place?”

I really wanted to take her to lunch, only I was so broke, and I said, “Well, how about some little place?”

“I know a little Italian restaurant, Johnny. It's real small and has tiny tables and the waiters are all little and fat.”

“Gnomes?” I said.

“Almost,” she laughed. “Let's go.”

She held my hand as we walked across town. The restaurant was a dimly lighted cellar place and it even had a violinist walking around playing. The headwaiter put us at a table around a corner from the rest of the people.

“Johnny,” Laura said, “let's have wine, shall we?”

“Sure,” I said, thinking about my ten dollars.

“Chianti, of course.”

“Of course,” I said.

“And you can tell me about Italy.”

“Oh, not again,” I laughed.

“Yes, you can,” she said. “We'll sit here and drink the Chianti and that little man can play his violin and you can tell me about Capri and San Michele.”

I laughed. “Aren't you tired of that story?”

“Oh, no,” she said.

“You're like a little kid,” I said. “You want to hear the same thing over and over.”

She laughed at me and patted my hand and she did look like a snub-nosed little kid. The waiter came and took our order.

“And a bottle of Chianti,” Laura said. “The best you have.” She smiled at me. “Aren't you happy today, Johnny, aren't you?”

“Yes,” I said, and I laughed because it was true. Even though I was broke I was happy.

After we had eaten, Laura leaned forward and said, “Give me a cigarette, and pour us another glass of wine, Johnny, and then call the little violinist over.”

I poured the wine and then I caught the violinist's eye and motioned and he came to our table playing and I said, “Stick around a minute.”

“Now tell me the story,” Laura said.

“All right,” I said and sat back. “This is the story of the lucky little bells of San Michele. Once upon a time long ago on the island of Capri there lived a very little shepherd.”

“How little?” Laura said.

“Oh, he was very little,” I said. “The littlest person you know is still twice as big as this shepherd was. Now he had a flock of sheep and every morning he took them out and let them graze. At night he brought them back home so they would be safe. One morning he took his flock out and lay down to sleep while they grazed. When he awoke, the sheep were gone.”

“Oh,” Laura said.

“The little shepherd looked all over the island and couldn't find them. It was getting dark and he was afraid and he prayed for the safety of his sheep. Then far away he heard the tinkle of a bell. He followed the sound and in a little glade he found the sheep and they all had bells around their necks.”

“Then—” Laura started.

“Wait, this is the best part,” I said. “Then San Michele—”

“Saint Michael.”

“Yes, Saint Michael appeared before the little shepherd and said to him, ‘Because you are a good man, I have found your sheep and belled them. As long as they wear these little bells they will be safe. They may wander but they will always come home.’ And San Michele left the shepherd with his sheep.” I smiled at Laura. “The end.”

“There's more,” she said. “What about you? Tell that.”

“Oh. Well, when we were in Italy we got the little bells from the church on Capri and kept them with us all the time.”

“And you came home,” she said.

“Yes,” I said.

“Oh, Johnny, that's such a beautiful little story.” She reached across the table and took my hand.

The violinist had stopped playing and was standing there. Suddenly he realized what he was doing and quickly started to play and moved away.

WHEN we left the restaurant I bought a pack of cigarettes and I had four dollars and some change left. Maybe I can keep her home tonight, I thought as we walked unhurriedly along the sidewalk. She took my arm.

“Now may I shop, Johnny?”

“Sure. Where'll we go?”

“Oh, I don't know that. I'll have to look.”

“Well, what do you want?”

“I don't know, Johnny, I just want to shop.”

I laughed. “Little girl.”

“Don't tease me now,” she said.

When we came to a shop Laura glanced at the windows and then went in and I waited for her. She did not buy anything there and we went to another store. I had to wait while she tried on some things. She did not buy anything there either. The afternoon passed with our going into stores and my waiting. I began to get very tired, my legs ached and I wished that I could loosen my collar. At last Laura came back from trying on something and she had a small package.

“Success!” I said. “What is it?”

“Gloves,” she said. “What time is it?”

I glanced at my watch. “Five.”

“I'm exhausted, Johnny, let's go someplace for a nice quiet drink.”

I thought of my four dollars. “Sure,” I said.

We went to a little bar in the next block and it was small and almost deserted. Laura sank back against the cushions and sighed, “I'm taking off my shoes.”

I wished that I could take off my tie. The waiter came, and I ordered for us and we sat sipping our drinks.

“Johnny.”

“Yes?”

“You're very quiet.”

“Sorry, I didn't mean to be.”

“Let's have another drink and then go, shall we?”

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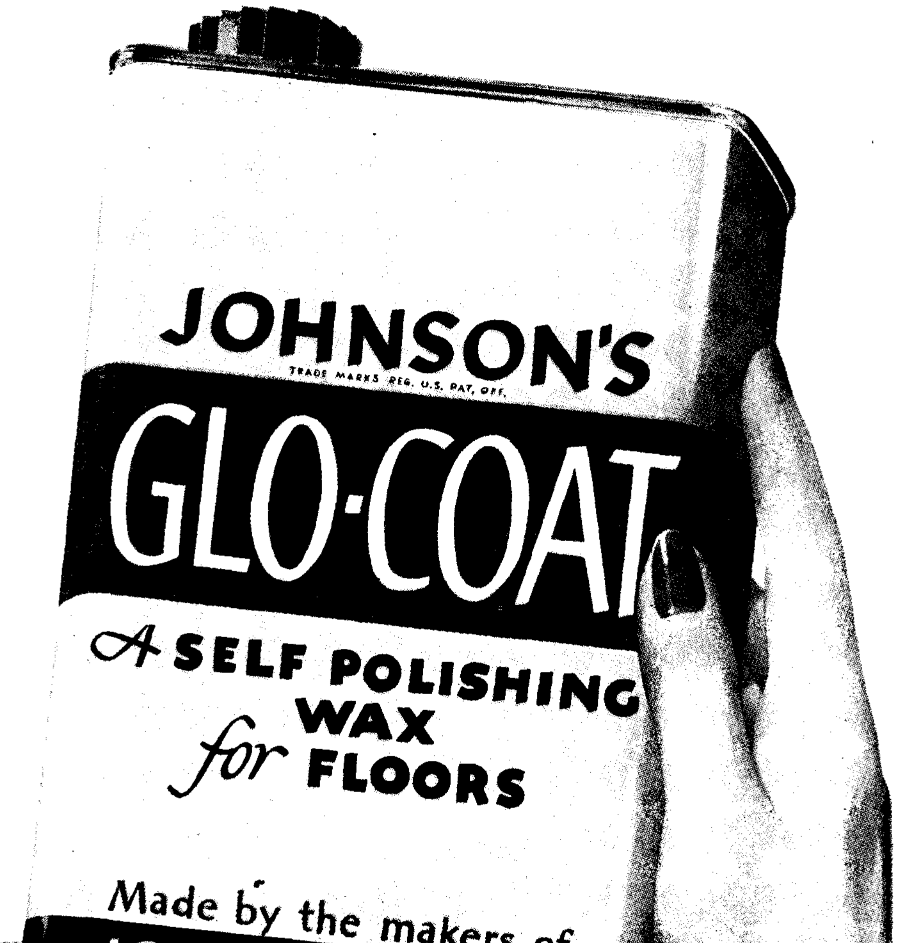
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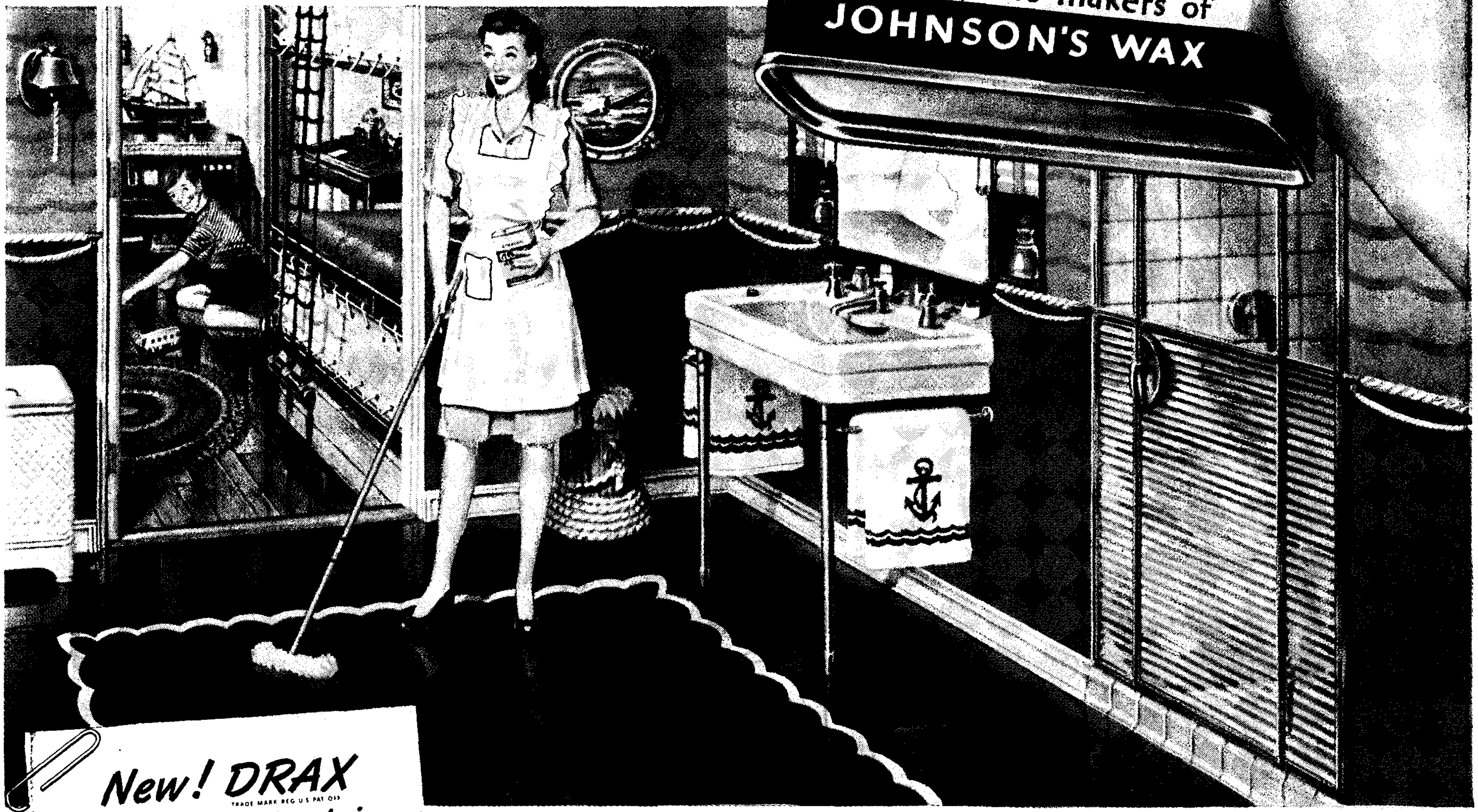

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"All right," I said. I was afraid that my four dollars would not cover the bill. The waiter brought the drinks and we sat back.

"Hasn't it been a lovely day?" Laura said. "We planned doing this for so long. This is what I like to do, Johnny."

"What?"

"You know, what we've done. Just do things without any plan or anything."

"I know," I said.

"Well," she smiled. She finished her drink and sighed. "Let's go, Johnny."

THE waiter brought the check; it was four dollars. I gave him forty cents and I had exactly a quarter left. We walked slowly back to the parking lot and Laura wanted me to drive. She leaned back and closed her eyes and I drove in silence to her house and stopped. She was asleep.

"Laura, darling, wake up," I said.

She opened her eyes, stared up at me. "Are we home?"

"Yes."

"Oh, good."

The butler opened the door for us and in the foyer Laura stopped and said, "Johnny, wait for me in that little room. I won't be long."

I went into the little room and waited, reading the paper and looking at my watch. It was an hour before Laura came into the room. She had changed her dress and she stopped in front of me.

"Like it?" she said.

"Beautiful."

She sat down beside me and took my hand. "Oh, Johnny, something has happened."

"What?" I said.

"What're we going to do tonight?"

I was embarrassed and I said, "Well, Laura, I don't know. You see, I'm broke."

"You don't have any money?"

"No," I said, ashamed.

"None at all?" she said.

"I'm awfully sorry, Laura, but it's the last of the month."

She looked unhappy. "That's too bad."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you see, there's a concert tonight that I wanted to hear. I sort of promised someone a long time ago that I would go and he just called." She looked at me. "I do want to hear it."

"Anyone I know?"

"Oh, no, you don't know him."

"I could borrow some money," I said, thinking of Robert.

"Oh, no, you mustn't, Johnny."

I looked down at my hands and said, "Well, I wouldn't want to deprive you, Laura. You go."

"I do want to hear it."

"I know." I stood up. "You have a good time. I'll go now."

"Johnny, you don't mind?"

"No," I said, "of course not."

She walked with me to the foyer and took my hand and said, "It was a wonderful day, Johnny."

"Yes, it was. Good night."

I went out and stood on the steps wishing I wasn't so lousy broke. It was no fun, it always made me so nervous around Laura. I pulled my cigarette pack out of my pocket; it was empty, and I threw it in the gutter. As I walked down the steps a coupé drove up and stopped and when I got close I saw it was Robert's car. I looked in.

"Robert?" I said.

"Why, skipper," he said, "hello."

"Hello." I stood there a moment and then I said, "Are you taking Laura to that concert?"

He didn't say anything.

"She said it was no one I knew," I said. "I guess she was right."

Robert didn't look at me.

"Did you have to go behind my back?" I said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He said nothing and I stood there feeling hurt and miserable and then I turned and walked away. Behind me I heard his car door slam and I thought: He'll call me back and apologize, he'll call me back now. But there was no call and I walked until I came to a drugstore.

I bought a package of cigarettes and then I had only eight cents. I kept walking, I knew I'd have to hitchhike, and just this side of the bridge I caught a ride with an old guy in a rattletrap. He talked about the world situation all the way. Yessir, he kept saying, the world's just full of damn' fools.

The old guy let me off at the campus and I thanked him and walked past the deserted buildings. When I got to my rooming house I hurried upstairs quietly. I didn't want to see anyone. In my room I put on flannels and a sweater and for a moment stood listening to the quiet of the house. Well, it was Saturday night, everyone was out. I opened my physics book and switched on the lamp and sat down at the desk.

But I didn't read, I only stared at it. Slowly I lighted a cigarette, thinking about Laura and what had happened. It's funny about money; it can mean so much sometimes. In Italy we were lousy with the stuff in comparison to the limeys and the Eyeties. Hell, we had flight pay and got more money than our own troops. When we hit Rome we owned it and what we couldn't buy for twenty dollars couldn't be bought.

I tilted my chair back and looked at the black window by my side. There were girls in Italy like I'd never seen. Oh, they were tramps, but some of them were quite beautiful. There was a blonde that hung around our outfit; she was everybody's girl until that nasty red-faced little lieutenant colonel, who was our executive officer, took her off. But there were a lot of girls. One Thanksgiving we flew a B-17 to Naples and walked the streets until we had a planeload of girls, then we flew them back to our base. We had an officers' club then and when we staffed it with those babes it was as good as any colonel's villa.

I STOOD up and began to walk around the room, thinking about it. Of course it was the money. If we hadn't had the Yankee dollars then we wouldn't have had the girls. And now, I thought, if I had Robert's money then I'd have Laura. Maybe her standards are higher than a Naples streetwalker's, but she wants the old scratch just as much. Oh, they're all alike, I told myself, they all want the money, that's all they want.

I heard someone coming up the stairs and I listened and then June stuck her head in the door and looked surprised.

"What're you doing here?" she said, coming in. She had on the same sweater and slacks that she had had on that morning.

"I live here, remember?" I said. "What's so unusual about my being here?"

"If you want me to leave you alone, Johnny, just say so."

"What're you talking about?" I said. I sat down tiredly at the desk.

"You said you were going out tonight."

I didn't say anything.

"When I asked you this morning—"

"Look, something happened," I said. "That's possible, you know."

"Sure," she said.

"I didn't lie to you."

She looked at me silently.

"All right, something happened, my plans were changed. Can't you believe that?"

"Laura had a date?" she said.

"Yes," I said, "Laura had a date, with me. We spent the day together and then she wanted to go to a concert, the little louse, and I didn't have any money so she went with my old buddy, Robert. Now are you satisfied?"

"Robert took her?"

"Yes, Robert did," I said. "Now let's drop it. Cigarette?"

"Not now," she said. "Johnny, you must've made a good deal of money during the war."

"And I spent it too."

"All of it?"

"What's the good of saving money during a war? You'd have spent it too."

"Yes, I guess I would," she said. She got up and walked over and put a hand on my shoulder. "Studying?"

"No, no."

"Do you want to go to a movie?"

"June, I've got exactly eight cents."

"Oh, I'll take you, Johnny."

I looked up at her. "Don't rub it in."

"I'm not. I only—"

"I'm sorry about the way I treated you," I said. "I feel bad enough about what's happened."

"I didn't mean it that way," she said. "I meant that if you'd like to go and I'd like to go why can't I take us? You've taken me a lot of places."

"Oh . . ." I said. "Hell."

"Why not?"

"I'm so broke, June."

"I want to," she said.

"All right. Shall I get dressed?"

"No, we'll go as we are. Come down when you're ready."

She ran downstairs and I went into the bathroom and washed. The idea of June wanting to take me someplace, even a movie, almost made me cry. I knew that I'd hurt her and now if I tried to tell her I loved her, she probably would laugh at me. I wiped my face with a towel and went back into my room feeling miserable, got my coat and cigarettes and went downstairs.

JUNE came out of her bedroom, closing the door. She had fixed her face and hair and her eyes were shining and happy. She smiled as I helped her into her coat and it made me feel worse. I opened the door and we went out to the porch. It was black outside, there was no moon, and the wind made noises in the big trees along the walk.

"June," I said, standing there. "I'm sorry about everything."

"That's all right," she said.

"No, it isn't. It was lousy of me to treat you that way."

She smiled at me and put her arms around me and kissed me. I held her for a moment and she said, "I love you, Johnny, and when you love someone you want him to be happy."

"No, when you love someone you just want her, period."

"I refuse to argue, sir," she said. "Anyway I love you, and I know how."

I couldn't say anything.

"Sweep them off their feet," June said, laughing at herself. "Surround them and take them by surprise. That's my method. Let's go."

"June," I said, "what if I said that I love you?"

"What do you mean, Johnny?"

"Would you believe me, or would you think that I just wanted something?" I said. "You're a good girl."

She laughed. "Ho-ho."

"No, I mean it. You're so generous with yourself, and everybody else seems to want something."

"Oh, I want something all right," she said.

"But not money—"

"Of course not," she said tiredly. "I keep telling you that I love you; I can't just knock you down and drag you off. You—"

"Hush," I said and put my arms around her and lifted her off the porch, shaking her. "I know that. I want you to forgive me for being an ass. I love you, June."

"That's good," she said complacently, putting her arms around my neck. "I forgive you, you dope. Now kiss me."

I did.

"Now put me down and let's go or we'll be late," June said.

"But we'll hurry home from the show."

"Yes, of course, but not to smooch," June said. "Only to admire my sterling character."

I laughed. "Wait, I've got eight cents, you take it." I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the coins and gave them to her.

She held them in the light. "What's this?"

"What?"

"This." She held up something and I heard a tiny tinkle. I looked at it closely.

"Why, that's the lucky bell of San Michele. I thought I'd lost it," I said.

"What's it for?"

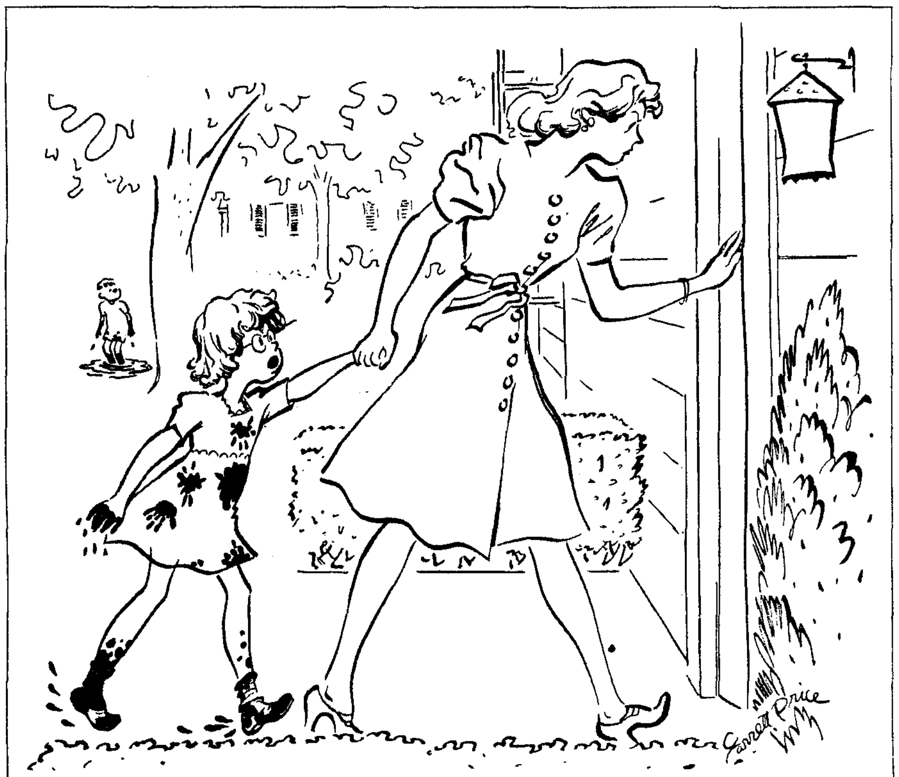
"I got it at Capri. It's a good-luck piece. It's supposed to bring you home."

"You don't believe in it, Johnny?"

I dropped the bell in my pocket. "Of course not. It's just a trinket. Let's go."

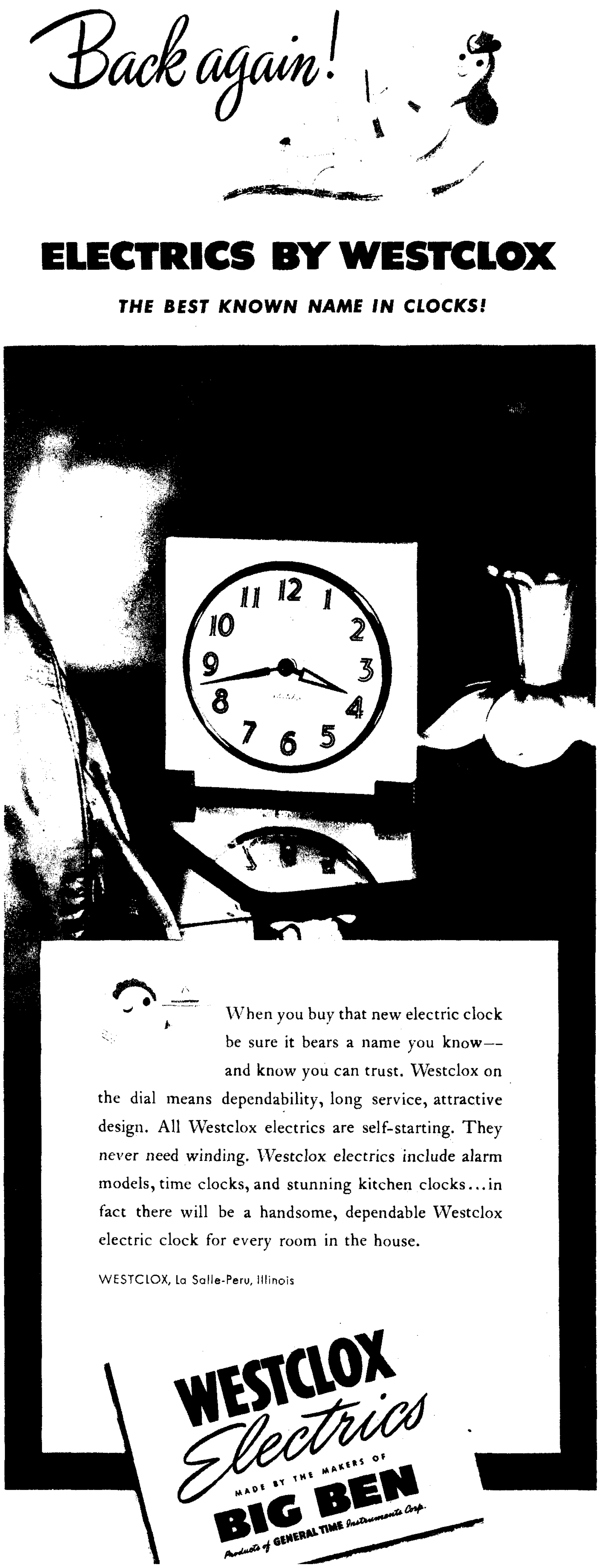
She put her hand in mine and we walked down the steps and along the sidewalk under the big trees and I could hear the little bell tinkle faintly in my pocket.

THE END



"Go ahead, spank me; admit your inability to handle me in a mature, intelligent manner"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE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Sukey and the King's English

Continued from page 16

dust-streaked forehead, and gradually an area of white skin emerged. A peppering of freckles was revealed, across the short nose, then a firm red mouth and a square, determined chin.

"Why—why, you're *pretty!*"

She smiled. "Am I?" She had become suddenly feminine, wistful. "Mrs. Grenshaw says I'm ugly," she added thoughtfully.

The mention of the innkeeper's wife recalled Johnny to his sense of duty. "See here, Sukey, you mustn't run away. You might get into a peck of trouble. Will you go back? It can't be so bad as—other things—"

"It *is* bad," she contradicted flatly. "And I'm not going back. I can shift for myself."

The boy felt himself confronted with a serious situation and he had no weapons with which to meet it. Desperately, he decided to try bribery. "Sukey, I'll give you anything I have, if you'll go back and finish your indentures. Perhaps I could send you something from Boston when I get home—something pretty that girls like—"

Sukey was staring at him unwaveringly, like a queer little animal. "I like *you,*" she announced abruptly without removing her eyes from his. Gradually a mischievous smile spread over her face. "If I go back to the Grenshaws," she said slowly, "will you come back and marry me when my indenture's over? If I learn to read, and speak English, and stop swearing, and become a lady? *Will* you?"

For an instant the boy stared in shocked amazement, then it struck him suddenly as irresistibly funny. He threw back his head and laughed. "Done!" he cried. "Let's have your hand on it. And see that you *are* a lady when I come back, Sukey."

Quite solemnly they stood with their hands clasped, under the horse-chestnut tree. And Sukey said, "On October 1, 1776. Then I'll be eighteen. But you might forget the day, you know. It's a long time." Her brows drew together in a worried frown.

With a sudden inspiration, Johnny pulled out his pocketknife and the heavy silver watch that his uncle had given him on his birthday. "See—I'll put it here to remind me."

She stood watching intently while he scratched the date inside the case with the point of his knife. "I shan't need anything to remind *me,*" she said soberly. "I'll remember."

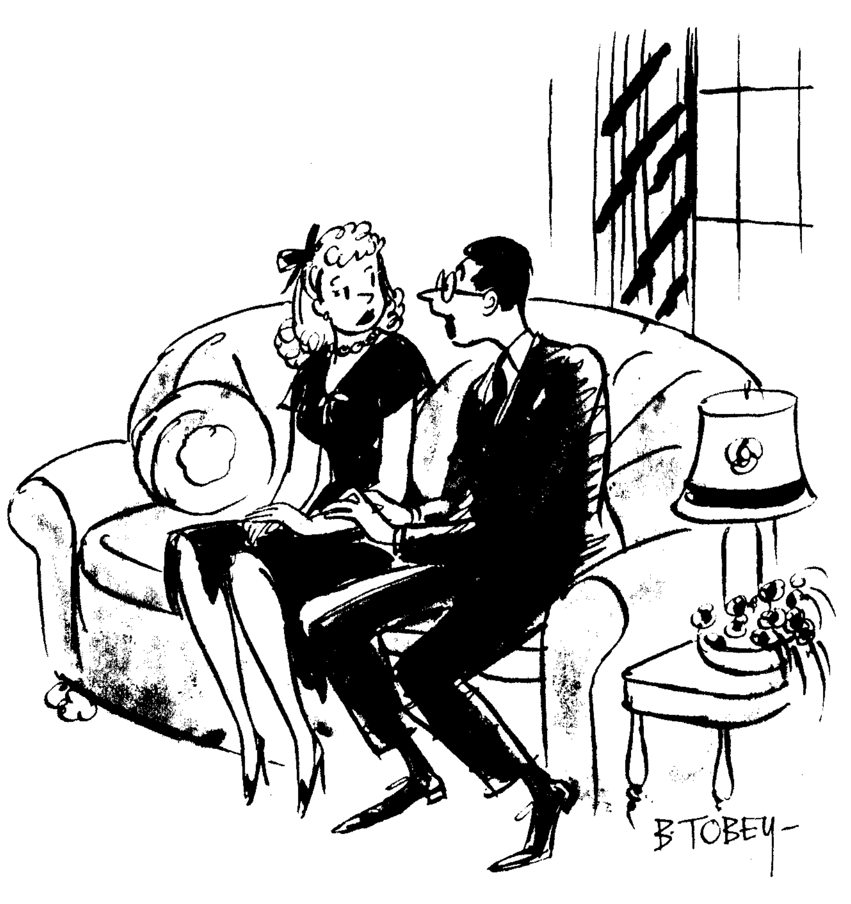
IN THE course of five years, one has occasion to consult a pocket watch several hundreds of times. A line of scarcely decipherable scratches inside the case may come, after a while, to have no significance whatever. They are there, to be sure, but the important fact is that it is half past two or a quarter of twelve.

Even so, it is possible that John Brent might have remembered the incident during any other five-year period. Unfortunately, however, history occasionally overflows its proper place between book covers, and sweeps the lives of ordinary people into a stream of spectacular events. No one could have foreseen, certainly, that gathering at the Old South Church and its sequel at Griffin's wharf—all tremendously exciting and exhilarating to an eighteen-year-old patriot. Nor could anyone have prophesied the mounting drama of the next two years in Boston, culminating in the affirmation of certain truths at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

And, after that, the old, quiet life was gone, submerged completely in the reality of war. In the spring, John Brent, newly commissioned and filled with the enthusiasm born of having seen the British evacuate Boston, traveled with the rest of Washington's army to Brooklyn. Then came the decline of the bright star: the tragic affair at Brooklyn Heights, and, later, the long, depressing summer months in New York.

And now the army, outnumbered, dissatisfied, wretchedly equipped, was driven north to Harlem. And he, Captain John Brent, with the sense of his own private disgrace added to the sum of the general misfortune, walked the streets of New York again, alone, unfriended, and with danger at his heels.

HE WALKED seemingly without purpose, up one street and down another, yet there was in his mind the fixed idea that he must not go to any of the places where he might be recognized. Familiar coffee-houses he passed with averted eyes, and the taverns where he had drunk during the summer. In his tattered clothes, he shuffled down Maiden Lane, rounded a corner, and found himself looking up at an unfamiliar inn. The name on the smartly painted sign sounded some vague chord of memory, but he was sure he had never entered the place before. He mounted the steps and found a long, low and dark common room filled with the inviting scents of fresh bread and smoky bacon. Conscious of his own shabbiness in the presence of several well-groomed officers, he slipped unobtrusively into one of the stalls, and, without looking at the girl who came to serve him, he ordered breakfast.



"If you were only a passing fancy, would I have let my stamp collection go to pot?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

With his head bowed, he was listening so attentively to the voices of a handful of officers in the next stall that for several moments he didn't realize the girl had not gone. She was still standing beside his table, looking at him with a curious fixity.

"Breakfast," he repeated. "You speak English?"

The girl smiled, and there was something oddly reminiscent in the mischief of her smile. "The king's English," she said. She continued to look at him, then, abruptly, she added in a lower voice: "Would you happen to have a watch, sir? A large silver watch with engraving on the case?"

He stared back at her, at this slender, tall girl with auburn hair pinned primly under her white cap. And he remembered, with a sudden pang, that lost summer day, so joyously spent and so lightly forgotten.

"Sukey!" he whispered.

She bent over the table, still smiling. "I knew you would come. I *knew* it. But you are a day early, John Brent."

He glanced over her shoulder uneasily. His brain was working fast. Perhaps the girl had actually been thrown in his path by Providence. What irony—if he should regain his self-respect and his standing, through the medium of this long-forgotten pact with a tavern maid!

"We can't talk here," he said rapidly under his breath. "I—I'm in a bad plight, Sukey. Can I meet you somewhere else later?"

She nodded vigorously. "Tomorrow," she murmured. "Just as I promised. By the spring above the Harlem Road—you remember? About sunset." She whisked an imaginary crumb off the table, turned and went toward the kitchen with a light, firm step.

She didn't appear again, and it was only after he had finished his meal and gone into the street that it struck him as odd that this girl, of all the people in New York who had seen him before, should have been the one to recognize him. So much had happened in the last month—disaster had come in so many guises—that he felt smothered in his own despair. The girl as a person seemed negligible.

As he tramped the streets, his mind pursued its own course, retracing over and over the crowded events that had brought him here. It was only two weeks since that flight across the hills to Harlem—with the men rebellious and disheartened, the officers discouraged, even the commander showing evidence of bitterness against the political caviling that had brought them finally to the necessity for abrupt retreat from the city. Not one of them, Brent thought, would soon forget that sweltering Sunday: the draggled, dispirited army plodding in the dust of the Harlem Road under the scourge of a flaming sun, till it seemed there must exist an invincible alliance between the weather and General Howe. And, close upon the heels of the common catastrophe, there had come the court-martial—his own special, personal humiliation. He still flinched, recalling the words flung at him coldly, precisely, by Colonel Greene: *Guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.*

IT WAS hardly more than a week since that good fellow Captain Hale had stood quietly in front of the Dove Tavern with a British rope around his neck, regretting that he had only one life to give. It was highly probably that the same circumstance awaited Captain Brent. This he had fully realized when, the day before yesterday, he had volunteered to carry out the mission Hale had failed to complete. His mouth shaped a bitter smile. Let us hope, he thought, that, in such case, my conduct will not be unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. That, at any rate, ought to be ample restitution for the crime of drinking too deep and speaking disrespectfully to a crotchety colonel.

All about him were the bright coats of the occupying army, and John Brent felt a swift anger rising within him as he eyed the well-tailored officers that thronged the streets. The fortunes of war, to be sure—but what *right* had they here? These polished boots and splendid uniforms seemed an affront to him, remembering as he did the shabby, makeshift gear of his own men, the haunted faces and the dull eyes filled with the memory of defeat.

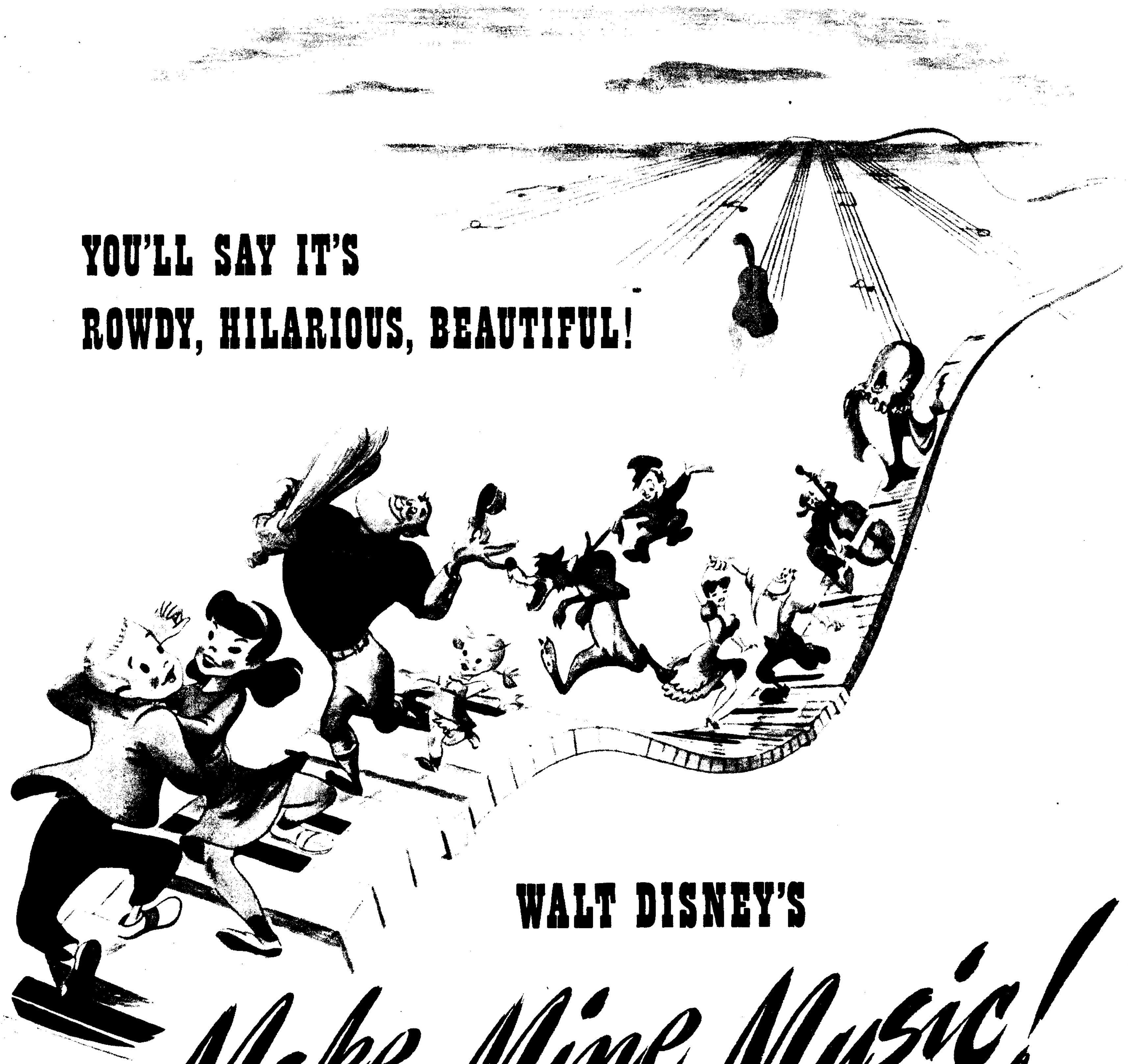
He wandered the streets for hours, picking up nothing but gossip and conjecture, and the impression that the New Yorkers, in the brief space since the army's departure, had become remarkably devoted to His Majesty. Their colors, apparently, had changed overnight. He wondered if he and his cause had a single friend in all this city. Perhaps Sukey—Sukey who had only a name!

The next day he dared not venture near the Travelers' Rest again, for fear he might be noticed. In the middle of the afternoon, he turned his steps wearily northward. He was glad of an excuse to escape from the city. All about him now lay the rich farm land of New York Island, the meadows still green, the cultivated fields ripe gold with the harvest. And there lay the gray road, still like a lazy snake in the late sunlight, and the little hillock with the horse-chestnut tree crowning the crest. He climbed the slope slowly, and for an instant he remembered vividly the wild little girl who had once scrambled along beside him. Then, gaining the shade of the great tree, he flung himself face downward and fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun had slipped behind the wooded heights that concealed the broad river on his right. He sat up, bewildered and still half asleep, and not till then did he realize that she was standing beside him.

"It's me," she said in a breathless sort of way. "I mean, it's I. Sukey."

John stood up slowly, not taking his



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"Sukey! Is it really you? Why, Sukey—you're *pretty!*"

"You said that once before," she reminded him gravely.

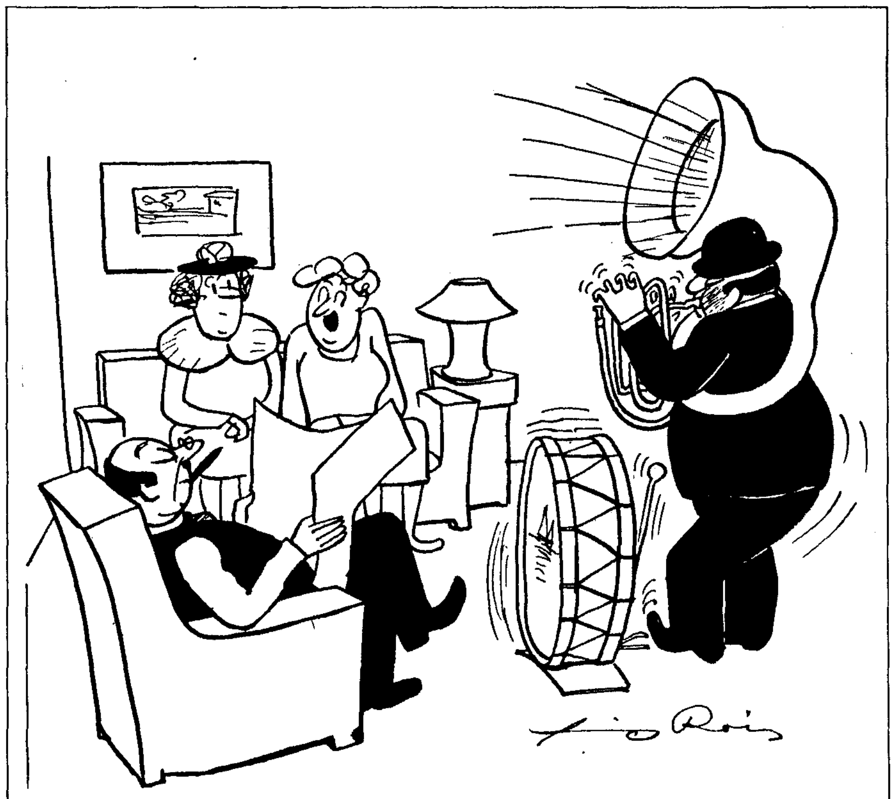
"But you've grown up!"

She laughed. "Did you think I would still be a tomboy with a dirty face?" She glanced down, smoothing her skirts. "A lady at the inn gave me this dress," she added.

JOHN looked down at his own disreputable clothing. "You're every inch a lady, Sukey. But I, as you can see, am no longer a gentleman."

"Gentlemen are not always well-dressed," she observed sagely. "But tell me what has happened to you, John Brent."

He spread his threadbare coat on the grass for her. Already he was beginning to feel more the master of himself, under her sympathetic eyes. But he was brought up short by a disturbing idea. "Perhaps," he said, "you are a Tory sympathizer, Sukey?"



COLLIER'S "That's our landlord. He wants us to break the lease" IRVING ROIR

She tossed her head. "I hear a great deal of talk," she said, "but politics don't matter much. First it was the rebels drinking and arguing in the tavern. Now it's the others. The king's men have more money to spend, but otherwise I see little to choose between 'em."

John shook his head. "Ah, Sukey, Sukey! You need a lesson in patriotism, but I've no time to give it to you. I'm hurrying to an appointment with the hangman, most likely, and time is short."

She made a sudden, impulsive gesture with her hands. "Well, I know nothing about patriotism, but if *you* are in trouble, John Brent—I haven't forgotten my pledge."

He sat looking at her, thinking of Captain Hale. He himself had entered the city safely, at any rate. If only the girl could be depended upon. . . . He came to a sudden decision. "Here is what I must find out. I must get some idea of the enemy's numbers, and I must discover what move he intends to make next. I—I am in disgrace, you understand."

Sukey was gazing past his shoulder with an abstracted smile. "There is where you washed my face with your handkerchief. Do you remember?"

"Yes, of course. But about this information, Sukey—"

"And you tied the nag to that tree. And you said ladies didn't swear. But *great* ladies do, for I've heard them."

John's shoulders slumped. A sense of profound discouragement swept over him. The girl was merely stupid, chattering like a monkey in the face of catastrophe."

"Listen to me," he said sharply. "I must get this business done and get back to camp with as little time wasted as possible. Will you help me or not? This is no silly tryst. It's a matter of importance."

The girl stiffened. Her face was a white oval in the dusk. "Indeed," she said. "I understand. And what do you plan, my fine rebel? Will you walk up to General Howe and ask him his intentions? Now listen to *me.* The Travelers' Rest is full of officers—not generals, indeed, but there is a major who has paid me some attention. He could be encouraged to pay me more." She laughed without mirth. "I will find out what I can from him. They all drink too much and talk more than they should. . . . In the meantime, there's a farm just over the brow of this hill, where no one lives now. The owner was a Whig, and ran away for fear of the king's men. You will wait for me in the barn, tomorrow night after dark."

John leaned toward her, his heart swelling with gratitude and with remorse. "Sukey—" He groped for words. "You're a brave girl. Do you realize, though, that you'll be acting as a spy? Do you know what the penalty is?"

She stood up, a shadowy figure in the dusk. Her last words were flung over her shoulder as she started down the slope:

"I dare say it's no worse than the penalty for being a romantic fool for five years.". . .

It was near nine o'clock on Wednesday night when he climbed the ladder to the loft of the Ten Bruin barn and threw himself down in the sweet hay. Sukey's last remark repeated itself over and over in his brain. There had been an unmistakable note of anger and disillusionment in her voice. All day he had been realizing how poor a part he had played with her. I'm no better a lover than I am a soldier, he thought wretchedly; small wonder if she turned me over to the British police! So far as she can tell, I've kept the appointment only to use her for my own ends. Well, it's true, isn't it? How could I expect *her* to understand that the safety of our army is more important than any personal happiness? Would *any* woman concede such a thing?

He peered through the little hay window. Would she come back, or, coming, would she bring the patrol for company? He was unarmed, so there would be no question of resistance. He might, of course, attempt escape, since it was a clouded, moonless night. But with the alarm raised, there was hardly one chance in a hundred that he would be able to slip back through the enemy's lines. His safety, he reflected grimly, was wholly in Sukey's keeping, and he had offered Sukey an unpardonable affront to her pride.

He let himself down from the loft and stood in the barn's wide doorway, straining his eyes to see through the darkness. The silence was complete. It was in that silence that he heard, at first indistinctly, the soft, regular clop-clop of hoofs on a dirt road. John listened, hardly breathing. He flattened himself against the wall of the barn. After a moment, horse and rider could be seen as a single, blurred figure not fifteen feet away. Then suddenly Sukey was standing within reach of his hand, speaking his name cautiously, in a voice scarcely more than a whisper.

"Sukey. Here I am." He could see her vaguely now, muffled in a dark cloak with a hood. He touched the cloak shyly with one hand as if to be sure she was real. "Sukey! Did you find out anything?"

"Yes. The major got very confidential after five glasses of Madeira. I thought he would." She laughed. "It's no secret among the officers, I understand. General Howe intends to cut off General Washington's retreat, going around by way of Throgs Neck. He seems in no hurry to carry out his plan, though. He has twenty-five thousand men strung across the island. That is a great many men," she added, "and I think your General Washington had better get away with his ragtag and bobtail, while there's still time."

John interrupted her. *"Listen!"*

THEY stood close together, their nerves strained. Quite clearly they could hear advancing hoofbeats on the road that led up to the Ten Bruin house. The girl's hand clutched at John's in the darkness. She leaned close and spoke rapidly in his ear. "Someone has followed me. Keep out of sight—around the corner—but *near.*" She gave him a little shove with one hand. With the other, she seemed to be fumbling at the neck of her hooded cloak.

John slipped around the corner of the barn. The next moment, he could see the large shadowy bulk of a second horse, and could hear the jingle of spurs and the soft, smooth creak of leather. Then a man's voice spoke, a deep voice, the syllables slightly blurred:

"Sukey! Don't try to hide, you vixen. *I* know you're here."

"Why, *Major* Grey! Did you follow me?" Sukey sounded coy. John, pressed close to the stone wall, ground his teeth in irrational rage. She'd come a long way since the days of the dirty-faced urchin, hadn't she?

The Englishman's laugh rang out, a trifle heavy. "Of course. You meant that I should, didn't you?" He was off his horse now, evidently, almost within arm's reach of John Brent. The man hiccuped, excused himself profusely. "But it's a devil of a long way," he grumbled. "And a devil of a cold place for a rendezvous."

"There are those," said Sukey, "who

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Dedicated to the Production of Fine Tobacco Products would go farther and not complain." She was edging by inches toward the corner of the barn. John could see the tall form of the officer pressing close to her, moving forward as she moved almost imperceptibly back. Suddenly her hand thrust backward with a sharp movement, and John found himself holding to one end of a heavy cord.

"Truss him up!" The words were spoken so quickly that John could barely make them out. At the same instant, she sprang aside, and John, as he jumped out of his hiding place, almost bumped noses with the befuddled Englishman. The fellow's hands were tied behind him without his quite realizing what had happened; and before John had done with him, Sukey was busy removing his sword and his pistol.

Then, recovering his wits, the major began to swear eloquently, heaving his shoulders about in a vain attempt to throw off his assailants.

"I'll see you swing for this, you scurvy wench! Damned if I—"

John's fist closed his mouth.

"A handkerchief," said Sukey, "will quiet him longer."

While John gagged the man, she was fumbling with her clothing. "Here," she said calmly, thrusting something into John's hand. "Now you can hobble him and we'll leave him in the barn to cool off till morning. And the major," she added mockingly, "will have not only the cord from my cloak, but also my garters to remember me by."

THE major emitted muffled sounds of rage from behind the handkerchief. When his ankles were securely bound with the silk garters, John picked him up like a sack of meal and carried him to a corner of the barn. Sukey's voice called good night from the doorway. "And let it be a lesson, Major Grey, in future not to take so much for granted."

A spatter of rain greeted them as they crept out of the barn. The forms of the two horses could be distinguished at a little distance. John said thoughtfully, "We don't dare try to ride them through the lines."

"*We?*" Sukey's voice sounded strained.

"We. Certainly. You can't stay here now, you know."

"No." She spoke dully, then she added with more spirit, "But if you'll see me through the lines, I can take care of myself after that. And we must hurry, because he might get himself untangled, and then the whole pack would be on our heels. We can ride to the creek, cutting across the fields and keeping clear of the roads. After that, we'd better leave the horses and slip past the outposts if we can, on foot."

The rain began to fall in torrents as they rode close together across the rolling pasture land. They had to proceed cautiously because the low stone walls were invisible until they were almost on top of them. John ventured conversation once or twice, but the girl answered shortly, and kept her face turned resolutely ahead. An occasional flash of lightning showed her sitting very straight in the saddle, with her wet hair loosened from its pins and falling in a heavy cascade on her shoulders. Then the vision would be lost in darkness again, and John was conscious of a sharp pain deep inside himself.

Ah, Sukey! he thought. Tomorrow I shall have many things to say to you. Yet—who knows?—tomorrow we may both be dead!

Afterwards, that flight through the night appeared to him as a weird, improbable dream: the hour's ride with the rain driving them like a whip; then the creek, with the horses left behind, and he and Sukey stumbling through the cold, shallow stream (for Sukey would not let him carry her). And, after that, the snail-like advance over the crest of a small hill, the terrible fear that an unexpected flash of lightning might reveal them to some sentry's eye.

Then the wait, huddled beneath a tree, until the lightning showed them the road, and the outpost walking his horse deliberately, his head bowed against the wind and rain.

"When he takes the turn of the road, we must make a dash for it. There's a clump of trees across the way . . ."

The angels are on our side, he thought. No blinding flash betrayed them in that scuttling flight across the open road behind the sentry's back. The night covered them as they darted from the shelter of trees to the next vantage point, moving in jumps and stops as though they were playing a grotesque game of chess. God grant that we've not made a circle, he thought grimly. There seemed no direction in the night. They simply went forward, hardly conscious of the brambles that caught sharply at their legs, the stones that bruised their feet, the rain that had long since penetrated every inch of their clothing. And at last, after hours of flight, there had been that welcome voice crying peremptorily the familiar challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Holding Sukey's cold, wet hand tightly in his, John Brent gave the password. His voice sounded like a croak in his own ears.

It was done. The rest of it—the breakneck ride to the Morris house on a horse borrowed from Lieutenant Greeley—he scarcely remembered later. But he would not forget the interview with the general, and himself standing rigid in the quiet room, and the candlelight falling on the general's face while he listened to the report.

WHEN he had finished, the general said concisely, "Well done, sir." Then, "Why, you're half drowned, Captain. Better have a stiff tot of rum. And send in your lady, please."

Sukey was sitting, wet and forlorn, on a chair in the hall. There was a little pool of water, he noticed, about her feet. He said, "My chief would like to speak to you." And she stood up very tall and walked through the door without a word.

The general pushed aside the map that was spread out on the desk, and came forward to meet her, bowing low over her hand just as if she were a great lady. And he said without mockery:

"I am honored, Miss Sanders. You have rendered good service to the United States."

Sukey trembled within herself, but she threw back her head with her old, half-defiant gesture, and spoke bravely. "It wasn't much that I did, sir, but I must be honest. It was not done for the United States at all, but only for Captain Brent, because—because of a promise."

The big man looked down at her from his great height, and for an instant looked as though he were going to laugh at her. "A promise, ma'am?"

She nodded. "But Captain Brent has forgotten the promise," she went on, angrily. "In fact, he is interested in nothing but the outcome of this war. So if you will give me a safe conduct to somewhere away from New York, sir, I shall go at once. And I hope—I *hope* I never see Captain Brent again as long as I live."

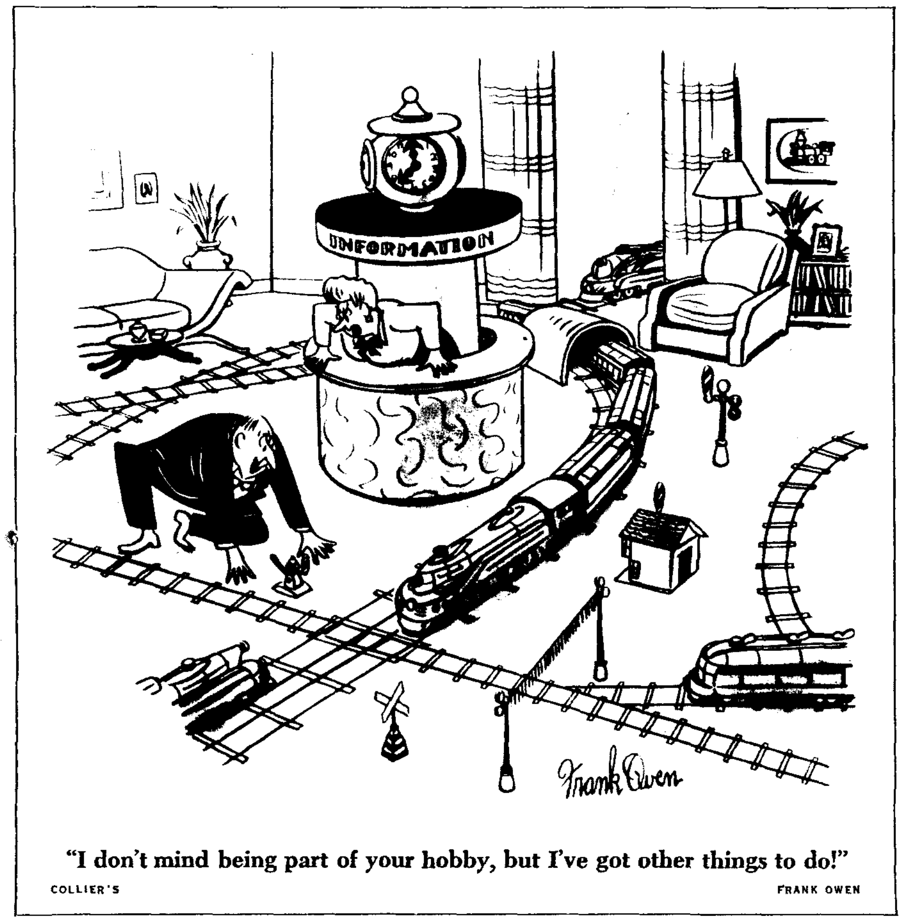
The general was really smiling now, though his smile seemed rusty with disuse. "A young soldier," he said mildly, "should be forgiven for putting his country first. But I must remind you, ma'am, even *this* war cannot last forever. And, though things are going badly at the moment, I don't doubt but that we'll drive 'em home to their island before we've done."

"I hope you will, sir. It's never seemed important to me before, but now it does. And," she went on, looking down shyly, "I hope you won't think me forward if I wish you good luck, sir, with all my heart."

The general smiled at her warmly. "In the meantime," he said, "Captain Brent has asked me for leave to accompany you to Boston, where his mother would be pleased to welcome you." Again the smile touched his lips momentarily, like a drift of winter sunshine. "Perhaps, however, I can arrange for someone else to conduct you, my dear, since you do not wish to see Captain Brent again—as long as you live. The captain is waiting just outside that door, by the way, so you may prefer to use this one on the other side."

Confusion spread a pink mantle across Sukey's face. "Thank you, sir." She curtsied carefully, holding her wet skirts off the floor. "But I think I will use *this* door, after all."

THE END



"I don't mind being part of your hobby, but I've got other things to do!"

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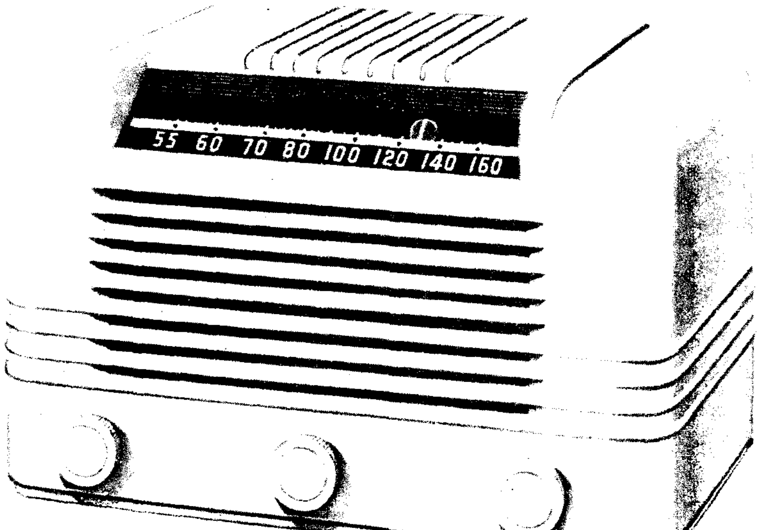

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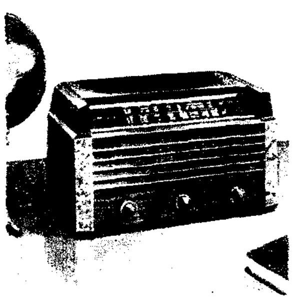

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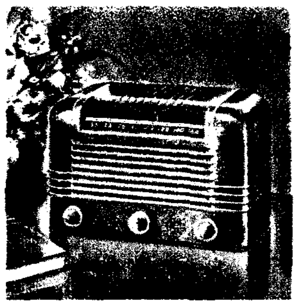

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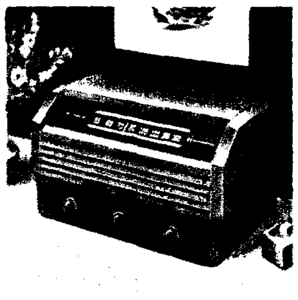

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

BUT in Palestine, Texas, where there are no Arabs, Mayor R. H. McLeod, having finished buying the family groceries, drove to the police station to exhort the cops to greater vigilance. The law was being broken all over the place. While he was so engaged, somebody stole the groceries out of his car. That afternoon somebody stole the car. Latest advices from Palestine, however, have it that the crime wave has petered out.

NEAR Mexico, Missouri, Miss M. Emma Bean of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was interested, she lets on, to see a hamburger stand (closed) bearing the notice: "Will reopen after extensive excavations."

MISS KATE HOLLIDAY of Los Angeles, California, would like it known that the Studio Club in Hollywood is thirty years old. This she claims is a record because man, woman and institution, nobody and nothing else in Hollywood will admit it being anywhere near thirty years old.

IT IS a matter of considerable satisfaction to Mr. James N. Nogaint of Evanston, Illinois, that this magazine devotes no space to the bright sayings of children. Mr. Nogaint is the father of six. He has twelve nieces and two nephews. He has four grandchildren. Also he is fifty-three years old. "None of my children, none of my brothers or sisters ever said anything bright," reports he. "I do not think that any of them ever said anything intelligent. Not in my hearing anyway. Most of them don't even look bright."

A LADY in Fort Worth, Texas, was caught trying to cash a check for fifty dollars. Its chief trouble was that it was forged. The lady laughed lightly in court saying that it was all a gag, not to be taken at all seriously. She did it, she told the judge, on a fifty-dollar bet—that she could pass the check or, being caught, talk her way out of it. According to Mr. Abe Minz, the judge leaned forward wearily, cupped a hand behind an ear and said: "Very well, young lady, let's hear." Nope.

REPORTS Bouley Dashett of Enid, Oklahoma, that a police chief, dropping in at a brawlful tavern on a Saturday night, drawled: "Boys, do me a favor. Take it slow this week end. Jail house full." W. D.

Local Cat Makes Good

Continued from page 11

saw Joe. She dropped Tig's ear and shrieked with joy and headed for the gate at a toddling run. "Kitty!" she shrieked. "There's kitty!"

Joe stood up. He had felt those tiny fingers before; they had pulled on his ears and jerked at his sensitive whiskers and he had restrained himself, with great effort, from retaliation. He wanted no part of the Sampson child. He turned away, toward his own house, comporting himself with dignity.

But the child had reached the gate. She wrestled with the latch and conquered it and threw the gate open, and behind her Tig looked through and saw Joe. Tig's silly grin disappeared at once. He lifted his lips and snarled with viciousness.

Joe heard and stopped. One does not accept insults in one's own yard. He turned and his stub tail rose like a flag and began to twitch ominously. The fur on his neck and on his heavy shoulders rose in a ruff. His eyes narrowed and his whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks, out of harm's way. He lowered his head and let a growl form deep in his furry chest. Stiff-legged, he began to retrace his steps across the lawn, toward the gate.

FROM the house, Tim saw only the Sampson child and the open gate; the Boxer was hidden from his view. He threw open the window and leaned out. "Hey!" he shouted. "Joe!"

Joe stopped. He turned and looked at Tim. His stub tail continued to twitch and his eyes lost none of their hard gleam.

"Knock it off," said Tim, and he waved his hand imperiously. The Sampson child scuttled back through the gate and slammed it shut after her, and the incident was closed.

Joe sat down with an air of injured innocence. He began to wash his paw. He allowed the ruff of fur on his neck and shoulders to lie flat, and the growl died away and his eyes lost some of their hard gleam. Pointedly, he ignored Tim.

"It looks to me," said Tim, "like you've started yourself a feud with the whole Sampson family."

Joe said nothing. He concentrated on the fur between his pads, working at it industriously with his tongue, paying no heed to Tim's words.

"All right," said Tim in disgust. "Ignore me." He closed the window and turned away. Lucas stood at his shoulder, watching.

"Someday," Lucas said slowly, "that beast of yours is going to involve us in a murder suit. First Eileen Sampson and now the baby; I think he aims at the extinction of the entire Sampson family."

"That might not be such a bad idea," said Tim loyally. "I don't like Eileen, even if she does claim you as a sister." Lucas' eyebrows rose. "And John," Tim added, "is a pompous drip." He started for the door.

"I suppose," said Lucas, tartly, "that you're going to have a drink now. Or five or six."

"It was in my mind," Tim said, which was untrue. "Since you ask."

Lucas said, with exaggerated patience, "We're due at the Sampsons' for dinner. I trust you remember that."

"Now," said Tim, "I know I'll get drunk."

Lucas stood very straight and her face was tight. "I suppose," she said stiffly, "that you'll get Joe drunk, too. That will help a lot. He can break in the house and kill the baby while we're eating."

"Joe," said Tim, "has never attacked anybody."

"Oh?" said Lucas. Her voice was coldly polite. "You should see Eileen Sampson's—"

"I have no desire to," said Tim. "With or without wounds." He went out of the room and straight to the pantry where he rattled glasses and bottles and ice loudly enough to be heard all through the house.

In the yard, Joe finished his paw to his own satisfaction. He stood up and stretched himself and twinked his whiskers. He yawned cavernously. He consulted the setting sun and decided that it was time for his evening meal. With his stub tail high and his whiskers curled briskly, he trotted around to the back door and crowded it open with his shoulder and went on into the kitchen. Cook was at the sink, polishing silver. Joe eyed her. He chirruped once in a lordly fashion and then sat down to await the coming of food.

"You're a murderer," said Cook in what she hoped was a tone of contempt. She disliked Joe, but the expression of her dislike was a difficult thing, for she feared Joe as she had been taught to fear the devil. "You're nothing but a murderer," she repeated, avoiding Joe's eyes which were fixed upon her with unblinking intensity. "I suppose you're after food." Joe did not answer. His eyes continued to study her and it seemed to Cook that there was hungry speculation in them, as if Joe were debating whether Cook's arm or Cook's leg would make the more tasty meal. "All right," said Cook. "But no meat. Mrs. McCoy said you were to have no meat. It's milk you'll get and that's all." She put down the silver and wiped her hands on her apron and went to the refrigerator.

She got out the milk and from the cupboard she took a saucepan and filled it carefully. She would have given him cold milk had she dared, but she had tried that once and the results had been unpleasant. She heated the milk and tested it with her finger and then filled Joe's bowl beneath the stove. "There's your meal. Murderer."

Joe strolled over to the milk. He sniffed it. There was no warm aroma of rum. He looked up at Cook and his eyes began to gleam.

"That's all there is," said Cook. Her voice was rising. "That's all you get. Milk and no rum. Them's my orders."

From the pantry, Tim heard. He came into the kitchen with a highball, his first, in his hand. He looked at Cook and he looked at Joe. "That's the works," he said. And he leaned against the wall and sipped his drink and watched Joe sniff again at the milk and taste it briefly and then turn away in disgust and trot across the kitchen and through the back door and out into the cool evening.

"He's a devil," said Cook, and there would have been more, but the look in Tim's eye stopped the words that were already half formed, and she went silently back to her silver.

Tim went to the back door and opened it. "Joe," he called. But there was no answer. "All right," said Tim, "go ahead and sulk." He tossed off his drink and turned back to the pantry. . . .

Joe was not sulking. He was crouched in the garden behind the playhouse, his eyes fixed on the fresh gopher hole he had discovered the day before and staked out for just such an emergency. With awful patience he held his crouch, his chin low to the ground and his forepaws close together and the great muscles of his shoulders tensed, but quiescent. Only by the gentle twitch of his stub tail and by the agate gleam of his eyes did he display the rage that he felt at his unjust treatment. He concentrated on the gopher hole, ignoring Tim's call and ignoring other matters which could and would be attended to when his meal was done. The Boxer next door, for one. The dog had been in the neighborhood for two weeks now, and had not yet been instructed in the fact of Joe's complete dominance over everything in the vicinity that walked on four legs. It was a lesson already overdue; it would be postponed further only until Joe's meal was finished and his post-dinner bath done and the moon risen to sufficient brilliancy for good fighting light.

In the meantime, first things first; the gopher hole had priority.

BACK in the house, Lucas, in a dressing gown, came into the pantry to find Tim. He was leaning against the sink with a fresh highball in his hand, brooding over Joe's disgrace, hurt by Joe's behavior. Lucas stood in the doorway. "I hate to disturb you in your sottish solitude," she said sweetly, "but it might be a good idea if you started dressing."

"I can't understand Joe," Tim said.

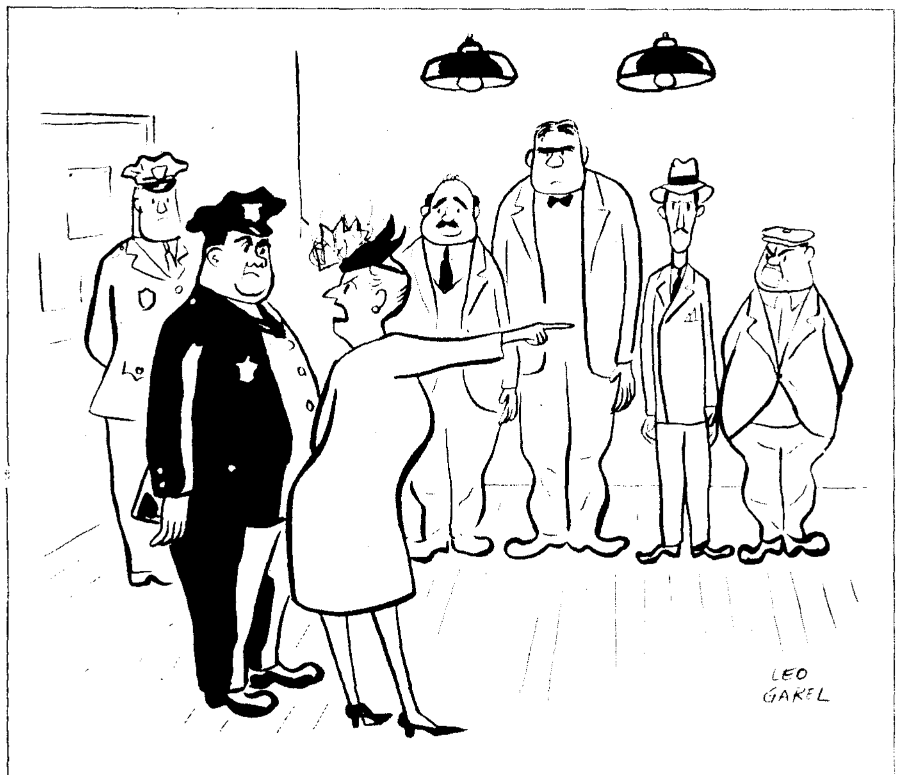
"Tim!" Lucas stamped her foot. "Will you dress and forget about that beast of yours!"

"You're always so understanding," said Tim. "It's such a comfort." He didn't mean that, and he knew he didn't mean it; the words just came out and, once said, could not be unsaid. He pushed himself away from the sink and followed Lucas to their bedroom where they dressed in stiff, unyielding silence.

It was dark when they presented themselves at the Sampson door. Tim rang the bell. There was silence and then the sound of claws upon the bare floor inside and Tig's snarl came threateningly through the panel. "The Army," said Tim, "missed a good bet when they didn't take that brute."

Lucas said nothing, but the look in her eyes eloquently compared Tig with Joe, to Joe's disadvantage. Tim set his lips.

Inside there was a sound of scuffling;



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and then the door opened, and a maid, clinging desperately to Tig's collar, stood aside to let them enter. Tig's snarls deepened. He stood on his hind legs, straining against the maid's hand, with his mouth opened and his lips drawn back and his teeth bared. "Nice friendly little fellow, isn't he?" said Tim.

Lucas swept silently through the door. She side-stepped neatly and cheated Tig of a good bite. Tim followed her. They stood in the hall, amid snarls, waiting, while the maid wrestled with Tig and managed to shut the door.

And then Eileen Sampson came smiling into the hall, limping with obvious pain. "Don't mind Tig," she said. She smiled at the snarling beast. "Don't mind him at all. He doesn't like strangers, but he gets used to them very quickly."

"I can imagine," said Tim. He watched Eileen lead Lucas away. Eileen's limp was a pitiful thing to see, and her haunches quivered painfully. Tim marched back to the library.

The library was a large, pleasant room. It overlooked the rear lawn and the distant garden and the McCoys' fence. There was a glowing fire at one end of the room and before the fire, with his hands clasped statuesquely behind him, was John. He came forward, extending his hand. "Ah, McCoy," he said, in a hearty, strong voice. "Glad to have you aboard." There was condescension in his eye.

"Aboard what?" said Tim. They glared at each other for a moment.

"Ah, yes," said John finally. "Yes." He marshaled his manners with an effort. "A drink, McCoy. What will you have?"

"Grog," said Tim.

LUCAS and Eileen appeared presently, Lucas pale and straight, studiously avoiding Tim's eyes. She gave John her hand and smiled. Eileen hobbled to the big soft chair by the fire and began to lower herself into it. Halfway down she caught herself and examined the cushion beneath her with care. Tim's eyes widened; in his mind he reconstructed the crime. "It's all right, Eileen," he said. "Joe isn't there this time."

John seized the ball. "Ah, McCoy," he said. He fixed Tim with a stern eye. "Don't you think that beast of yours is a little too vicious to be allowed at large?" There was silence. "I mean to say," said John, "shouldn't he be done away with?"

"Really, dear," said Eileen. She was seated now, perched gingerly on the soft cushion.

Lucas looked at Tim. There was a strange light in her eyes. "Joe," said Tim evenly, "is a gentleman. But he resents being sat upon. So would I." And then he took a guess. "Especially if I were asleep."

Lucas looked at Eileen. "I thought Joe attacked you," she said.

Eileen smiled. "Well," she said magnanimously, "you know, an accident. I'm sure he didn't mean any harm."

"Oh," said Lucas.

"Eileen," said John pompously, "will bear scars to the grave."

"Right where they'll show, too," said Tim.

John stiffened. "Really! Really, McCoy!"

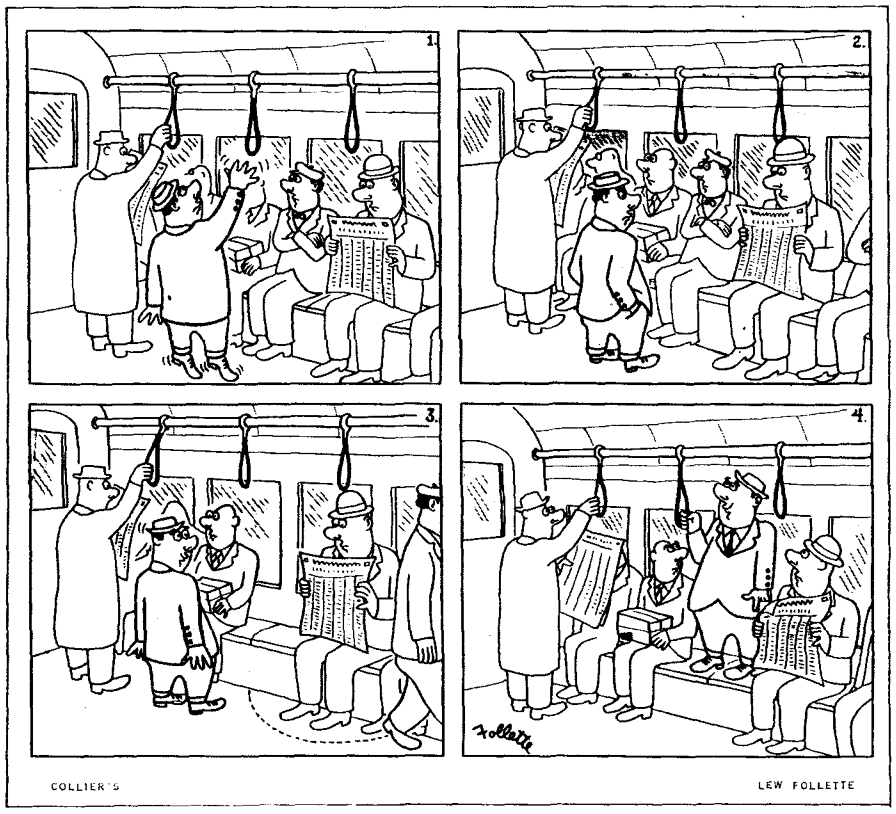
"Perhaps," said Eileen, "we could find something else to talk about." She was squirming no longer; the pain seemed to have disappeared.

"I don't know—" John began, but a sound came to interrupt him.

It was a bubbly, wailing, eerie sound. It began in low register and rose grandly into falsetto and quavered there for a moment in chilling defiance. Then it died away and its echo seemed to linger in the night air. Joe's patience at the hole had been rewarded. The gopher had appeared; it was his last mortal act and he was never to know what had descended so savagely upon him. Now Joe, contemplating his meal, and brooding over the mistreatment of the day, was serving notice on the neighborhood in general that in a little time he would be at the disposal of any of its quadrupedal inhabitants who happened to have conflict in mind. The Doberman, four doors away, the Scotty who dwelt across the street, the assorted spaniels up and down the block, and all of the Persian, Angora and Siamese cats within earshot, all of whom had heard the sound before and had been instructed in its meaning—all these huddled closer to the home hearth and made no answer. In the Sampson kitchen, Tig, secure in the conviction of his own invincibility, lifted his hackles and snarled ferociously at the maid, who flinched in a most gratifying manner.

IN THE library there was silence. Tim looked at Lucas. She was frowning. John, leaning picturesquely against the mantel, was visibly shaken. Only Eileen, enthroned in the big, soft chair, made no sign that she had heard. "John, dear," she said. "Perhaps another drink. Mr. McCoy looks thirsty." She smiled at Tim briefly and then favored Lucas with a glance which was filled with gentle commiseration.

John peeled himself away from the mantel. He took Tim's glass with a hand that trembled and he trod warily around Tim's chair on his way to the bar. Tim watched in silence. John returned with the drink. He handed it to Tim at arm's length. Tim smiled. "What I've got," he remarked, "is not necessarily communicable." He studied the back of his left hand. "The doctor doesn't think it's leprosy."



Eileen's smile was fixed. John, whom no humor could penetrate, crowded himself against his mantel. "Really, McCoy!" he said. He looked at Lucas, seeking explanation.

Lucas smiled sweetly. Suddenly, unaccountably, she, too, was resentful of the Sampson attitude. "But, darling," she said, "you know the doctor hasn't finished his tests yet. He really can't be sure."

"That's true," said Tim philosophically.

John said, "Well!"

Dinner was not a success. The food was good and the service excellent, but the spirit of camaraderie was lacking. John sat at the head of the table, turning over slowly in his uncomprehending mind the behavior of his guests. He ate little. Eileen forgot to squirm; she sat squarely on her hard chair and picked at her food with daintiness, a lofty smile set upon her face. Tim fed without noticeable restraint, for he was hungry. Occasionally he smiled politely, first at Eileen and then at John; and on these occasions Lucas bit her lower lip and restrained her giggles with difficulty. To her, the whole situation was ridiculous. Gone was her early anger; it was as if a weight had been raised from her shoulders, a restraint removed from her mind.

Twice, during dinner, the cry sounded again, drifting across the lawns and the fence and floating in through the windows with the effortlessness of a radio wave. The sound unnerved John further and brought Lucas closer and closer to hysterics. In the kitchen, the cry reacted on Tig like adrenalin; it lifted his hackles and drew back his lips and sent him stampeding around the linoleum in ecstasies of rage, snarling at the maid and at the cook and threatening them with all manner of punishment. His racket penetrated to the dining room where Tim, listening with interest, remarked to John that the dog seemed to have gone mad. "Distemper, perhaps," Tim suggested solicitously. "That's the trouble with dogs; they get too many diseases. Now, cats, on the other hand . . ." John listened, in the manner of a board chairman hearing policy suggestions from the shop.

The dinner ended eventually; it is one of the comforting truisms of life, compensating for much unpleasantness, that all things, however distasteful, do end. Eileen pushed back her chair with a little sigh and rose to her feet. She led the way into the library, walking without her limp, a fact which Lucas did not fail to notice. John went immediately to the bar and began to fuss with bottles of liqueur. Eileen plumped herself down in the big, soft chair. Lucas stood by the French doors leading to the terrace, looking out over the moonlit lawn and the garden beyond.

"It's a beautiful night," she remarked. "It's very bright."

Eileen sprang onto the opportunity. "The garden," she said almost desperately. "Perhaps you'd like—"

"I'd love to," said Lucas. "I'd simply love to." She turned to Tim. "Wouldn't you?"

Tim shook his head. "I'll stay here with John." He smiled at John, and John winced and rattled the liqueur bottles unhappily.

"All right," said Eileen. "I'll get our wraps."

"I'll be outside," said Lucas. "I'll wait for you there." She opened the door and stepped through and closed it behind her. Gratefully, she felt the cool night air on her face and on her arms. She walked slowly across the lawn.

From beyond the fence, Joe's cry rose again. It quavered and bubbled and soared on the night air. Joe's meal was done and his bath carefully attended to. He was now at leisure to pursue his evening's entertainment. He put his heart and his soul into the cry and he heard the echoes with satisfaction. Patiently, he awaited reply.

It came from the Sampson kitchen. Tig snarled mightily. He circled the floor at a dead run, his claws scratching desperately at the linoleum, his hackles abristle and his teeth snapping like giant castanets. The cook and the maid were at the sink. Tig charged them, snarling hideously, and drove them away. He rushed to the door and scratched at its panel. He turned and circled the kitchen again and then charged into the corner where the cook and the maid had taken refuge. It was too much. "Orders or no orders," snapped the cook, "out you go!" She avoided Tig's rush with a dexterity that astonished herself, and she rushed to the door and threw it open. Tig banked off the maid's knees and skidded into the cupboard. He gathered traction on the slippery linoleum and shot through the door into the night, roaring his defiance.

The moon was full and the yard was agleam with its silver light. Tig, streaking out of the brilliance of the kitchen, could see, but he could not see clearly. He could make out Lucas' figure in the center of the lawn, and that was sufficient. He headed for her at a dead run, snarling as he went.

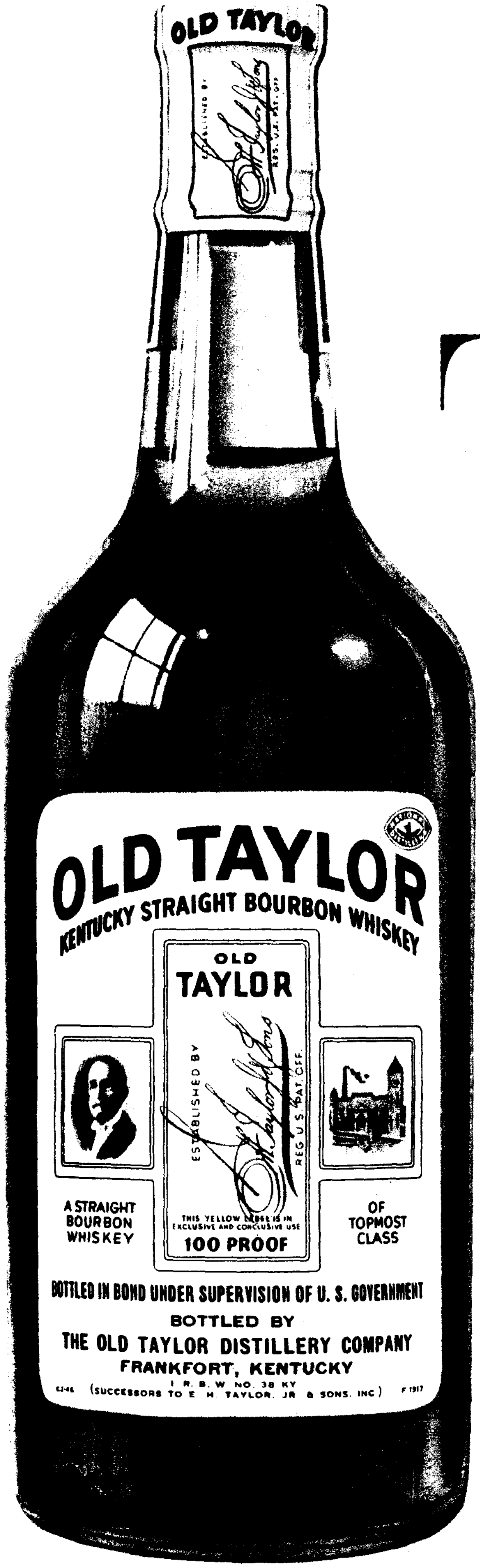
Lucas saw him. She saw and she heard and she remembered Tig's attitude in the hall. She stopped short and she screamed.

It was not as artistic an effort as Joe's, that scream. It was a single, high, piercing note, lacking Joe's timbre and lower-register effects. But it was sufficient. It raised the pitch of Tig's snarls and fixed his target.

IT SERVED other purposes, as well. It attracted Joe's attention so that he leaped easily to the top of the fence, paused there for a moment to survey the field and then, with a joyous twitch of his stub tail, he dropped into the Sampson yard and advanced into combat, growling happily as he came. The scream had also drawn Tim and John and Eileen to the windows, so that the pit was filled, and the lights dimmed and the curtain rose on a full house.

There was an amazing turn of speed in Joe. He used it now, planning his strategy as he moved. He reached Lucas yards ahead of Tig. He went past Lucas, unseen, and into her shadow, where he stopped and set himself, crouched and ready. As Tig rushed past, Joe's good left paw reached out and all five claws, small scimitars carefully sharpened each day and recently used only on such contemptible things as the Sampson bottom and the unsuspecting gopher, sank themselves deep into the skin of Tig's face and retained their hold until Tig had passed, leaving incisions which were beautiful to behold and which extended uniformly from nose to scalp.

Tig yelped in surprise. He swerved away from the claws, thereby missing Lucas, who stood rooted to the spot. Tig halted his rush. He shook the blood out of his eyes and looked around. He saw Joe, crouched and waiting, his stub tail twitching and the fur on end across his heavy shoulders. Even in the moonlight, there was no mistaking the gleam in Joe's eyes, and the sight, coupled with the burning sting of the five incisions, detracted somewhat from Tig's enthusiasm. He was a Boxer, however, and his pride was left. He came forward with his head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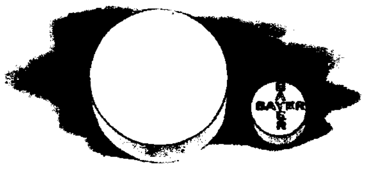

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low and the music of his own snarls sounding in his ears to give him courage. He came the last three feet in a rush, as Joe, old and wise in the ways of battle, had anticipated. Tig's jaws closed with a dreadful snap, but Joe was not between them. He was crouched to one side, balanced on three legs, his right paw free and working vigorously, and before Tig could gather himself for a second bite, there were twenty-five more scratches on his face.

Tig shrieked in pain. He jerked his head, snapping wildly, and lunged with his body. His head caught Joe in the ribs and rolled him onto his back and Tig followed the advantage blindly, which was a mistake. Any experienced cat fighter might have told him that a cat on his back is precisely four and one half times the enemy that a cat is on his feet. But Tig did not know this, and he blundered in to learn his lesson the hard way.

Without panic, and yet with astonishing speed, Joe drew his hind legs against his own chest, extended their claws and started them to work with the relentless precision of a pair of punch presses. He raked Tig from throat to belly, drawing ten lines of blood with each stroke. His forepaws, both freed by the new position, gathered added power from the leverage of his great shoulder muscles against the ground. He swung left paw and then right paw with accuracy and force, rolling with each swing to gain utmost power. As a final torment, he found Tig's soft black nose and clasped it firmly between his jaws, thereby instructing Tig in the length and sharpness of cat teeth.

FOR Tig, the situation was roughly analogous to running full tilt into a clump of revolving porcupines. Never, in his worst nightmare, had he encountered the full strength of a cat broadside, coolly directed and delivered with force. His brothers and sisters, with whom he had tussled and from whom he had learned the arts of combat, had never used such tactics. His ancestors, from whom he had derived his pride, had made no provisions for this painful contingency. Tig was on his own, and he liked it not. He forgot his own offensive weapons; he forgot his pride. He thought of nothing but the punishment he was taking and he tried to back out of it.

But the punishment followed him relentlessly. Joe's teeth were firmly anchored; Joe's fifteen pounds slid along the grass with comparative ease; Joe's twenty scimitars worked on undisturbed.

Tig cast caution to the winds. He reared with all his strength and for a moment Joe followed. And then gravity intervened and Joe, feeling himself fall, let go and righted himself neatly and landed on his four paws, crouched and ready for the next round.

But the bout was over. Tig, howling piteously, fled the field, returning, at least as fast as he had come, to the sheltering haven of the kitchen. Joe watched him go. One bubbling cry he sent after him, one cry which accelerated Tig's pace and tucked the stump of his tail more firmly between his haunches. Then Joe relaxed his crouch. He allowed the fur across his shoulders to lie flat, and his whiskers to curl briskly forward from his cheeks. He shook himself gently and then sat down and began to wash his face with a bloody forepaw.

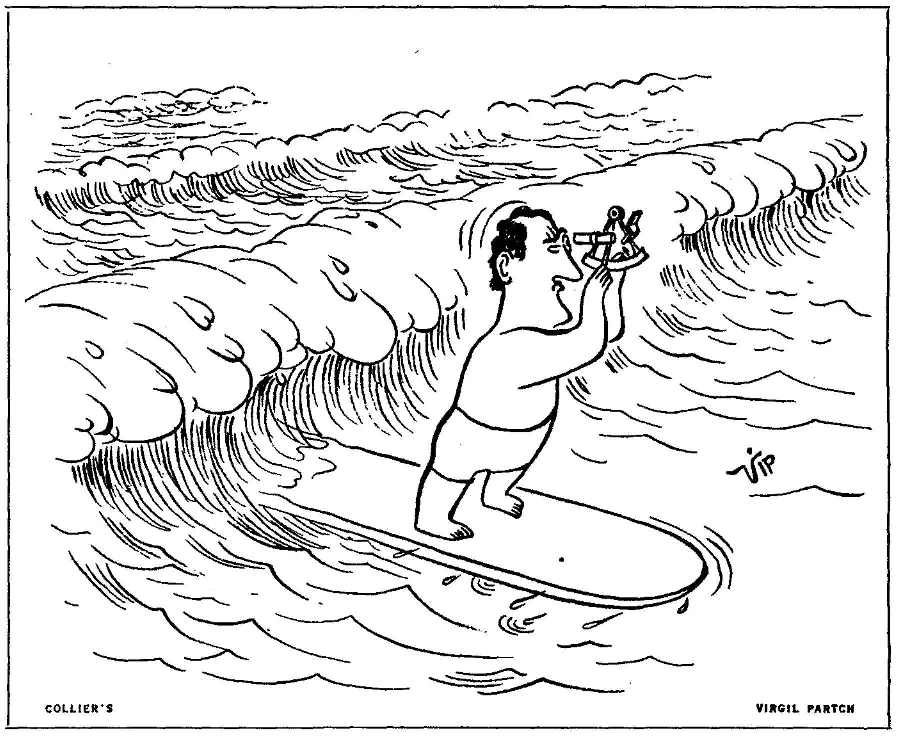
IT WAS some time later, after the accusations and counteraccusations had died away and the Sampsons—John, Eileen and Tig—had bundled themselves into the Sampson automobile and driven off in search of a veterinarian. Tim and Lucas walked slowly across the lawn and through the gate to their own yard. They let themselves into the kitchen. No word was spoken; the action was tacitly set. Tim stood in the door and faced the yard. "Joe," he called. "Joe." There was pride and affection in his voice, and Joe, sensitive, as all cats, to inflection, postponed his bath and came trotting out of the shadows.

Tim bent and buried his fingers in Joe's fur and scratched hard. Joe's purr began. Tim rubbed Joe's back and pulled his stub tail and Joe's purr throbbed ecstatically. Tim said softly, "I know, and you know, that you went after Tig because sooner or later it had to come. But Lucas doesn't know, and we won't tell her. You're in good again." Joe arched his back and began to dance with his forepaws.

And then Lucas called from the kitchen and they went in to her. She was holding a saucer of warm milk. Joe's whiskers twinked. From the milk came the warm, comforting aroma of rum. Lucas set the saucer down and hunkered beside it. Joe sniffed once and then lowered his head and his pink tongue began to lap steadily. "You're a hero," said Lucas. "You're my hero." Joe said nothing. He did not even look up and wink at Tim. He went on with his warm punch. Lucas extended her hand and rubbed Joe's ear.

Even this Joe suffered, although he loathed being touched while he was eating. He was out of disgrace again, and happy in the bosom of his family and there was no accounting for human behavior. Joe was content.

THE END



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Democracy's Child Is 21

Continued from page 24

evidence purporting to show that he was "spiritual director" of the entire underground resistance movement in the Philippines during the war.

President-elect Roxas was chosen because he represented the inarticulate yearnings of the great mass of the Philippine people for drastic, even radical, action to rehabilitate their shattered land. President Osmeña, gallant and gracious gentleman though he is, was too firmly tied to the traditions of political conservatism and to the governmental practices of the pre-Independent period. He was a great and historic figure in the long struggle for independence. His place in the history of his people is secure.

But the Philippine voters apparently decided that their republic must be headed by a man acquainted with the new economy of the Western world—with economic planning, regional development projects and government regulation of private enterprise. It was this philosophy that Roxas represented to the people. All other issues and charges, and there were many others involving political bossism, dictatorship, inefficiency, corruption, Fascism and imperialism, apparently made little impression on the electorate.

The new government must solve first of all the land problem. Too many people cultivate too few acres, and receive too little compensation. In some provinces 80 per cent of the land is farmed by tenants. The average annual cash income of most of these tenant families was, before the war, twenty American dollars. Many had less.

One solution would be the opening up of the vast untouched acres of the national domain. Over 60 per cent of the arable land of the Philippines is virgin. But much of this land is far from town and city, cut off by poor communications from the cultural centers. It will take wise and careful planning to solve this problem.

Water power, of which the Philippines has a tremendous potential, must be developed. Electricity, communications and social aids must be provided to wrest the nation from a state of semifeudalism and assure to the people the benefits of the twentieth century.

For the achievement of these objectives, the half billion dollars of war-damage payments which will be made available by the United States government will be only a bare beginning. It will take many millions more to transform the Philippines into a modern, producing nation capable of competing with the bustling enterprise of China to the west, and perhaps again of Japan to the north.

The land is rich in all the resources needed for a modern and prosperous nation. There are coal, iron, water power, manganese, chrome, timber, fertile soil and an aggressive and ingenious people. The additional financial aid which they will need to develop these resources can be in the form of a loan from the United States. It could be as much as $1,000,000,000, and it would be a sound investment.

Of course it is to be expected that such a loan would be based on a very practical specific program which would spread economic benefits among all the sectors of the population. This is a *must* for the Philippines if the Islands are to survive as a democratic nation. The exploitation of the many by the few must be curtailed. The control of government by economic interests must be prevented. Literacy must be widely spread.

The "isms" of both the Western and the Asiatic worlds have sown their seeds in the Philippines. There is a small but extremely vociferous Communist Party, which, at the moment, is receiving considerable aid, comfort and attention from the Communist Party of the United States. There are still relicts of the prewar Ganaps and Sakdals who model their beliefs after those of the Japanese militarists and nationalists. These groups are racialists and nationalists. They could find fertile ground for their views if democracy failed in the Philippines.

The United States has it within its power to see that this does not happen. We may have to go out of our way more than a little. We may have to support experiments by government which we would call "socialistic" if they were proposed in this country. But in the end, if we succeed, we will have enabled a democracy-loving people to preserve and extend their freedom and to perpetuate the existence in the Orient of a miniature version of our own way of life.

An Offshoot of Our System

For the new nation and government which will be inaugurated on July 4th will be, as it is today, a virtual replica of the United States government, except for certain "modernizations" which were introduced to avoid some of the cumbersome aspects of our system of checks and balances. Thus the world will see an offshoot of the American system, a branch bank of Western democracy, sprung full-grown from 47 years of association with the United States. The United States will retain no strings of sovereignty, no veto power over the internal affairs or foreign policy of the new republic. We will have no greater legal authority in the Philippines after July 4th than we now have in Argentina or Colombia.

But our relations with the Philippines will be much closer than between the United States and any other country. The United States will have as much interest in the welfare of the Philippines, and as great an obligation to uphold that interest, as a parent retains in the welfare of a son turned twenty-one. That interest and obligation will be enhanced by the fact that the Philippines is now a wounded offspring, a convalescent, still not quite ready to fend for himself. The Islands could not survive a month without the economic aid of the United States.

The Philippine national economy before the war was, for better or worse, an export economy which supported two thirds of the population. Ninety per cent of the national production, except for locally consumed rice and fish, was for export. Eighty per cent of the total exports in 1939, and 90 per cent in 1940, went to the United States. The export commodities were foods, raw materials and their processed products; first of all—sugar, then coconut products (copra and coconut oil), hemp and cordage, tobacco and cigars, pearl buttons and embroidery, gold, chrome, manganese and lumber.

Some copra and some hemp are being exported now, but none of the other major products. Little cash income from exports is reaching the Philippines. The Islands are living on the cash bonanza which came in the form of G.I. money. That money is being quickly dissipated into the hands of traders and middlemen. The hosts of G.I.s who were once in the Philippines have melted away. Approximately 69,000 will remain as a peacetime force. The millions of United States dollars paid out to Philippine Commonwealth Army soldiers are also disappearing fast into the hands of profiteers. By July 4th, the Commonwealth Army will be down to approximately 40,000, and

Were my eyes opened ...but WIDE!

The case of the Happy Nightmare

A few ill-chosen bites at bedtime gave me a nightmare that would have frightened Edgar Allen Poe! But it opened my eyes to a big mistake I was making.

You see, that nightmare scared me out of my sleep, so I tried thinking of pleasant things . . . my wife and youngsters . . . our bright future. But then I thought . . . what sort of future would my family have if something happened to me? Sure, I'd always had good intentions about life insurance, but I'd never done much about it. Lying there in the dark, I saw all too plainly how my happy-go-lucky attitude could leave my family in decidedly unpleasant circumstances. I determined to take action . . . and soon!

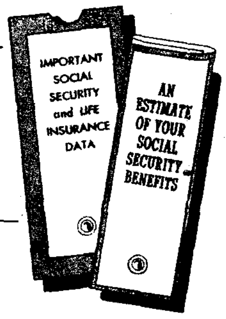
So next morning I called in a Mutual Life Representative. First he estimated my family's Social Security benefits. They were way short of what I wanted for my family. So then he showed me how, through Mutual Life's "Insured Income" Service, I could change the picture completely . . . could team up my Social Security with life insurance to assure my family all they needed for normal, healthy living.

I'm still not sold on nightmares . . . but that one did me a good turn. Because now I know that my family is well protected. And if all goes well, I'll be able to take things easy myself in my retirement years!

The Mutual Life Representative in your community offers you this same service—without obligation, of course.

FREE *Social Security* HELPS

Do you know what Social Security means to you, in dollars and cents? Mail coupon today for easy-to-read booklet showing how to calculate your future benefits from Social Security. Included is a convenient File for official records you will need later to avoid costly delay in collecting your Social Security benefits.


IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY and LIFE INSURANCE DATA
AN ESTIMATE OF YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS

Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

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Lewis W. Douglas
President

Please send me your FREE Social Security helps.

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HOME ADDRESS..

OCCUPATION..CS-27

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

GOEBEL
GEORGE SHEPHERD

The picture that took a man . . .

The end of a hot vacation day, taking pictures.

Then, coming up the trail to the cabin, he saw it . . .

A frosty glass of Goebel Beer.

That picture *took* the camera man!

GOEBEL BEER

The glass that cheers

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN will be transferred to the Philippine government pay roll.

But that government, now being stripped of the funds which had accrued to its account in the United States before and during the war, faces a long period of deficit financing. The government is budgeting approximately 180,000,000 pesos for essential services and the support of its small armed forces for 1946-47. Its expectable revenue is about 20,000,000 pesos.

There is still considerable cash in the hands of businessmen in the Philippines. The local stock exchange, recently reopened, throbs with activity. Gold stocks are booming, although no gold is being mined and the mines are still flooded, their timbers rotted away. There is a fantastic boom in business marts because there is money, but no productive enterprises to attract investment. The government has recently moved cautiously to see if it can soak up a small portion of the loose cash with an internal bond issue. But until now, businessmen have viewed all production investments with great skepticism. There was much more profit to be gained in buy-and-sell. There was no assurance of future trade relations; hence no inducement to invest money in production or rehabilitation.

The United States Congress, after a ten-month delay, has completed action on two pieces of legislation which will define preferential Philippine-American trade relations after independence, and will provide money for the payment of war damage claims. The first and most important piece of legislation provides for eight years of reciprocal free trade after July 4th, and twenty years of gradually decreasing trade preferences after the expiration of free trade.

It also provides for absolute quotas on competitive Philippine products shipped to the United States, such as sugar, cordage, and coconut oil. These quotas are designed both to limit competition with American products in the American market and to encourage the Philippines to branch out into other lines of production designed either to meet local needs or to compete in the world market. A number of new lines of endeavor have been suggested for such a program of diversification—peanut production, rubber and cotton (the Japanese tried unsuccessfully to promote cotton production in the Philippines), and light industries, such as sponge iron (the Philippines have great deposits of iron ore), textiles and ceramics.

Of course, it is not the desire of the United States government to perpetuate the dominating position held by the sugar industry in the Philippine economy before the war. I believe it unwise for any single industry, especially an export industry, to be the crux of a nation's economy. However, our job in the Philippines today is the rehabilitation of the economy and of the government in the shortest time possible. The Philippines sugar exports from 1936 to 1940 accounted for 34 per cent of the value of all Philippine exports and, roughly, 15 per cent of the national production of all commodities.

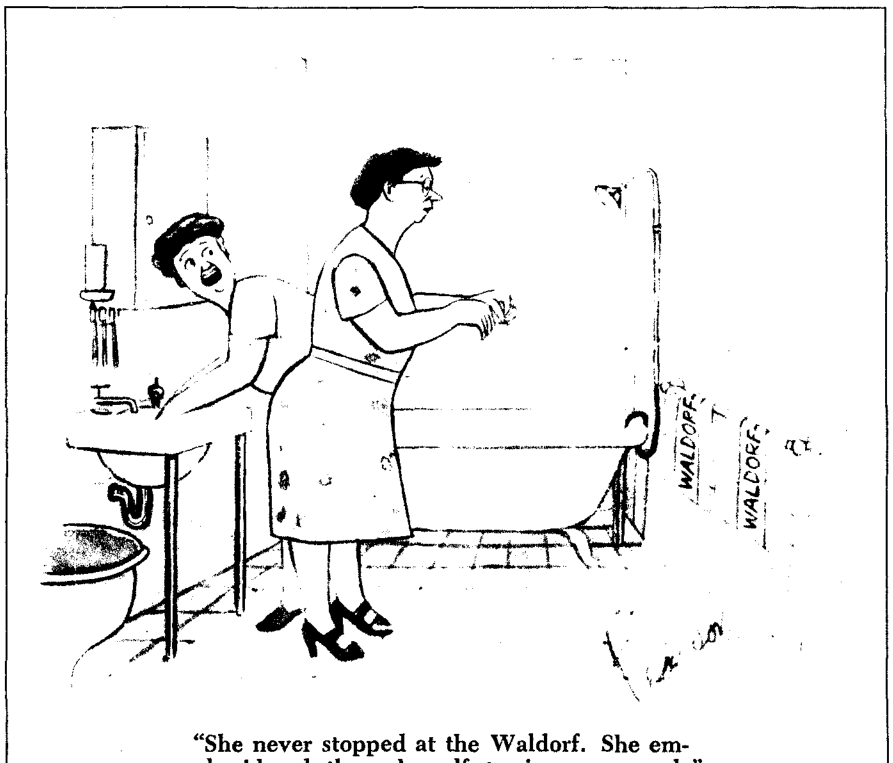
Islands Must Seek New Products

The sugar industry probably can come back, at least in part, in a relatively short time. Sugar income will be a shot in the arm, both for the domestic economy and for government revenues. The whole effect of the Trade Act is to encourage diversification in addition to providing for restoration of the prewar economy. The establishment of absolute quota limits and a progressively increasing tariff duty on some commodities, including sugar, beginning in 1954, together with progressively decreasing quotas on other products, including coconut oil, cigars, and tobacco, will require the Philippines to find new economic products beginning that year. If they are wise, they will begin such a process immediately.

The Trade Act is also designed to encourage American capital, especially small capital, to invest in the Philippines by assuring American citizens equal rights with Filipinos in business and in the development of natural resources. This latter provision has been subject to some attack in the Philippines as impinging on Philippine sovereignty, since it requires an amendment to the Philippine constitution. It is not an ideal requirement to be made on the eve of Philippine independence.

Nevertheless, Congress decided the provision was essential to invite new American capital—the only free capital in the world today—to venture into the Philippines. It was considered especially important to encourage small capital investors, as contrasted with the big established American corporations who already are acclimated to the Philippines, to enter this theater of enterprise.

Inasmuch as this assurance will last only for the 28-year life of the special trade arrangement, there is no infringement of Philippine sovereignty. It was not the desire of Congress to restrict the freedom of the Philippine government to protect the people of the Philippines against exploitation. The government will have full freedom to tax and to regulate, and it should and will, I hope, use that power to the maximum to prevent unscrupulous business of any nationality from obtaining a strangle hold on the national economy, or from exploiting the natural resources solely for profit.



COLLIER'S "She never stopped at the Waldorf. She embroidered them herself to impress people" CHARLES PEARSON

Full and proper consideration must be given by private enterprise in the Philippines to the welfare of the Islands and the well-being of the individual workers and producers. Because it was these people, the common folk of the Philippines, who resisted so heroically and fought so desperately for our cause during the war.

By and large, American commodity interests did not try, during the Congressional consideration of this legislation, to prejudice the welfare of the Philippines for their own selfish advantage. American cottonseed-oil producers, tallow producers, linseed-oil interests, cordage interests, and above all, sugar interests—the interests which in the past fought to grant the Philippines their independence for selfish reasons—did not oppose our recent grant of these special trade privileges to the Philippines, provided the domestic interests themselves were protected by quotas.

There was one exception. There was an attempt to reduce the Philippine sugar quota—the amount of sugar which could enter the United States in any one year—by 252,000 short tons. The argument was made that the Philippines could not fill their quotas anyway—the Philippines are now actually importing sugar, although before the war they were one of the world's principal producers. The disclosure that this attempt was under way evoked widespread protests from the American press as well as from the Philippines.

Although the actual economic significance of such a cut was debatable, there was no doubt that it was a shameful gesture toward a people who had served us at such tremendous cost to themselves. The only possible beneficiary would have been Cuba, with its unlimited potential for the expansion of its production. But in the end, the cut was restored.

The second part of the United States Congressional program for Philippine rehabilitation was the War Damage Act. This provided $400,000,000 for the payment of private claims for war damages; $120,000,000 for the restoration of damaged roads, public buildings and other Philippine government property, and $100,000,000 worth of surplus property to be transferred outright to the Philippine government.

The two acts provide a protective structure within which the Philippine economy can be nourished back to recovery. It is a structure based on private enterprise, guided as it must be by the co-operative efforts of the United States and Philippine governments.

The War Damage Act sets up a United States War Damage Commission to adjudicate private claims and to guide, in consultation with the Philippine government, the physical progress of the reconstruction program. The reconstruction, itself, is necessarily based on the continuation of trade relations with the United States and the provision of a market for Philippine products. Sugar mills, coconut mills, tobacco factories, cordage factories and farm lands can be restored and rehabilitated only on the assurance that their products can be sold in the United States.

The half billion dollars provided in the War Damage Act can pay for only half of the actual war damage, perhaps even less. For the rest, the Philippines must depend on private capital.

But a nation destroyed by war cannot be rehabilitated with dollars alone. It will require the sweat and sacrifice of the entire Philippine people. It will require the patience and painstaking assistance of the United States through all its agencies. We now have engaged ourselves to a new destiny in the Far East.

Our enlightened Philippine program has become a major tenet of our international policy. The entire Far East is looking to the Philippines as the shining example of enlightened treatment of a dependent people. We cannot afford to disappoint the hopes of a billion people of the Orient, and of the 18,000,000 people of the Philippines who are anxious now to try out their independence. We are thus obligated not only to grant the Philippines their independence but to insure the new nation's economic survival.

Strategically Vital U.S. Bases

We are already committed to the maintenance of naval and air bases in the Islands. These are not designed merely for the protection of the Philippines, nor even for the defense of the United States. These bases are expected to be secondary, supporting installations, for supply, repair, and staging activities for all our armed forces in the Far East. The Philippines, with their sufficient hinterland and ready supply of civilian labor, are ideal for such establishments. Neither Guam, nor Okinawa, nor any other of the islands in the far Pacific can provide the facilities for logistics which are available in the Philippines. Committed as we are to long-time occupation of Japan, to a strong policy in Asia, the Philippines are destined to play a major role in our diplomacy in the Orient.

Our military leaders recognize the advantages of strong secondary bases in the Philippines. But today we are faced by the anomaly of maintaining these bases in a foreign land. For the Filipinos, too, it represents a contingency on their independence which to be acceptable must be looked at in the broad framework of a new kind of relationship between peoples. Should the United States ever again be involved in war in the Orient, for instance, the Philippines would be automatically drawn in. This cannot be considered independence in the old meaning of the word. Yet when the true nature of future Philippine-American relations is viewed in perspective, independence takes on a new meaning.

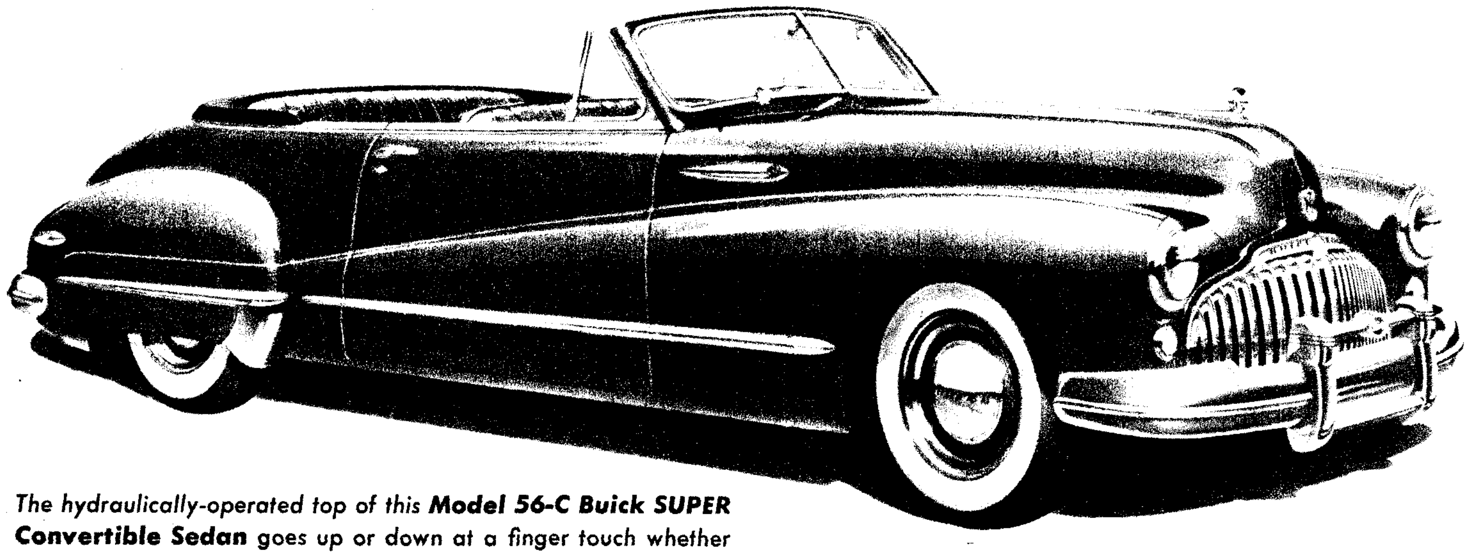
The maintenance of American bases in the Philippines guarantees not only the stability of Philippine independence, but an expanded international stature for that nation. The Philippines now become an instrument for the maintenance of the peace of the Orient and the world, since the first principle of American foreign policy is that American power is to be used for the preservation of peace and the support of democracy wherever possible in the world.

The United States has no intention of using its power to undermine the national integrity of any nation or people. Certainly we have no such intention with regard to the sovereignty of a nation we have ourselves created. That is a new concept in foreign relations. We look to the Philippines not to support our national interests, but to support the cause to which our nation is committed, the preservation of democratic principles in the world.

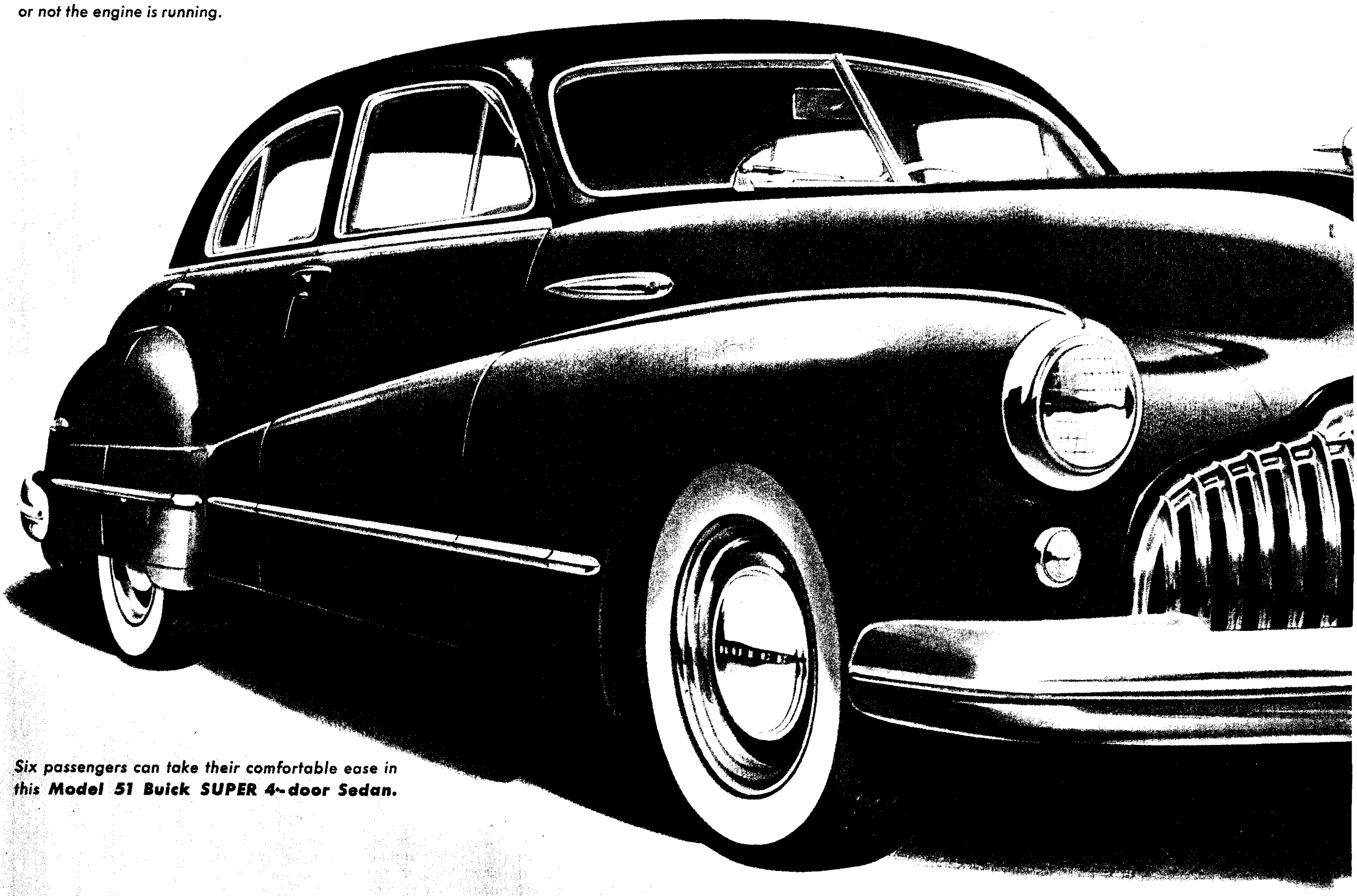
To the accomplishment of this purpose all our other interests must be subsidiary. No vested interest, no economic profit to the United States can be weighed in the balance against the value of the objective we have outlined in the Philippines. By keeping that objective paramount, we can gain more for our democratic creed and for our way of life than by any other single activity I can think of, either at home or abroad.

THE END

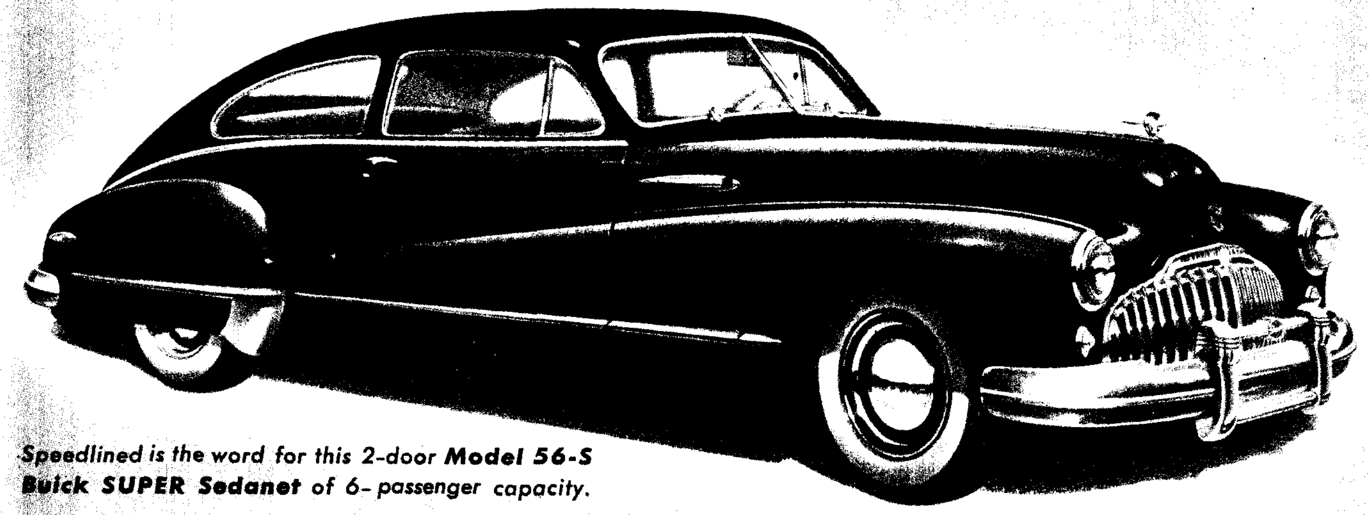
Four



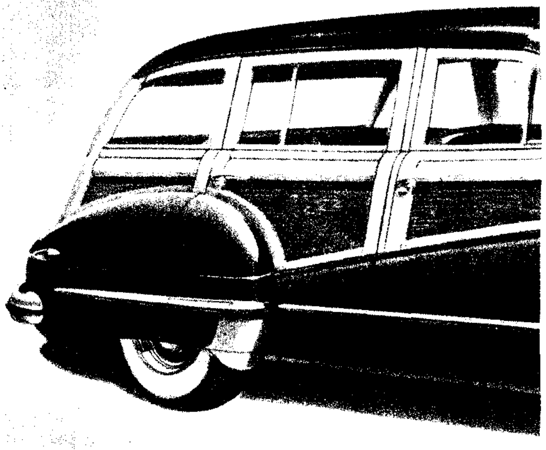
The hydraulically-operated top of this **Model 56-C Buick SUPER Convertible Sedan** goes up or down at a finger touch whether or not the engine is running.



Six passengers can take their comfortable ease in this ***Model 51 Buick SUPER 4-door Sedan.***



Speedlined is the word for this 2-door **Model 56-S Buick SUPER Sedanet** of 6-passenger capacity.



Mighty smart to travel in — and mighty handy about the place! This is the ***Model 59 Buick SUPER Estate Wagon.***

Front of the Style Parade

LOOK these honeys over — try them out — and you'll see why folks everywhere are calling Buick the smart one to put your money on.

Here are four of the nine smart and sprightly models in our new line — and if we say it ourselves, no handsomer quartet ever carried our name plate down the highway.

Size them up and see for yourself what every new Buick offers:

Long lines that are clean and free as the wind.

Broad, foursquare bearing, sure-footed, road-wise, steady.

Wide, deep-cushioned seats, three-persons roomy, tucked away in a silhouette as neat and swift as a game bird in flight.

Behind that rich, sculptured radiator grille there's a bonnetful of Fireball power, velveted by the new precisions of Accurite cylinder boring and by vital tolerances that beat even aircraft standards.

And riding through everything, from gun-sight radiator ornament to rich interior finishes, is both solid Buick character and youthful, eager Buick spirit.

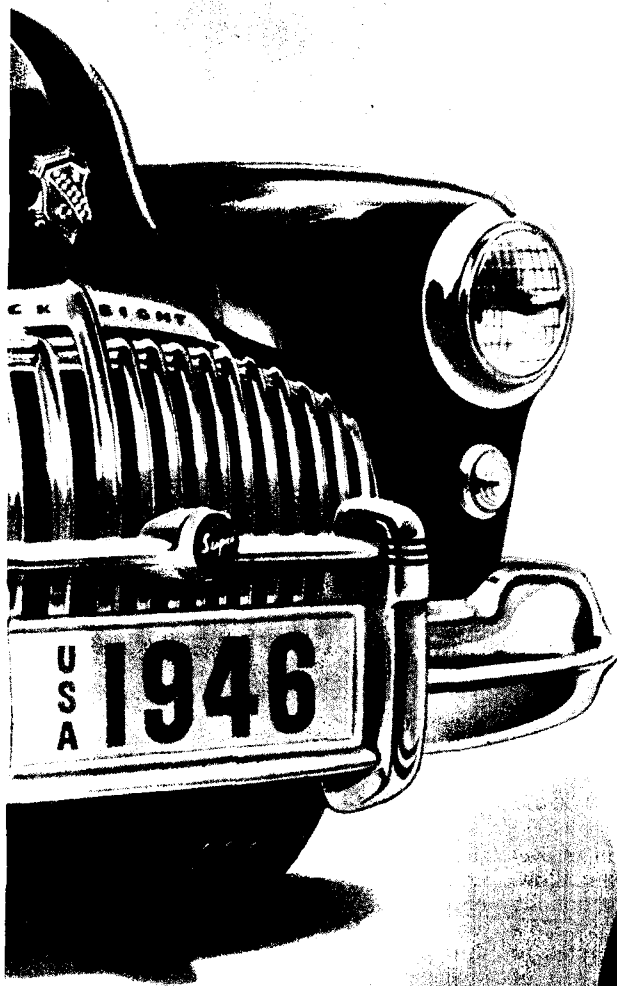
The same holds true of every Buick in the line. The sleek Series 50 SUPERS shown here, the lively Series 40 SPECIALS and the gallant Series 70 ROADMASTERS are equally Buick at its solid best.

They're all smart, all big, all able.

They are the Big Buys of '46 — and you can choose any one and be mighty sure you'll lead the style parade and the value parade for a long while to come.

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

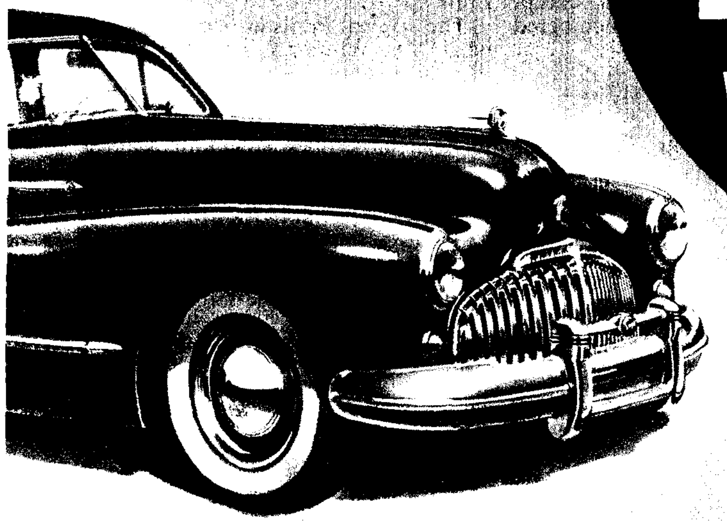
Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network



When better automobiles are built

BUICK

will build them



White sidewall tires, as illustrated, will be supplied at extra cost as soon as available.

WHAT OTHER CAR HAS SO MUCH THAT CLICKS FOR FORTY-SIX!

SMARTNESS—that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders, Body by Fisher and 3-person seats.

POWER—from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.

OIL SAVINGS—from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.

FLASHING ACTION—of light, lively Flite-weight pistons.

STEADINESS—from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

GLIDING RIDE—from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.

COMFORT—of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.

SURE FOOTING—of Broadrim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.

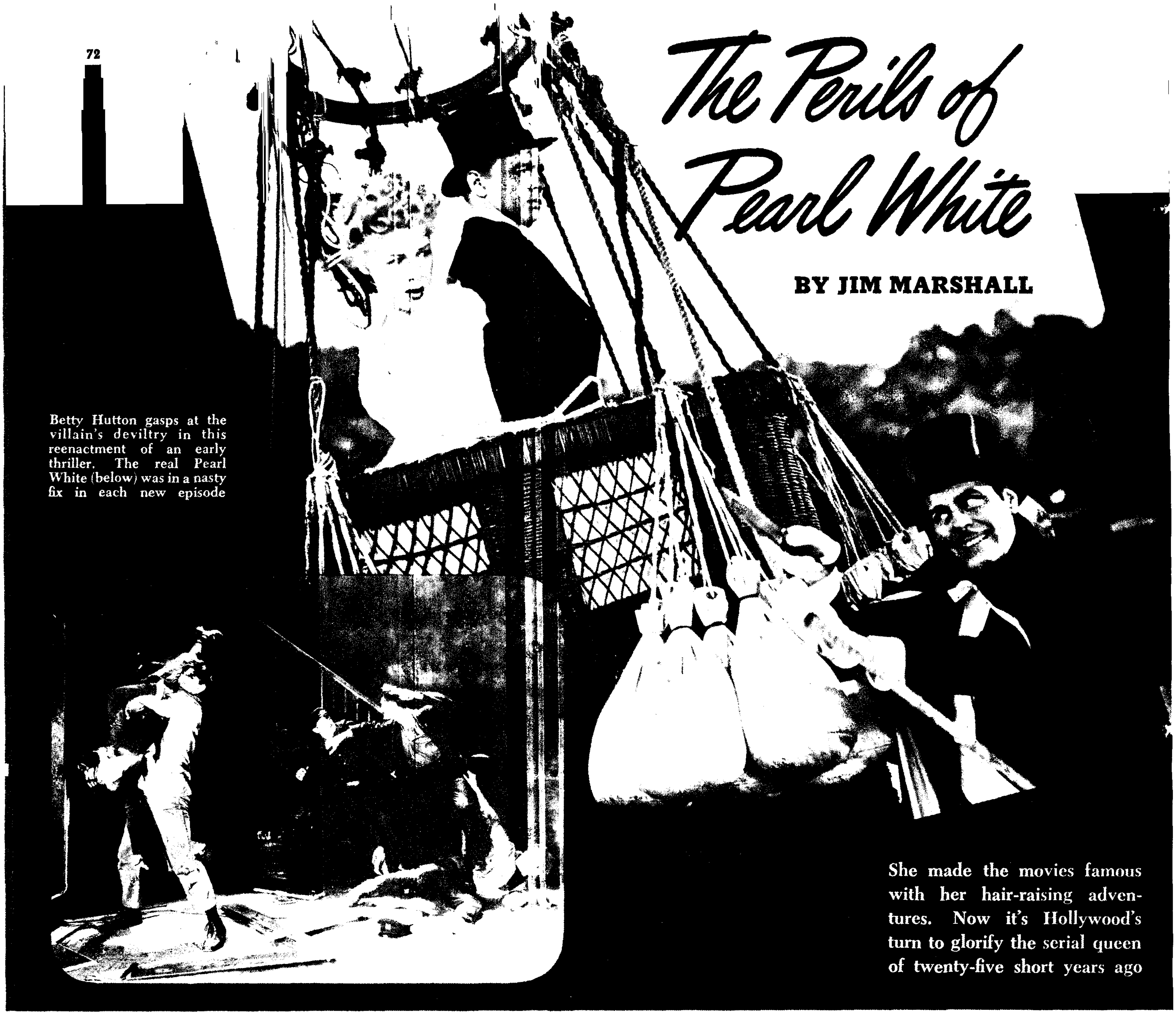
CONTROL—through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.

CONVENIENCE—of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.

PROTECTION—of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.

The Perils of Pearl White

BY JIM MARSHALL



Betty Hutton gasps at the villain's deviltry in this reenactment of an early thriller. The real Pearl White (below) was in a nasty fix in each new episode

She made the movies famous with her hair-raising adventures. Now it's Hollywood's turn to glorify the serial queen of twenty-five short years ago

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

THE movies—old stuff to kids, but still something of a novelty to aged gaffers—have apparently come of age. Up to now they have made biographies (sometimes vaguely resembling the real story) of statesmen, war heroes, scientists, inventors, stage heroes and even poets. Now they're going to make their first biography of a movie star.

Remember Pearl White?

If you don't, your father and mother do. So do millions of fathers and mothers all over the world. For ten years or more Pearl was the biggest thing on celluloid. She was Pauline of the Perils; she was Elaine of the Exploits. She was the girl who went up in balloons, down into diamond mines and was, every week on the week, dunked, bruised, shot, battered, bound, menaced with a fate worse'n death and left hanging over thousand-foot cliffs.

Sure, you remember Pearl White!

Under the old title of the Perils of Pauline, Paramount has made the story of Pearl's life—or the legend she has become. Betty Hutton plays Pearl, and along with her are such near-legendary film characters as Chester Conklin, Hank Mann, Paul Panzer, Bert Roach, Bill Farnum, Snub Pollard, Creighton Hale, Kit Guard and Miss Constance Collier, the Shakespearean star. Miss Collier, it may be added, goes through a pie-in-the-eye routine with perfect aplomb.

Although she made ten feature-length film dramas, it was as The Serial Queen that Pearl won world-wide fame. Serials in those days, 25 years ago, operated under such names as the Exploits of Elaine, The Iron Claw, Pearl of the Army, The House of Hate, The Fatal Ring and, of course, the classic Perils of Pauline. Most of the serials ran about twenty episodes, in nineteen of which Miss White was left nearing the buzz saw, surrounded by flames, menaced by tigers, caught in a flooded cellar, being washed down a flume or hanging over a cliff from a fraying rope through which the villain was sawing with a dull knife, to be saved by Crane Wilbur or Milton Sills.

From this last situation—standard in every serial—grew the slang phrase "cliff-hanger" to denote any Continued-Next-Week epic.

It was a peculiarity of these serials that they sometimes failed to explain how Pearl got out of her predicaments. One week the episode would end with Warner Oland throwing her, bound hand and foot, into a vat of boiling oil. The next episode would start with Pearl, in an evening gown, toying with a marshmallow. How she got out of the boiling oil, nobody knew—or cared. Script writers got $25 a story then and couldn't be expected to figure out the answers for that sort of dough.

When asked if explanations weren't necessary, the writers pointed out that Yale University had determined, by tests, that movie audiences couldn't remember anything more than four days—except maybe Miss White. They remembered her, all right.

Even Her Age Was a Mystery

Her age was more or less of a mystery. When she died on August 4, 1938, it was announced she was 49. A year before she had told an interviewer she was 45. Her father, aged 84, announced from the family home at Springfield, Missouri, that she was 41.

At any rate, Pearl was born March 4th —in 1889, 1893 or 1897—at Green Ridge in the Missouri Ozarks, of an Irish father and an Italian mother. In later years both Sedalia and Springfield claimed her for their own, but she stuck to the Green Ridge story. Her official biography says she made a stage debut at six as Little Eva in an Uncle Tom show and went on to become a trapeze artiste in a circus at ten, graduating to bareback riding at thirteen.

She trouped with traveling stock companies, but was never a good actress, according to her own story; when questioned about her art she invariably replied, in a Vassar accent she had picked up to replace her Ozark twang: "Art! Bunk!"

The original Perils were made by Pathé when Miss White was seventeen, twenty-one or twenty-five—probably the last. They were shown all over the world, and the entire series didn't cost as much as one modern show does. They made Pearl's reputation. In the next ten years she was known from Astrakhan to Zanzibar. Hundreds of babies were named Pearl. There were Pearl White Theaters all over—one even in Tokyo. Adolescent boys and girls took up the strenuous life, and accidents were reported frequently when kids tried to duplicate her stunts.

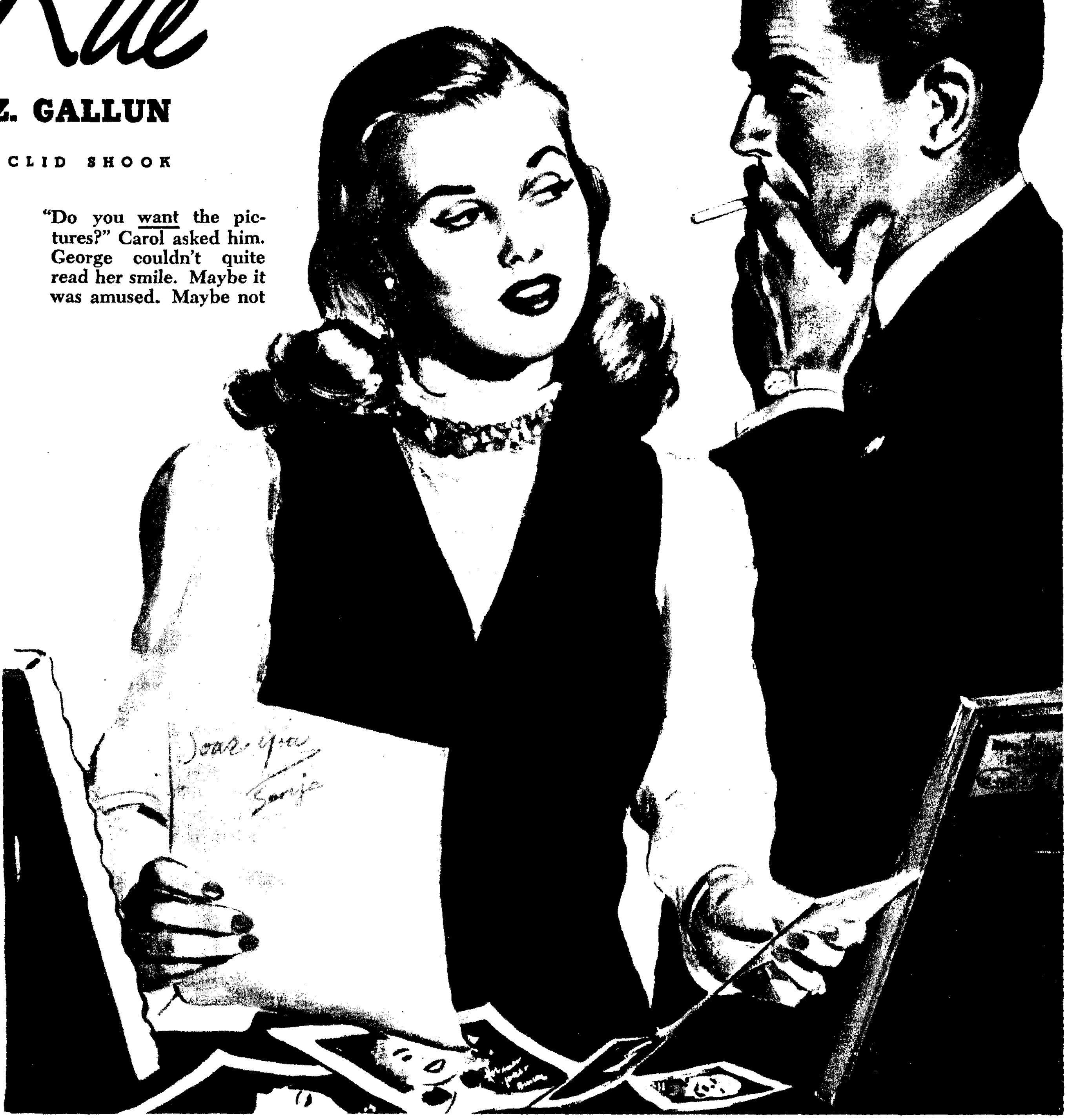
Pearl, herself, frequently got hurt. She was injured first when, as a kid trapeze artiste, she broke a wrist. In later years she often referred to herself as "a mass

(Continued on page 80)

Final Rite

BY RAYMOND Z. GALLUN

ILLUSTRATED BY EUCLID SHOOK



"Do you *want* the pictures?" Carol asked him. George couldn't quite read her smile. Maybe it was amused. Maybe not

NOBODY had ever told George Morris what it is guys do with the pictures of the other girls they had known, after they have finally singled out The One and married her.

Back here in his old room, to check out with the rest of his possessions, he was facing this problem himself. Somehow it wasn't as simple as it should be. I might send them back to the girls, if I knew all the addresses, he thought. I could tear them up, or put them in the wastebasket whole, or burn them separately in the ash tray. Or I suppose I could keep them. . . .

But the first four solutions were somehow unkind. The last—well—to begin with, he didn't want those pictures any more. Besides, it was just possible that keeping them would hurt Carol.

A slight sadness tinged his original feeling of humor. The pictures he was fumbling with on the rickety dresser were only a small part of a greater cause. He knew a lot about farewells.

When he was a kid, back in the Middle West, he had listened to train whistles, thrilling to the call of distances he'd see, and ambitions he'd realize, knowing that it was right for his kind to leave. But when the farm was sold, and the moment to shove off had come, homesickness had hit him. He had been nineteen, then. He was thirty, now.

After leaving home, he had studied at an art school here in New York. Then, afflicted by horizon-fever and wanting exotic subjects to paint, he had managed to ship out as a merchant seaman. That had been his job, too—through the war and until he had come down with pneumonia, four months ago.

Those years were sprinkled with goodbys. To pals like Johnny Evans; or Chuck Noel, who was dead. To ships. Once even to a tiger tomcat. A drifter could get attached to most anything.

Hello—so long. Start and break. It got monotonous with repetition. Wanderlust dimmed to habit. You thought more and more often of lost permanence. The war emphasized a yearning—millions of men understood that. When your job was finished, you were free.

George had followed his inclinations with conviction, but with full knowledge that they also meant goodby to a whole way of life. And after two torpedoings, he began to realize there was plenty that he wouldn't have cared to do over.

He turned from the pictures on the dresser, and looked at another photo, framed in bronze, on the stand by the bed. Carol, his bride of a week, was a pert, definite person. But she could be whimsical. Thank the Lord she was not as beautiful as her likeness. But even in the picture, her gray eyes were warm. Once she had said, "I'm a romantic, too, George. I like travel. After all, I was in the Wac, and I saw Europe. We'll take trips together, when we want to, and can. But now I want to make a home for my guy. I want to go to work with him, watch the cat in the alley with him . . ."

George was all for it. "Together" was a swell word, especially in deep moments. Even though you couldn't always expect it to be practical. That was why he'd come downtown alone in the subway, instead of in the car with Carol. But some dreg of loneliness still made him wish that she could follow his thoughts completely, now.

He grinned, as he thought that this had to be his own hour. Mostly he wanted it to be. Carol would understand, of course, that hearing a ship whistle from the docks near by could cause an ache in him, and that thinking how Honolulu rose on the mountainsides or how flat the line of land was behind Alexandria could add a touch, now in this time of finality. But it might worry her groundlessly to know about it.

EVEN this room held something for him, in departure. He'd lived here three months. Besides, it was one of a succession of shabby rooms that he'd had, at various times, in brownstone houses. It even reminded him of a lodginghouse on Evelyn Street, near the Surrey Docks of London, that he had known before the war. . . .

No, of course, Carol couldn't follow all of his reverie. And could he ever expect her to understand why he did not quite want just to tear up those photos and snapshots on the dresser?

A couple of those girls were good kids. There was only one in the bunch that he had gone around with really often, and she was only a cute little kewpie gold digger. George was glad that a surprising amount of his past love life was a sailor's myth. Torch-carrying kept even some seamen lonely. None of those girls could have touched Carol, as far as he was concerned. Still, they were a kind of center to all he was saying goodby to. He wanted to respect that.

Leaving the pictures on the dresser was probably as good a way as any.

Now he started to clear up the room. His magazines he stacked on the floor, for the landlady to throw out. He packed his clothes. He was careful with his bundle of water colors, reminders of the time when he thought he was going to tear newness and fame out of his knowledge of ships and of the places they went and of the men in their hot guts. Painting could continue to be his hobby. He packed the sample drawings that had landed him the job with Anson, glad of another kinship with Carol. She was a commercial artist, too.

He pocketed his bankbook. His green seaman's passport and his certificates he put with the minor treasures he would keep: his box of foreign coins; the pictures of his mother, who had died twelve years ago; his snapshots of pals. For once he took his time, stowing his stuff.

The doorbell rang. It was probably Carol, come to pick him up in the car, after having done her errands. He almost made a move to get those pictures off the dresser. But no, he wouldn't start hiding things. He went down to let Carol in, saying, "Come on up, hon. I'm almost ready."

She was full of simple talk, now: the theater tickets she'd bought; some kidding about how she was spending his first pay check from Anson. "And we're going to have broiled chicken tonight, George," she said. It gave him good thoughts—getting supper together, knowing where everything belonged, in the cupboards at her small apartment that they were lucky to have. He kissed her, and hurried his search for possibly forgotten articles.

"Well, that's that, hon," he said. She had picked up his smaller grip. "Hey! . . . I'll handle that!" he protested.

SHE was looking at the girls. He had wanted to show them to her long ago, but had doubted the wisdom of it. Now he had a strange, taut feeling.

Presently she turned and seemed to study him. Her brows were knit.

"Do you *want* the pictures?" she asked.

He couldn't quite read her pert smile. Maybe it was amused, warm. Maybe not.

"I travel light, hon," he grunted.

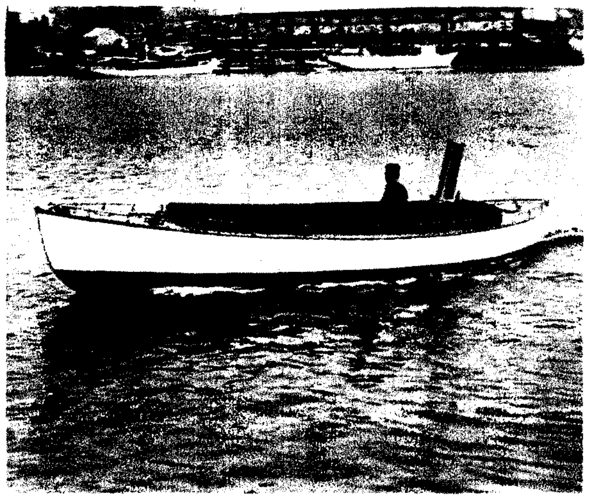
"Okay, George," she said seriously. "But is it so nice to leave them behind like that—uncovered?"

Then she did something that brought him a rare moment and made him want to crush her to his heart. Maybe she was joshing, but she seemed to know perfectly what the last hour in this room had meant to him. Fascinated, he watched her small hands tuck the pictures, one by one, into the discarded magazines stacked on the floor. Each picture to a magazine. Gently.

a short short story

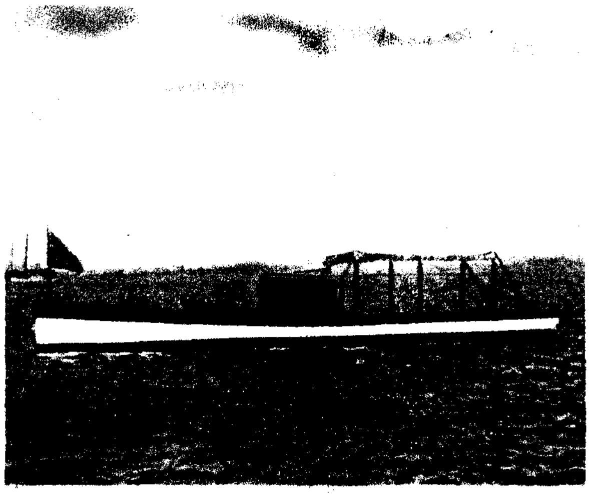
complete on this page

Motorboat in *your* future?



1887 **In this year,** which was Corby's 29th as a famous Canadian name, the noisy naphtha launch was everywhere. You had to carry a steam engineer's license to run your six horsepower engine. Explosions and fires were frequent, but improvements were on the way . . .

PHOTO—MORRIS ROSENFELD, N. Y.



1892 **An inventor** named Daimler worked with an American piano maker to prove gasoline engines practical for boats. Electric boats made their appearance six years later, when Corby's had been a Canadian tradition for 40 years, but gasoline motors were the power of the future . . .

PHOTO—MORRIS ROSENFELD, N. Y.

1941 **Borrowing some** of the ideas of the auto makers, motorboats came into their own. Light, fast, roomy, several hundred thousand run-abouts roamed the waters of the U.S., as Corby's reached its 83rd year of Canadian renown. And the best was yet to come . . .

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CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
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1946 **Four years** of wartime building advanced boat construction further than all the 54 years since Daimler's day. *There may be a motor-boat in your future when you see the new models.* But whether you cruise in your own boat or in your armchair, there'll be Corby's in your future once you taste this light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Plan to try Corby's soon.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

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PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.* 86 Proof
68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

Mexican Choice

Continued from page 26

not be formally launched until a few months before election time. Meanwhile nobody had consulted Lombardo about candidates or issues, so he proceeded to correct the oversight. In June, 1945, he called a giant labor mass meeting in Mexico City. After spellbinding the spectators for some hours, he got them to endorse Aleman publicly.

But Lombardo now spends little time proclaiming the virtues of Aleman. This task is left to PRI orators, an Aleman brain trust, headed by former Undersecretary of State Ramon Beteta, and a publicity machine under the direction of Alejandro Carrillo, a bright, young, Lombardo apostle. Normally Carrillo is director of El Popular. Lombardo devotes his energies to spraying hot phrases and accusations upon the Padilla opposition. Apparently he is much less concerned with electing Aleman than with defeating Padilla.

Two Leaders South of the Rio

Padilla and Lombardo are probably the two best-known Mexican personalities outside of their own country, and they are bitter enemies. Padilla is openly friendly toward the United States. To a man like Lombardo, whose career has been so enhanced by Yankee-baiting, this is cause for a Holy War.

Lombardo insists that he is an ardent admirer of "American Democracy," as exemplified in the life and policies of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, but he carries a torch against "United States big business."

Last December he provoked an international incident with the charge that "certain North American firms are trying to impose Padilla upon the country." Because of Lombardo's support of the government candidate for the presidency, then U.S. Ambassador George S. Messersmith took the charges as an affront to the United States and called upon the Mexican government to prove or disavow them. The Foreign Office promptly said the charges had no basis in fact and that the Avila Camacho administration did not "associate itself with them."

Some Mexicans tell you that Lombardo affects all his suspicion of Yankee imperialism, because it is good agitating thunder. Other Mexicans, especially businessmen, say he is just a plain Communist. He ardently assures you that "The Soviet system has accomplished for the masses the greatest reforms and benefits in modern times."

He wants to industrialize Mexico. "It is the only hope," he says, "for raising the standard of living in the country." But he is torn between the necessity of having help from the United States to carry out the program, and the fear that such assistance would mean the enslavement of Mexico by the Yankees.

Many of the men surrounding Aleman quietly admit they have little use for Lombardo. They feel that he will knife them and their chief any moment it suits his purpose. "We accept his support in the campaign just as Mr. Roosevelt accepted the support of Earl Browder and other leftists," they tell you. "But that doesn't mean we will listen to him afterward any more than Roosevelt listened to Comrade Browder."

Lombardo frankly informs you that he is supporting Aleman, and that he will support anybody else only until such time as "it is propitious" for labor to put up its own candidate.

Whatever he actually thinks about the Yankees, or the Russians, or Padilla, or Aleman, Lombardo Toledano will certainly continue to stir the Mexican political pot. He will fight any new administration that moves to the right, or that fails to move further left. "I admit that I am an agitator," he declares, "and I shall continue to be one so long as the Mexican masses live as they do."

Padilla, too, wants to better conditions for the Mexican peons, Indians and working classes, but he thinks Mexican politics must be reformed first. "Whether I win or not, I had to make this race," he told me, "and for two reasons. First, I had to do it as a protest against the traditional imposition (by the government) of the candidate for the presidency, and therefore of the election. Even if the elections are comparatively honest, all the machinery of the government, and the all-powerful government political party, are forced to support the government's candidate.

"Not only has the political machinery in the country been subjugated to the administration in office," he goes on, "but the entire economic machinery as well. All the basic enterprises which affect the lives of the majority of the people are controlled by politicians." As an example he describes what has happened to Mexican sugar producers.

"Mexico used to be a great exporter of sugar," he points out, "yet, for years there has been a continual sugar famine in the country. We must often buy sugar from our neighbors. Here is the reason: The little sugar farmer, just like your sharecropper in the States, must have supplies to make his crop. He must have tools, clothes and other necessities. He must get them from the local merchant on credit.

"The local merchant or businessman is usually the local representative of the political machine, the PRI. By the end of the season, the poor farmer gets so in debt he is forced to sell his sugar to the politician for a smaller price than he could get in the market. So he simply produces only enough sugar to get enough supplies to maintain himself."

The same situation—with variations to meet differing conditions—applies to cattle raising and the petroleum industry, he declares. The pattern includes plenty of graft, he adds, not necessarily by government leaders, but certainly by the underlings. He would reform this by arousing the people.

A Friend of the Working Class

Padilla's championship of the "common man," is well known both at home and abroad. In all the recent Inter-American conferences, he introduced and fought for, usually successfully, resolutions and declarations pledging all the governments in the New World to join efforts to improve the living and working conditions of the masses.

He believes just as strongly in the industrialization of Mexico as does Lombardo Toledano, but he disagrees as to the way of doing it. He believes that without foreign capital the Mexican masses can never rise from their low estate, and he is frank to say that it ought to be American capital.

While Administrator of Foreign Affairs he was instrumental in steering his country into the co-operative relations with Washington that have characterized the Avila Camacho administration. He is realistically pro-Mexican about such a policy. "We have to live here side by side," he says, "and why should not Mexico derive all the benefits possible from the skill and wealth and know-how of the industrial United States? And," he added, "a prosperous Mexico, with a high standard of living, will be profitable to you, too."

Padilla had hardly launched his campaign when, according to his friends, "the machine set out to stop him by violence and coercion." One of his first meetings was in Cuernavaca. Farmers, peons and Indians crowded into the city for the occasion. On their way home in the evening, full of enthusiasm, and probably good helpings of pulque (the peons' favorite drink) they got into disputes with Alemanistas in the villages and communities through which they passed. Resentment boiled and eventually there were riots all along the highways, and finally shooting. Several people were killed.

Padillistas accused the Alemanistas of deliberately attacking their people, and vice versa. But the disturbances provoked a storm of protest over the country and reacted unfavorably to the government and the PRI.

A few days later, municipal elections were held in Monterrey and León. The PRI, or machine candidates, were declared the winners. There were mass

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COLLIER'S "Robert! You've been fighting again!" MICHAEL BERRY

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protests in both cities. In León, federal troops fired on a crowd gathered before the city hall. Forty people were killed and more than four hundred wounded, including women and children.

This tragedy produced such a national revulsion that the word revolution was on every tongue, and the government and the PRI became frightened. President Avila Camacho fired several governors and mayors, and trigger-happy military men were sent into disgrace.

Unfortunately none of this dampened the ardor of the small-bore politicians in many of the smaller towns and villages. I made one trip with Padilla's party from Mexico City to Tampico. Stops were to be made at several towns.

Making a Candidate Unwelcome

Local PRI politicians had staged an anti-Padilla demonstration in the public square. Considerable fruit and vegetables of uncertain freshness were said to have been concentrated at strategic points, and derisive songs and yells had been rehearsed. The night before, hoodlums had terrorized pro-Padilla citizens and even burned local Padilla headquarters. The candidate turned his car into another street, drove to the home of a friend and had a leisurely breakfast.

As we approached Tulancingo, we were met by hundreds of citizens, who formed an escort to the central plaza. Two thirds of those taking part in the meeting were women, children and old men. Laborers and white-collar workers were not permitted to leave their jobs to attend. All carried hastily lettered banners bearing the party battle cry —*Viva Padilla, Abajo la imposición!*— (Down with the imposition, or the candidate imposed by the government!)

Padilla spoke from the balcony of a small hotel, whose owner was almost frantic with fear. "At least they'll cut off my electric current and water tomorrow," he said, "unless, of course, I pay a large sum to the PRI campaign fund." The young farmer who acted as chairman of the meeting had spent the night in jail, because he had advertised the Padilla demonstration without "proper permission." So had several young women teachers who had distributed handbills announcing the gathering.

Aleman has experienced no such embarrassments, of course. He has had the complete protection of the government —federal, state and municipal. His meetings have been held under official auspices, if not, as Padillistas insist, under official compulsion.

You can hear all kinds of stories about these Aleman meetings. All the police, local bosses and political medicine men are put on the job to drum up crowds. Business houses are closed and holidays are given to all laborers, and there is plenty of money with which to finance demonstrations, advertising and all kinds of promotion.

"Besides," more than one observer told me, "the Aleman people send trucks and other transportation out into the small towns and bring in the peons." Some complain that "the poor devils are given a peso or two on which to celebrate the great man's presence by becoming gloriously inebriated on pulque."

The man whom nearly everyone concedes will be the next president of Mexico was born in the state of Vera Cruz, the son of General Miguel Aleman, prominent in the army in the days of Carranza. Like so many Mexicans, the younger Miguel has considerable Indian blood in his veins and was brought up in the strictest Catholic faith.

He has had a legal career. He studied law at the University of Mexico and was later judge of the Mexican Supreme Court, although not a conspicuous one. Subsequently he served as a senator, and from 1936 to 1940 was governor of his native state. From that position in 1940 he went to Mexico City to become the manager of Avila Camacho's campaign for the presidency.

It is not easy to figure what Aleman's real beliefs and ideas are. Beteta and his brain trust have put out dozens of tomes and booklets purporting to express their candidate's views and plans for solving all the problems of the nation from the further exploitation of the oil industry to pulque-making. But little of it boils down to anything like a simple program with a punch.

Aleman has publicly said, however, that Mexico will not yield "to foreign interests any control of the management and exploitation of this country's oil resources. We consider that the international aspect of the oil question is settled forever."

He does hint that his government may have to ask for a little assistance in keeping the industry going. "We feel," he stated, "that should the United States or any other nation find oil essential to its economic development, we would accept its financial help to increase the output of the industry."

On the specific question of Mexico's relations with this country, he told this correspondent, "I believe that the close collaboration which came into being between Mexico and the United States during the war was beneficial for both nations, and if I am elected president of the Mexican Republic by the votes of my fellow citizens, it should continue in order to aid in the correct solution of postwar problems of our two countries."

DARK OUTLOOK IN HOLLYWOOD

Girls who always wear dark
glasses
Never know how green the
grass is.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

In view of the charges and rumors of Yankee interference in Mexican politics, I asked if he believed that the United States government or any department of that government is endeavoring to influence the result of the presidential election. He was extremely cagey, if correct in his reply. "I have no reasons to believe," he said, "that the United States government or any of its agencies is interested in influencing the results of the Mexican presidential elections."

Aleman goes along with Lombardo Toledano and Padilla on the need for industrializing Mexico. "For Mexico's industrialization program," he told me, not without a suggestion of suspicion, "the co-operation of foreign capital is indispensable, if it should come to our country determined to obey strictly Mexican laws, and without expecting privileges not enjoyed by native capital."

Apparently he is opposed to any more purely Yankee industrial setups in mining or agriculture, for he went on to say, "I have observed recently that many United States capitalists are heavily investing in Mexico through the organization of companies in which Mexican capital has an important share. Such investments are not being directed toward exploitation of Mexico's natural resources, but rather toward manufacturing industries. It is my opinion that this movement is beneficial for Mexico and satisfactory to foreign investors, and it will enjoy all the guarantees offered by the laws of the country."

When you have talked to the candidates, campaign managers, professional observers and a cross section of the businessmen of Mexico, you are convinced that Padilla is going to lose and Aleman is going to win, and you are told why.

Aleman is the official candidate of the powerful Revolutionary Party, which for a generation has been the only important political party in the nation. The almost equally powerful CTM has endorsed him, and the CTM is said to control two thirds of all the organized workers in the country. It is generally agreed that the majority of the members of the Mexican armed forces favor Aleman. So far, General Lazaro Cardenas, former president of the country, has not come out openly for him, but most of the pro-Cardenas elements have declared their allegiance to him.

More important to Aleman than the support of the Avila Camacho administration, is the backing of the governors and mayors who have the most thoroughly organized party groups in any state or community.

Padilla, on the other hand, has practically no organization, outside of the federal capital and the large cities. His party is handicapped by youth. No single large labor or other group openly supports him. It is said that some elements of the church will vote for him, but he is not a prominent or influential Catholic.

Padilla has little or no money for campaign purposes except his own. When he speaks in a city or town, large numbers of people usually turn out, but they are not yet organized for voting purposes.

As to what we may expect below the border following the elections, reliable Mexicans assure us that we "need not be afraid of revolution, Communism or extreme measures against foreign or United States interests." It is the general feeling among Mexican businessmen that Aleman is going to win because responsible people of all classes don't want any internal upset, and the bitterness of the leftists against Padilla might do just that.

They admit that Aleman is not a great man, but he is a capable administrator. Mexicans are convinced that economically the country is on the upgrade, in spite of the current inflation. They point to the gigantic civic program and the building campaign going on in Mexico City. The old capital is being slashed and gutted to make way for wide boulevards through every section, business and residential. A half-dozen garishly new suburbs, each as large as a small city, have sprung up in recent years. And what applies to the ancient capital can be said for most of the other cities of the country.

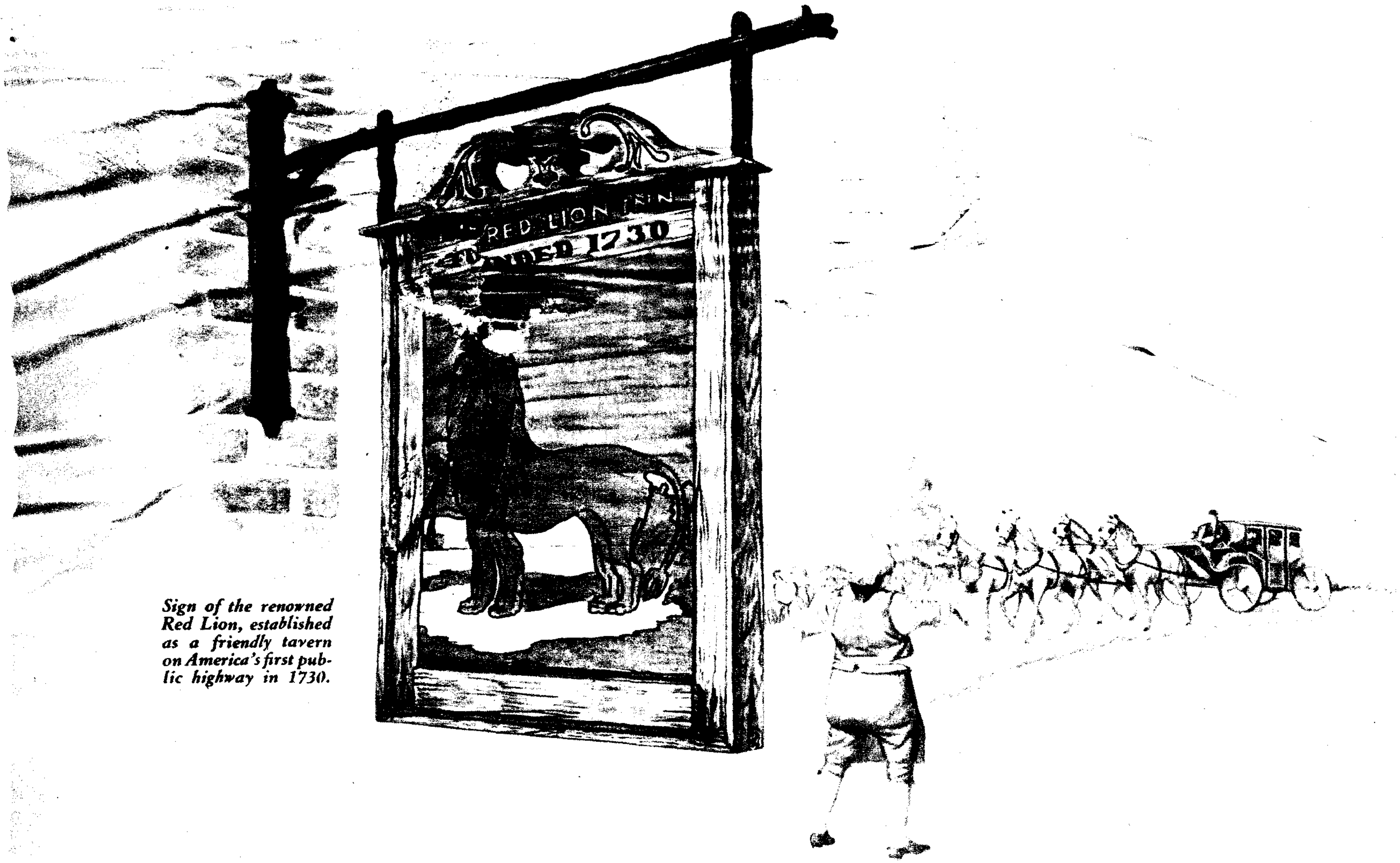
Signs of the New Middle Class

Before you can ask the question, they say, "Oh, no, this building boom is not confined to the wealthy element. The half million people who live in new houses are not all wealthy or old-time millionaires. There couldn't be that many moneyed people in any city, much less a Mexican city, where nearly all the wealthy classes lost their fortunes in the great revolution. It is due to a rapidly increasing middle class that never existed before."

As for Mexico's relations with the United States, only the extreme elements, leftists and anti-Yankee reactionaries, believe that the present middle-of-the-road policies of the Avila Camacho administration should or will be scrapped. You are assured on every hand that no matter what Aleman personally might think, the people who will put him in office, and upon whom he will have to depend for support, won't let him scrap them.

"We have to have economic help, assistance and credits," they admit. "We have to get machinery, manufactures and industrial know-how from somewhere. There is nowhere else to get them, either now or for many years to come except from you. No, we cannot escape your Uncle Sam."

THE END



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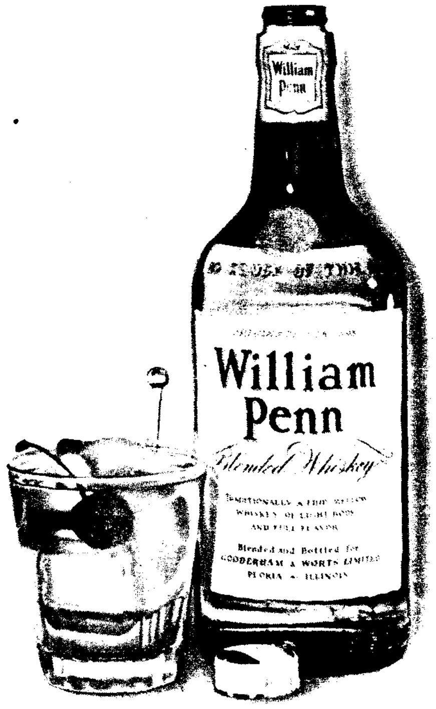

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Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

The Irish Lassie Gets Home

SUPERFORTRESS Irish Lassie wheels in toward the coast of Japan at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of January 27, 1945, at 29,000 feet. The air over Japan is bright and freezing. Back at her base at Saipan, in the tropics, the day is hot. Below, a winter snow lies over Tokyo's streets.

Irish Lassie's crew is warm; they're flying pressurized over the target today and their oxygen masks hang down loosely to the left of their jaws. It is their eighth mission to Japan, though other B-29s from the 73d Wing have been flying to Tokyo from Saipan for over two months.

In the blisters, in the tail, in the turrets, gunners squint anxiously through their Plexiglas, searching their arcs of sky. Someone shouts: "There they are—at 3 o'clock, high—God! About forty of 'em!"

Over the coast line now, the fight begins. Forty enemy fighters pile into this first flight of twelve B-29s, from above, in front, the sides, from the tail. Central Fire Control Gunner Jim McHugh swings his upper turret, lets fly with his four fifties at the attackers from 12 o'clock. One Tojo plunges through. McHugh's tracers riddle him, but still he doesn't stop. At 400 miles an hour he plummets in at the Superfort and *crash!* In a suicide dive the Tojo rams Irish Lassie, smashing into the left wing, tearing out great hunks of the No. 1 engine nacelle and shearing off half the left aileron and flap. Her giant metal frame shudders, then recovers and heads on into her bombing run. The Tojo, spinning down out of control, blows up at 25,000 feet.

Despite the impact of the crash dive and the scores of hard-pressed fighter attacks, Bombardier Gage never budges from his sights. Delicately he twists the knobs, concentrates on the cross-hairs, whispers steadily into his throat-microphone. Deliberately his hand reaches out, closes over a toggle switch. "Bombs away! Bomb bay doors closed! Free to turn and for God's sake turn fast!" Twelve 500-pound bombs arch and tumble on their way down to the Musashino Aircraft Engine Plant, Tokyo.

Gage jumps back to his guns, blasts the canopy off an attacking Zeke, killing the pilot. Amidships, McHugh throws his four fifties onto another Zeke, attacking from above, and shatters him. Alone and isolated in the tail sits Charlie Mulligan. He's been having a busy time back there, fighting off the attackers. Already Mulligan has chalked up three certain kills since 2 o'clock. Now it is 2:20.

THE Nips still come diving drunkenly in at Mulligan, plunging through his fire to within a few feet and then pulling wildly away. Right above him now one persistent devil flies. The Jap turns in for another attack; at 30 yards Mulligan lets fly with everything. The Jap never stops—but tears smack into the tail in a full power dive, smashing his plane to pieces on the giant fin. He almost takes Irish Lassie with him. His suicide dive tears off the entire left stabilizer, the whole left side of the tail compartment.

Up front in the pilot's seat, Avery feels the nose drop away violently and every man in the plane feels the terrible impact of this second ramming in less than half an hour. The B-29 falls off into a screaming dive. Avery pulls back hard on the control column and kicks the rudders. Nothing happens; the plane persists in her dive. Copilot Fox is on the controls too. He thinks he's just helping Avery out, with his extra strength, but it turns out he is actually flying the plane alone. There is just one thin strand of cable left to the elevators and that belongs to Fox.

The B-29 continues to dive for 9,000 feet. Nobody expects to get out alive. Fox, using every ounce of his strength, manages to level the ship out at around 20,000 feet and it is a miracle that their meager control cable doesn't snap.

The 20 Jap vultures now close in for the kill on the helpless cripple. But the blister gunners are still on the job. When it is all over, Irish Lassie's total kill is 13 Jap fighters.

Off the coast, Avery lets down to 17,000 feet and depressurizes the cabin. Mulligan can't be raised over the interphone, so Leach and Meyer make their way aft to see if he is in trouble. Mulligan is—in the worst possible trouble. Bleeding and unconscious, his head between his knees, Mulligan lies crouched in the wrecked tail section. Twisted metal, broken guns, smashed equipment and splintered glass are piled on top of him.

SAM'S
MAGIC SHOP

COLLIER'S "Everything suddenly disappeared!" HANK KETCHAM

Working in shifts and with additional help from Gage and McHugh, Leach and Meyer extricate Mulligan and drag him inch by inch back towards the radar room. The temperature is subzero, the gale terrific, with the full draft and slip stream of the engines pounding directly in upon them.

The pilots are having their troubles. They have 1,500 miles to fly over ocean in a wrecked plane with scarcely more than a strand of cable to control it. In addition to their tail gunner being seriously wounded, their radar man, Klimczak, is badly shot up. In the radar compartments, Navigator Faubiom and Radio Operator Nellums are giving him first aid. He has been shot through the leg, back and arm, and he's bleeding profusely. They give him morphine and plasma, strip off his clothes and sprinkle his wounds with sulfa. They feed him full rich oxygen and wrap him in blankets.

Then they go to work on Mulligan. Due to the extreme cold in the exposed tail where the unconscious gunner lies, all his clothes have frozen. His hand has been shot through and he is covered with deep gashes from the splintering glass and metal. They dress these wounds; difficult work, because the sudden warmth of the radar room causes the frozen wounds to bleed profusely. Mulligan is given two units of plasma, and all the crew except the pilots and navigator, who can't afford to pass out, go off oxygen so the wounded men may be fed it full rich and continuously.

It is time for Engineer Watson to go through the plane and make a report on the damage. It isn't encouraging. No repairs will be possible in the air, he says. Chances of making a successful 1,500-mile overwater flight in bad weather and in darkness are slim.

There is nothing to do but fly and hope. The black night hours drag by silently, as if they are years. The men do not talk. But Avery is glad he has kept his altitude. He needs every inch tonight, for below them the weather is bad—rough rain clouds which would throw the ship around if it got in them. And he has just that one torn cable; any extra strain might snap it. Through the night they plow on, hesitantly, counting off the slow minutes and endless miles.

Now it is time for the letdown. Somehow they have made it this far and it is only a matter of minutes from Saipan. As they descend it gets rough; nothing to fear in a sound, tight ship, but something to dread in this wrecked bomber, held in level flight by that thin strand of steel.

Every few moments Avery calls the Saipan tower: "Bluegrass! Calling Bluegrass! I have wounded aboard and am in distress . . . Request permission to make emergency straight-in approach." Avery hears nothing but static in his earphones. His aerial has been shot away over Japan and he is unable to pick up anything farther than ten miles from the transmitting station. But one piece of good fortune has remained with him; he has his very high-frequency transmitter intact and he is thereby able to send out his distress message.

The Superfort flies closer and closer to Saipan. Gas is low, every gauge registers empty. The pumps are sucking up the last quarts and pints that swish on the bottom of the tanks. Four hundred precious gallons of gas were lost in the first ramming.

Then the tower comes through: "This is Bluegrass. You have permission to land. You are cleared for an emergency straight-in approach. Ambulances and fire trucks are waiting."

It is up to Fox. He alone has controls left. In the darkness he cuts down between two other B-29s in the traffic pattern. Approaching the field, power suddenly fails him and the seventy-ton bomber drops clear below the level of the cliffs. Fox hits the throttles full forward to maximum power and strains the last elevator cable to the breaking point as he hauls back on the control column. Miraculously he lifts the torn ship up over the cliff, then he pushes the nose down.

Irish Lassie hits the runway with dead engines. The last ounce of usable gasoline has been pumped out of the tanks. She hits, nose-wheel first, at 180 instead of the usual 100. The nose-wheel folds up, crashing through the fuselage and into the cockpit. The props chew into the coral, the ship smashes in two.

AVERY'S head slams into the instrument panel; he is knocked out. Meyer, Leach, Nellums and McHugh have packed their solid bodies around the wounded men for protection and the crash landing bruises and cuts them. Fire starts in No. 1 engine. McHugh and Meyer, thinking she would burn, grab Mulligan. Still delirious, Mulligan fights furiously as they drag him stark naked from the clothing piled about him and out of the plane.

Klimczak is too sick to be moved. But help from the ground is there. They cut a hole through the fuselage, and first-aid men gently load his wounded body onto a litter. From the runway, McHugh and Meyer look at the wreckage. Irish Lassie did not burn—there was too little gasoline left.

All but Mulligan and Klimczak returned to bombing Japan after a brief rest. *All are alive today.* Mulligan and Klimczak were hospitalized. Mulligan's hands had to be amputated. They had frozen while he lay wounded and unconscious in the subzero tail section. Klimczak, shot in the arm, leg and back, also suffered a shattered pelvis and hip bones. And a baby was born to Mrs. Fox the night her copilot husband flew Irish Lassie back to Saipan.

Here is the cast of this terrific war drama of the substratosphere recorded at the time as an official Army Air Forces document but impounded until now for security reasons:

Pilot: Lt. Lloyd Avery, Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

Copilot: Lt. Leonard C. Fox, Emmet, Nebraska.

Navigator: Lt. John Faubiom, Austin, Texas.

Bombardier: Lt. C. R. Gage, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

Engineer: Lt. Robert E. Watson, Pomeroy, Washington.

Radar Operator: Sgt. Walter S. Klimczak, Plymouth, Pennsylvania.

Radio Operator: Sgt. Lewis E. Nellums, Pensacola, Florida.

Central Fire Control Gunner: Sgt. James McHugh of New York City.

Left Blister Gunner: Sgt. Clarence O. Leach, Martins Ferry, Ohio.

Right Blister Gunner: Sgt. Marvin E. Meyer, Boone, Iowa.

Tail Gunner: Sgt. Charles D. Mulligan, Henderson, Kentucky. ★★★

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Buy Carter's Pills—25¢ at any drugstore. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.

The Perils of Pearl White

Continued from page 72

of bruises, sprains and aches." But she always came back for more.

Miss White did a great many of her stunts in complete innocence. It was not the fashion then to tell players what was going to happen to them, on the reasonable ground that they would probably balk, or demand more money. Most of the custard pies were hurled at unsuspecting victims, it being a trade axiom that the victim "registered" better by this *method—more lifelike.*

Miss White once was induced to go up in a balloon, being shown a large stout rope which the director, Mr. George B. Seitz, assured her was attached to the basket and firmly anchored to the ground. When the reporters arrived, the balloon went up and kept on going. Mr. Seitz announced it was a regrettable mishap and everybody started chasing the runaway balloon all over hell's half acre. The bag finally started out past Sandy Hook and it looked like a page-one story all over the world. But the wind changed and the bag came back, passing the Statue of Liberty at 5,500 feet, and settled down in New Jersey.

Miss White told the reporters one thing and her director and press agents something else. She was a girl of picturesque language and reverted to old Ozark phrases in time of great emotion.

But apart from these melodramatics, Pearl had her philosophy on straighter than some modern stars. She announced in 1922 that:

"The woman who seeks a public career is bound to have an empty old age. But applause of the multitude gets in her blood. She cannot live without it. She goes on and on, struggling always to do greater things to win more applause. But the public is fickle. Sooner or later it gets tired and takes away its laurels to place at the feet of some younger or more beautiful newcomer.

"The old favorite can't understand, and *it is impossible for her to give it up* and settle down, and so she struggles on until the end, until the time when she receives no applause and people merely nudge one another and say, 'Just look at her and think of what she once was.' "

Supercolossal Channel Crossing

Pearl had plenty of opportunity to learn to love applause. Once, in Europe, she nearly caused international complications. On August 14, 1925, she was in France, headed for England. Her press agents commandeered a Channel ferry, roped off half the deck, bought two suites and had her escorted aboard by a troop of Zouaves, with a brass band. She lounged in the suites and strolled the private deck during the long, arduous voyage taking fifty-five minutes from Calais to Dover.

Arriving at Dover, she found a complete private train which, in case anyone should be curious, was lettered along the entire length: The Pearl White Special. This string of varnish took her to London, another arduous trip of thirty-five miles. At Charing Cross Station there were six limousines, each bearing a banner reading: Awaiting the Pearl White Special. In one of these—refraining from changing cars in the middle of Trafalgar Square—Miss White made the last arduous two miles to her hotel.

The British thought this was a bit of swank, and members of Parliament asked questions such as: "Has the Speaker taken cognizance of the exaggerated ceremonies attending the arrival of this Yankee cinema person, while our own British actors are neglected?"

Miss White replied, both in Ozark and Vassar.

When Pearl was making her serials the whole thing was simple. It didn't matter how much noise there was and what actors said. Often, cameras would be shooting four scenes in four sets on one stage, everyone shouting, guns barking, dishes rattling, people arguing, quartets singing and pies swishing through the air. If anyone had yelled, "Quiet, please!" he would have been sent to the booby hatch.

It's different now, when supersensitive mikes pick up every whisper and an offstage sneeze may spoil a scene. While Director George Marshall was making the balloon sequence in the new Perils on a back lot at Burbank, California, this summer, action was held up time and again by airplanes flying over. First came the big transports; then it got around that movie-making was going on, and private planes started circling over to get a look. It took a good deal of telephoning around to airfields to get enough quiet to record the sequence.

The original balloon scene needed considerably fewer people and less equipment, too. The 1946 version required fleets of limousines and busses, a mobile power plant, a score of extras, an army of *grips, half a dozen ancient* cars, portable dressing rooms, a huge camera crane, a commissary to serve lunch, and the United States Navy. The Navy supplied the balloon and sent a guard around to see that no one stole the helium from it.

Modern trick photography saved Betty Hutton from any real peril in the making of the picture—but she took one chance, twice. In one sequence where she was fleeing some desperate danger through a jungle, she had to kick a lion in the pants. There was just no other way out; doubles, trick shots, processing wouldn't do. So they rounded up old Jackie, who is in his third childhood, and Betty let him have it. Jackie roared.

"Not bad," judged Director Marshall. *"But let's do it once more, Betty."*

So Betty kicked Jackie again—and got the heck out of there at high speed.

In other sequences, Miss Hutton was tied to railroad tracks, roped in front of a spinning buzz saw and sent up in the balloon. In the finished picture, the train comes rushing along. But in the filming, it was miles away and days distant, the thrill being attained by a combination of two shots.

The buzz-saw scene had a small army of electricians standing by, a flock of automatic stops and a hero ready to snatch Betty from the teeth of death—or rather TEETH OF DEATH!!! Betty and the balloon actually went up only about 25 feet, steel cables, winches and a dozen husky grips being ready to stop any nonsense.

Sometimes doubles were used, as in a sequence where Miss Hutton was supposed to gallop alongside a speeding *freight train, reach for a grab iron on a* boxcar, swing aboard and go roaring down the track. Betty can't ride; an expectant mother could hardly be asked to do that stunt, anyway.

Miss Hutton was chosen mainly because, from all accounts, she is the Pearl White of 1946. The two girls have much the same build, coloring and characters, and both came out of the Middle West.

"Betty was just a natural for the part," says Director Marshall.

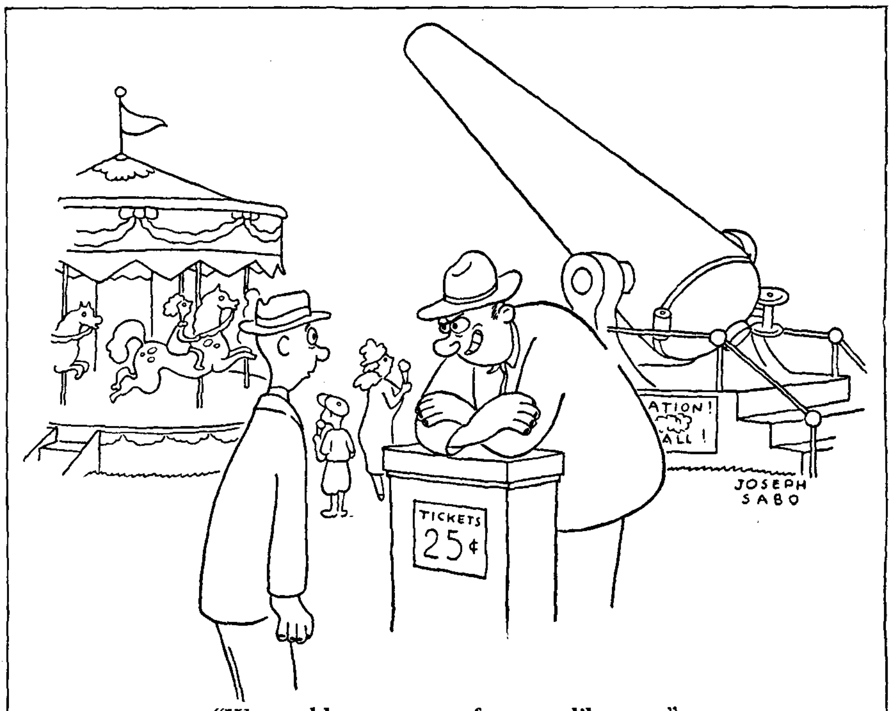
Pearl got along with one director and one maid. Betty Hutton, portraying her in the 1946 edition of Perils, was booned with a hairdresser, a make-up man, a wardrobe mistress, a director, a dialogue director, a stand-in and a double.

Mother Arnicaed Her Bruises

The old thrillers were made in studios at 1900 Park Avenue, New York, in New Rochelle, New York, Fort Lee, New Jersey, and St. Augustine, Florida, where most of Perils was made. During the New York era, Pearl lived in a three-room flat she called Little Egypt, above Murray's Restaurant on Broadway. She had one maid, drove around in a $14,000 handmade Rolls-Royce, was up at seven and in bed at nine-thirty. Much of the time her mother lived with her. She was never much of a girl to go partying, and Mother spent many evenings applying arnica and liniment to get her daughter in shape for the coming day's mad uproars.

It was said that Pearl never used a double, but this was not true. One of her doubles—a man—was killed at Columbus Avenue and 72d Street, New York, on August 10, 1922, when he missed a girder to which he was trying to leap from atop a bus. The studio was very embarrassed about the whole thing—and press agents kept on insisting that "Miss White never has used a double."

But she did some remarkable stunts herself. Once she deliberately missed the



COLLIER'S "We could use a man of your caliber . . ." JOSEPH SABO

Fort Victoria, on which she was booked from Hamilton, Bermuda, to New York, hired a monoplane, chased the liner eight miles to sea, climbed down a rope ladder, dived into the water and was picked up by a lifeboat.

During the great Army recruiting drives in 1917 she was hoisted on a girder to the twentieth floor of a building under construction at 42d Street and Broadway. She was wrapped in an American flag and on the way up showered down recruiting literature. On earth again, she announced to the crowd: "I've done my bit, now do yours."

More than thirty young men joined the Army on the spot.

They did things the hard way in those days and when it was thought necessary to show how Pearl registered fear while driving a fast car at seventy miles an hour to escape Warner Oland's clutches, the cameraman, cap reversed, rode astride the hood. He fell off on a curve and Miss White lost her yen for speeding right there.

There are no color photographs of Miss White and so, apart from the fact she was five feet six inches tall and weighed 120 pounds in peril-trim, not much is known. In 1914 she was reported as being redheaded with red-brown eyes; in 1917 a reporter said her hair looked "improbably blond" and that she had dark brown eyes. By 1920 the description was "light-haired with blue eyes."

In 1918 it was reported she wore a gold-link anklet on her left leg, which, she said, had been "soldered on in Paris in 1914" and hinted at a deathless love. By 1925, however, this had turned into a silver anklet on her right leg—hinting at another deathless love. At another period she displayed a solid gold thumb ring, set with a bloodstone, "the gift of an Italian nobleman—" and hinting at a deathless—uh-huh. . . .

She was in fact married twice and twice divorced. Her first husband was Victor Sutherland, an actor; her second, Major Wallace McCutcheon, an author, actor and war hero. They were divorced in 1921, the major disappearing into a sanitarium for two years. The separation and the death of one of her doubles in a stunt were factors in her determination to go to France to become a nun.

She entered a convent but stayed only a few months. Her restless soul couldn't stand the quiet life and, despite eyes ruined by klieg lights, she came back to the stage, appearing in Montmartre theaters and finally making a tour of Europe, Asia and Africa.

After that she became a noted Paris hostess, racegoer, party-giver and a queen of Parisian society. She made her last visit to her homeland in 1937, got three Hollywood offers and, wisely perhaps, turned them down. She never made a picture in Hollywood.

She said she didn't need the money, and she didn't. For years her salary was $5,000 a week and in ten years she stacked up about $2,000,000. Income tax was trifling then and players might keep most of what they got; today, they're lucky to keep 10 per cent. During her European tours she made $3,000 a week, and canny investments in French and Italian securities and real estate preserved her capital.

She died in the American Hospital in Paris after a few weeks' illness. The usual stories of mysterious death went around, but she died prosaically of a liver ailment.

The End

The Week's Work

Helen Palmer Butler —relaxed and off duty

AN ISSUE of Collier's in its finished form weighs something over half a pound, but the raw mateial which goes into it—typed copy, galeys, page proofs, photographs, layouts —weighs several hundred pounds. Not n ounce of all this material can go to he printer without passing through the hands of Helen Palmer Butler.

On the masthead the word used to suggest Mrs. Butler's duties is "syntax," but ctually she is responsible for a great deal more than merely seeing to it that enses and numbers match up properly. Besides supervising all proofreading, she is concerned with production and often with editorial content.

Her office constitutes a liaison between Collier's editorial headquarters in New York and Collier's printing plant in Springfield, Ohio, and her job requires, among other things, great diplomacy. She must forever keep pressing for more speed from writers and editors. When Springfield teletypes: "Russia article 100 lines too long please cut quick can't hold press forever," and the editor, hearing of this, objects: "That will ruin the story," Helen, very calm, very quiet, says, "It does seem a shame to cut so much. Couldn't we maybe drop one picture, and then, let's see"—measuring out the space with her line ruler—"then you'd only have to cut ten lines. Maybe you could sacrifice this paragraph?"

But, for all her tact, Helen and the assistants she has trained regard everything they read with suspicion. "Now here's a strange one," she'll say, "we have the girl in this story washing the breakfast dishes when she gets home at night. How could she, when in the second paragraph we have her rushing out to the drugstore to eat breakfast?"

When she runs across a sweeping statement such as "Manila was the most devastated city in the world," her immediate reaction is "I doubt it," and a checkup, through various sources, causes her to change it to read "one of the most devastated cities . . ."

When research showed that there were at least five recognized ways to spell the name of a Russian novelist, she decided to stick to Webster's preferred version—Dostoevski.

And so on and on through a varied and harassing day, with quick changes and corrections and emergencies of all sorts occurring every few minutes. During the train strike, Helen stood by long after the office was officially closed to see that her precious copy got aboard a plane for Springfield.

On the personal side, Helen is a soft, feminine kind of person, who likes smart clothes, unusual jewelry, fine perfume. She has kept a scrapbook on all kinds of philosophy for years, with the idea of sometime compiling a book.

Constance Wagner

AUTHOR of Sukey and the King's English (p. 16), Constance Wagner says that she probably laid the scene of the story where she did because her childhood and early youth were spent in New York. "There I was lucky in having a delightful grandmother who took me on pilgrimages to such landmarks as Fraunces' Tavern, the Jumel Mansion, and Old Trinity. Due, no doubt, to her vivid reconstruction of the past, I have always seen an old New York, not quite buried under the rush and glitter of the modern city."

Mrs. Wagner likes to work in a historical background in spite of the extra time and labor involved. "Of course I always get so wrapped up in old letters, diaries, etc., that I read ten times more than I need," she says, "and I make stacks of superfluous notes."

Although many aspirants ask her, Mrs. Wagner says she "wouldn't presume to tell anyone else how to write—except I think it is wise to avoid ganging up in writers' groups. Anyone who's afraid to face it alone had better stick to bridge."

The author lives with her artist husband, Edward E. Wagner, and their four children in the Arkansas Ozarks.

WHEN Collier's asked Tina Leser, fabric and clothes designer, to make up an actual flag based on Collier's suggestion for a United Nations symbol, she went to work sketching, dyeing and painting her fabric until she got a just-right effect. She is anxious, however, to share the honors with James Tillett, fabric designer and screen printer who collaborated with her to produce the flag. He made the screens for the design in one day. "What could be more wonderful," she says, "than to be the Betsy Ross of the United Nations?" . . . A. P.

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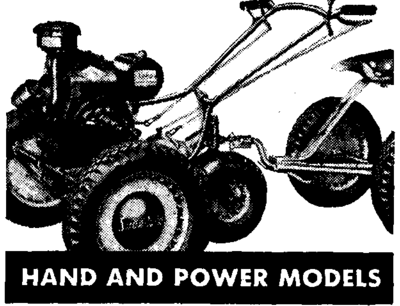

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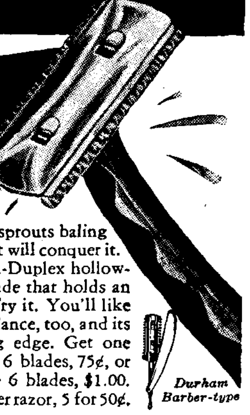

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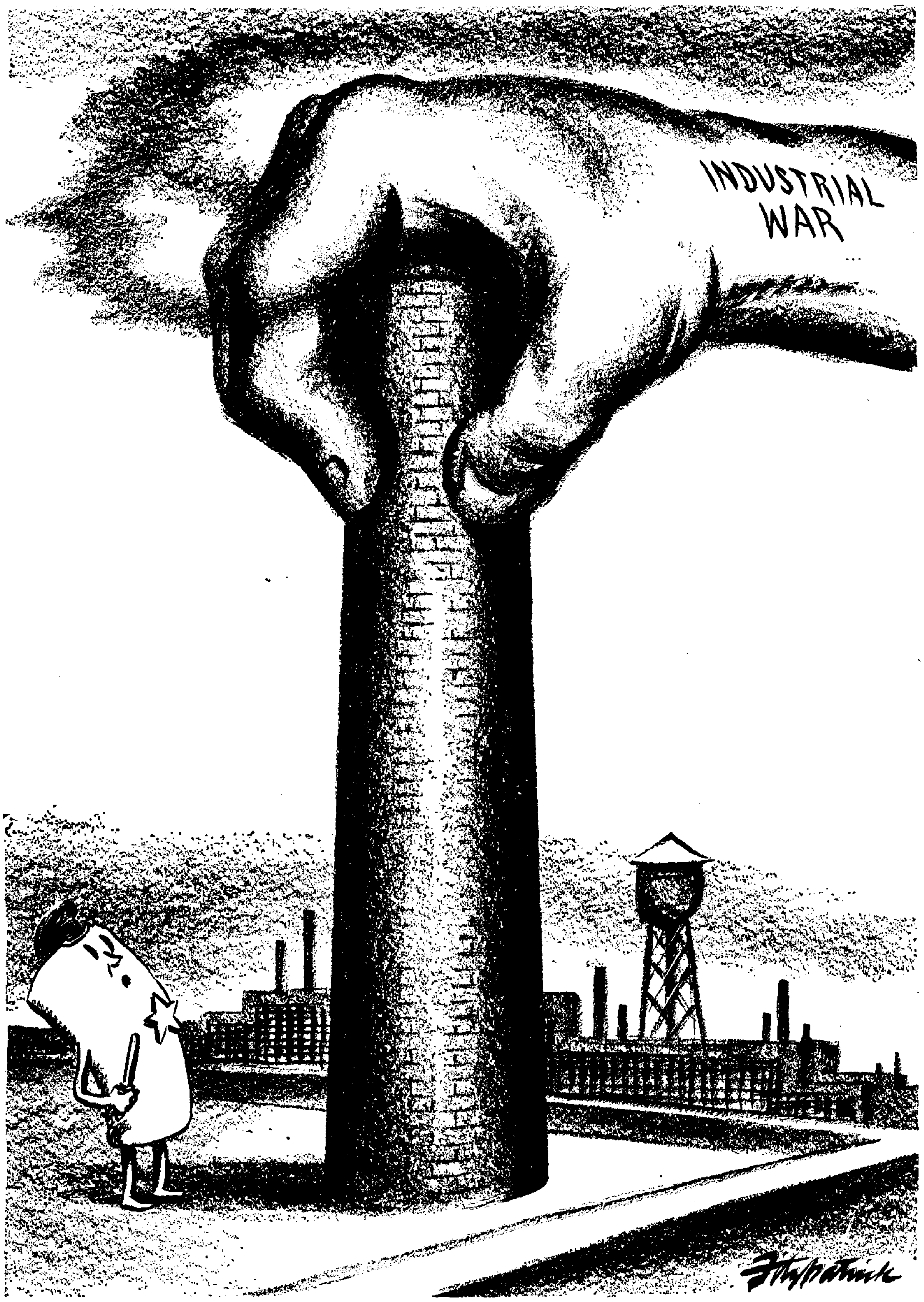

A MONTH has passed since President Truman's sensational smashing of the railroad strike, and reverberations of that historic event are still echoing around the country—and around the world.

The President, as we all remember, went before Congress as this nation-strangling strike ended its 48th hour and, acting in the public interest he is sworn to uphold, asked for drastic temporary powers to equip him for combating strikes of key workers against the public safety. While he was making this historic speech, word came that the two striking rail unions' leaders had settled the strike on the terms proposed by Mr. Truman.

It was a tremendous turn in industrial relations in this country—a hinge-point in our history.

If the President had failed to act as he did, he would in effect have abdicated in favor of labor-union control of the people and government of the United States. He chose to stand by democracy, meaning control of the people by all the people—for which he earned the thanks of present and future Americans.

As we all remember, too, the President did not ask for temporary measures only. He also called for the development of a long-range labor policy in this country via a Congressional commission to study the whole subject from top to bottom and make recommendations for new labor laws.

That we need some new labor laws seems beyond dispute. Over and above any law, we need a change in the mental attitude of many labor leaders and of some employers.

The attitude which has long prevailed among us is that there is an irreconcilable conflict between labor and capital—the old Marxian notion of the class war. That idea needs to be rooted out of American thinking somehow and to be replaced by the far more constructive and productive idea that co-operation is essential, and that economic conflict is bad for labor, capital and consuming public alike.

If we can once get that idea through most of our heads, along with the idea that the public interest is supreme and must come ahead of any one group's interests, we'll be much better off than we are now.

Messrs. Alvanley Johnston and A. F. Whitney, heads of the two rail unions that pulled the rail strike, did a great deal to drive these constructive ideas into a lot of our heads. For that, ironically enough, we owe these men some thanks, though few of us are as yet in any mood to express those thanks.

A fair and impartial set of labor laws would do much to fasten constructive labor-relations ideas in the American majority mind.

Among our present labor laws, the National Labor Relations Act (Wagner Act) is the principal one. It was passed in 1935, and was intended to be a Magna Charta for U.S. organized labor.

This law is thus noble in purpose. But its practical effect, because of the way in which it is written, has been to stand labor and the employer up in a prize ring with one of the employer's hands tied behind his back, while labor is free to operate with both fists.

Too, our labor unions (and agricultural organizations, for that matter) are exempt from the prohibitions of the antitrust laws. What is a crime when committed by ordinary citizens is forgiven under these laws when committed by a member of a labor union.

The Smith-Connally Act, passed by Congress in a fit of anger over wartime strikes and strike threats, has worked more to encourage strikes than to discourage them. Slick labor leaders can pull strikes virtually at will, and then, chaperoned by their lawyers, skate gracefully around the Smith-Connally penalties.

We've given labor leaders more power than is good for them. Being human like the rest of us, some of these men have abused their power. As a result, we came with the railroad strike to the point of insurrection against the United States government. We need to take some power away from labor leaders.

What would an ideal labor law look like? We don't know. Nobody knows.

It does seem obvious, though, that we need labor laws which will preserve the strength of the unions and their right to strike in proper cases, but which also will require them to be as responsible as they are powerful.

The cooling-off and fact-finding principles of the Railway Labor Act still look like good medicine for the whole field of industrial relations, even if they did take something of a black eye in the rail strike.

We can't see why a labor organization should not be liable in money damages for injuries which it wantonly and directly inflicts on other people. Private citizens, if solvent, have to pay for damage to their fellow citizens' persons or property. Corporations are liable for personal injury and property damage, and for breach of contract. Why not labor unions?

The time has come, we think, when labor organizations, because many of them nowadays are big businesses, must be required by law to publish periodic, detailed, independently audited statements of their finances—full accounts of who contributed how much money each year, what it was spent for, who spent it. How big a business organized labor has become is indicated by A. F. Whitney's statement that his engineers' union would use its entire $47,000,000 assets—he later said it would spend upward of $2,500,000—in an effort to defeat Mr. Truman for re-election.

Jurisdictional strikes, which management cannot settle and for which the consuming public pays, have been a standing nuisance for years. They promise to become more so as John L. Lewis steps up his A.F. of L. raids on C.I.O. unions. We can't picture ourselves shedding any tears if Congress should sometime decide just to outlaw this type of strike.

The railroad strike, and the aforesaid Lewis' soft coal strike, turned the spotlight on the key-worker problem. When small groups of workers in some key industry can walk off and stay off the job, they can imperil all of us, themselves included, and our very existence as an independent nation. This, though their grievances may be 100 per cent valid.

That kind of thing cannot be allowed to continue if our democratic system is to continue. There must be some fair and just way to meet this problem—some way to safeguard the paramount public interest in these cases, without impairing the essential rights or liberties of any worker. As Calvin Coolidge told Samuel Gompers about the Boston police strike in 1919, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

For our part, we think President Truman's decisive action in the rail strike cleared the air most effectively; and we have every confidence that the collective brains of the American people and their elected lawmakers can work out a better and fairer system of industrial-relations regulation than we have ever yet enjoyed.

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Larry Reynolds (Ex-Sgt.) Larry Reynolds, whose soft-hearted thugs make "burgling" an amusing profession, and keep America on the trail of his cartoons.

Tune in: TOM MIX, week days 5:45 p. m., OPRY HOUSE MATINEE, Saturday Noon (See newspaper for time)